

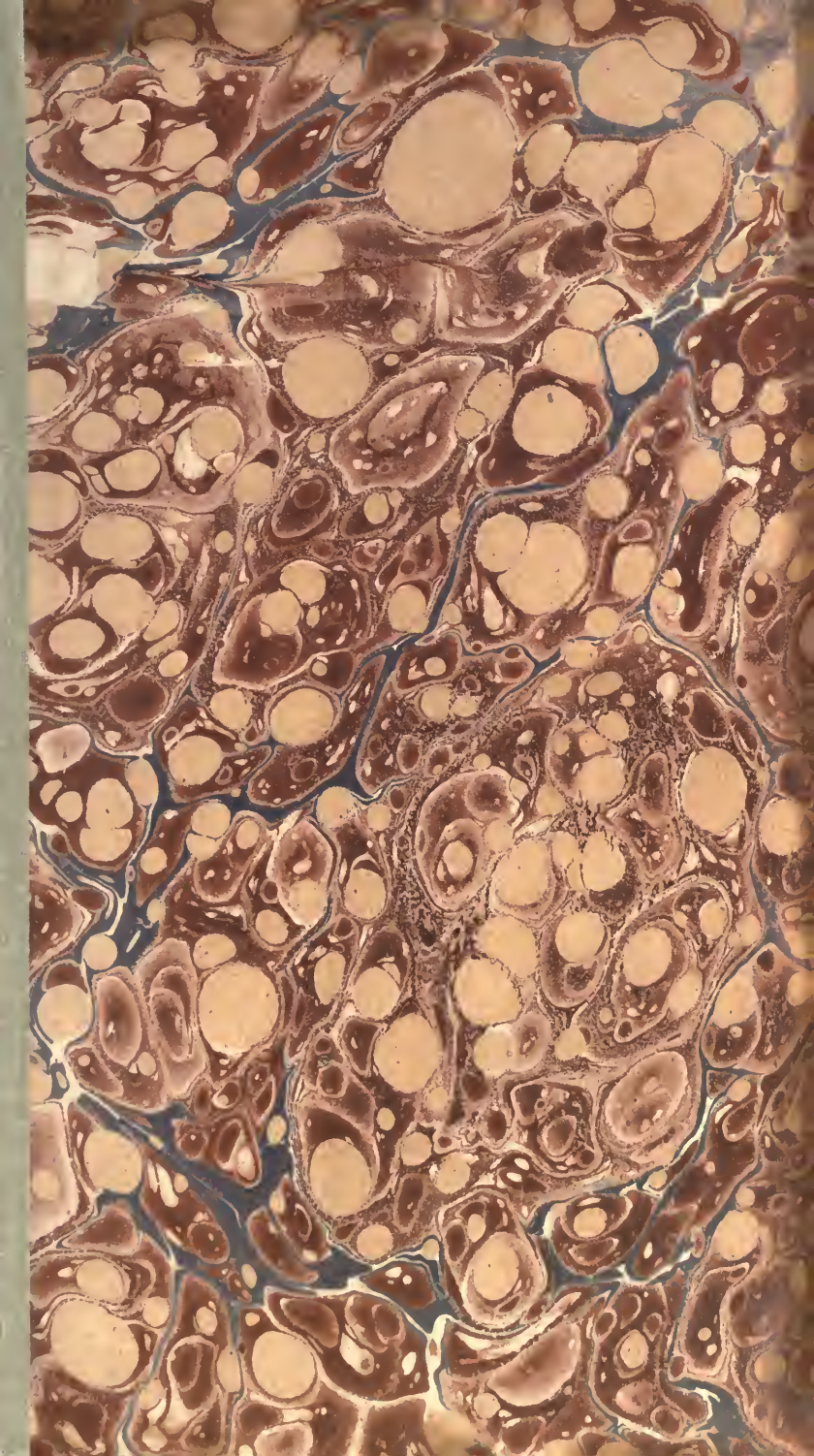
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TRAVELS

IN PARTS OF THE

LATE AUSTRIAN LOW COUNTRIES,

Éc. Éc. Éc.



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JOURNALS
OF
T R A V E L S
IN PARTS OF THE
LATE AUSTRIAN LOW COUNTRIES,
FRANCE,
THE PAYS DE VAUD,
AND
TUSCANY,
IN 1787 AND 1789.

By LOCKHART MUIRHEAD, A.M.
LIBRARIAN TO THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

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1803.

JOURNALS

OF

J. W. A. A. S.

IN THE STATE OF

THE STATE OF NEW YORK

FOR THE YEAR

THE YEAR OF THE

AND

THE YEAR

1857 AND 1858

BY J. W. A. A. S.

PRINTED BY J. W. A. A. S.

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J. W. A. A. S.

1857

1858

NEW YORK: J. W. A. A. S.

1858

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TO

WALTER FERGUS,

OF STRATHORE, ESQ.

A TESTIMONY

OF

RESPECT, ESTEEM, AND FRIENDSHIP.

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P R E F A C E.

TO mark the occurrences of a journey is no unpleasing or unprofitable exercise. Succession of objects at once quickens and multiplies our conceptions; whilst a desire to register new appearances agreeably beguiles the ennui of monotonous motion, of lounging at inns, and of waiting upon waiters. Future leisure may give to hurried notes the regular form of diaries. These we peruse with interest—perhaps, with strange emotion, at distant and vacant hours. A single line may, not unfrequently, revive some faded impression, or recall, in all the fondness of regret, the sensations of delight or melancholy that are past. The narrative may attract the attention, or awaken the feelings of a friend, or im-

part

part instruction or amusement to a fellow creature.

The continent of Europe, it is true, has been often traversed, and often described, but is, by no means, so exempt from vicissitude, that the accounts of one generation should preclude those of another. Besides, extended tracts of territory, adapted to the systems of modern society, involve such a complication of detail, that the tourist is usually content to select those observations which most readily present themselves, or which are most congenial to his taste or habits of thinking. Hence, a complete picture of one country has never, perhaps, been exhibited to another, and hence, each traveller, though he should add much, may leave more to be added. In proportion, too, as we accumulate remarks on foreign parts, we enable the philosopher to widen his basis of comparisons and inductions, to correct and modify
his

his statements, and, thus, gradually, to approach to truth. The *imperfections*, then, not the *subject*, of the following pages, require to be prefaced in the language of apology. That the tenor of relation is not equally copious and satisfactory, and that the lameness of particular passages may well claim the utmost latitude of candour and indulgence, will be readily granted. Let it be granted, at the same time, that no considerable extent of scenery is uniformly interesting, that the most faithful description, if unduly prolonged, will fatigue at last, that certain prominent features may be easily sketched; when the delineation of a whole is unattainable, that circumstances seldom permit a cool survey of transient objects, that opportunities of appreciating national character, customs, and laws, are afforded to few, and that the patience, candour, and talents requisite to such appreciation, fall

to the lot of fewer still. Yet, where information was of easy access, I have not willingly allowed it to escape; where it lay concealed, or beyond the reach of ordinary investigation, I presume not to have brought it to light. The objects which fell under my own observation, and facts which I found stated upon evidence deemed authentic, these I have attempted to commit to writing, without passion and without prejudice.

In an age of fastidious refinement, a recurrence of the same, or of similar modes of expression, may provoke the chastisement of minute criticism. But, until appearances be more distinctly varied, or the energies of language be found adequate to those innumerable delicacies of gradation which so gracefully enliven and diversify our abode, in vain may we hope to avoid repetition or coincidence of phrase. One river, valley, or mountain resembles another—the contours of dif-

different landscapes may not all be dissimilar, and there may be perceptions and feelings, which can only be perceived and felt.

With a view to break uniformity of recital, and temper the dryness of circumstantial detail, I have, occasionally, hazarded a few reflections, without pursuing them to any length: for the business of the journalist, if I rightly conceive, is to invite the thoughts of others, not, obtrusively, to discuss his own.— Pictures of characters, from real life, and extracts from private correspondence might have enlarged the volume and gratified the curiosity of some. The task, too, would have been easy, but would it have been honourable? As I value, so I respect the mutual confidence of unrestrained and unsuspecting intercourse, the grand charm of domestic society and of the intimacies of friendship.— Yet I have not scrupled to insert short

notices of eminent men—of men eminent, at least, in their native districts, and who, however little known to fame, deserve to be commemorated. Tyrants and licensed butchers have had their panegyrist—let us not disdain the humble labours of the man of letters. Knowledge may be power—but true knowledge is also virtue, and may finally obtain the noble triumphs of benevolence and peace.

—An expectation of retracing the same routes, and of bringing to a first sketch the results of a second, perhaps, of a third review, has long retarded the adjustment of the following series of observations. But the delays and disappointments incident to the pursuits of an individual, vanish at once into an imperceptible point, when they originate in the same causes which have affected the dearest concerns of millions of the species.

JOUR-

JOURNALS
OF
TRAVELS,
&c. &c.

CHAP. I.

FROM DOVER TO BRUSSELS.

7th Jan. 1787. **T**HIS morning I added one to a motely group of passengers for Ostend. A cross wind and heavy sea were attended with their usual comforts, tacking, pitching, and *inverted motions*. So I passed a cold and lonely day, in a corner of the quarter-deck, resigning my place in the cabin to those who could both sail and speak, and sympathising with the unwieldy alderman, who earnestly requested his travelling companion

not to interrupt their riding by conversation. In justice, however, to those sensations which are produced by seasickness, tooth-ach, gout, and disappointed love, it deserves to be recorded, that, though sufficiently galling to the patient, they seldom rack the feelings of the bystanders.

The wind greatly abated towards evening, when we cast anchor in seven fathoms, off Calais.

In compliance with the joint request of master and mate, I now ventured to crawl into the cabin, and enjoyed the luxury of a bed, though not of sleep. Whether in admiration of my stoicism through the day, or of a respectable portion of sea-store, which I had quietly ceded to the empire of their knives and forks, I know not, but the gentlemen just mentioned condescended to answer all my queries. It was difficult, indeed, to determine which of the two was the
most

most consequential ; but both seemed to be very capable of giving me local information. To have rejected the latter, because conveyed in a stately tone, would have favoured of the haughtiness of my instructors. Doubtless, we are much the creatures of circumstance—education, profession, accidents, and modes of life, form our habits and mould our manners. The petty skipper is more self-important than the captain of a man of war, because more ignorant, and less conversant in society which is characterised by good-breeding, whilst a professor of slender attainments betrays a degree of importance, to which a Bacon, a Boyle, and a Newton, were strangers. In all probability, Captain —, his second in command, and the writer of these journals, may not meet again. The ideas which we formed of one another, during the random acquaintance of a few hours, are of little moment

to ourselves, and of less to the world. Individuals daily perish, but the race abides. The mariner, who discourses of foundings, and he who listens to him, must quickly give place to others. The appearances of external nature, though liable, too, to progressive change, assume a more durable aspect than the being who contemplates them. The chalk-hills and straits of Dover have undergone little variation during a lapse of ages, whilst thousands of our fellow mortals, who, in the pursuit of health, of business, or amusement, paid them a transient visit, have been *gathered to their fathers*.—I find the passage, from shore to shore, at the narrowest part, is reckoned twenty-one miles, but, from the quay of Dover to that of Calais, twenty-four. The haven of the latter is left dry at every ebb, but has three fathoms at ordinary flood tides. The mean height of neap tides is fifteen, and
of

of spring tides twenty-four, feet. The average depth of the channel, at spring tides, is computed at twenty-four fathoms and a half; but, as the passage gradually widens, the depth increases to an hundred fathoms. The meeting of the currents from either ocean produces a sensible agitation between Hastings and Boulogne. A judicious series of soundings, which should ascertain the relations of the submarine and subterraneous depositions, might, perhaps, corroborate the conclusions of Buffon and other naturalists, who, from the coincidence of stratification on the opposite shores, have been induced to adopt the opinion that our island once made part of the continent of Europe. At what period, and by what operation of nature, gradual or violent, the physical division was effected, are questions which no labour of research may ever solve. If the intervention of a few leagues of salt water

has given rise to a system of prejudice and rivalry, subversive of the common peace, we may affect to lament the intrusions of the ocean, but should never forget, that the same Being, who rules the waves, when he endowed us with reason and expanding hearts, connected our truest interest and our purest pleasures with the exercise of that benevolence, which disregards the casual limits of land and water.

8th. Resumed my station on deck before dawn, when we were gliding along, under an easy breeze. At noon we were abreast of *Nieuport*, conspicuous by its two steeples, and entered *Ostend* exactly at two o'clock.

This port is strongly fortified, and capable of receiving a considerable number of such vessels as can clear the shoals at the entrance. The latter is reckoned unsafe during violent winds from west or north-west; but there is good anchorage

chorage in the roads. The coast is flat, and dangerous in fogs.

On quitting the packet, I was surrounded by a parcel of ragged and bawling porters. Two of the most expert, who held my trunks by right of occupancy, accompanied me to the *London Tavern*, kept by *Mr. Sampson*, an Englishman.

As I awaited dinner in the coffee-room, two boys, apparently of twelve or thirteen years of age, wrapt in warm furtouts, took their seats with great composure, and called, in Flemish, each for his tobacco pipe and tumbler of punch. Like grave loungers, they conversed, smoked, and tiddled, without attracting the attention or ridicule of any in the room, except of the *nouveau débarqué*.

Having been recommended to *Monf. B.* I did myself the pleasure of waiting upon him in the evening, and found

him writing *en robe de chambre*, in a counting-room, hung with old arras, and divided by antique skreens. These are trifling circumstances, but mark a country which is not British. Mons. B. at once negotiated my letter of credit, gave me a note of the different coins of the country, and very politely favoured me with his best advice as to the prosecution of my route.

On my return to the inn, I found the sitting room converted into a scene of rude mirth and licentious uproar. The actors were half a dozen of English shipmasters, I presume smugglers. Since the declaration of the freedom of this port, *such* captains are not only tolerated, but received with welcome, as they give hard cash for brandy, tea, lace, &c. and have occasioned an additional annual circulation of 300,000 *l.* Sterling for articles prohibited in Great Britain. To plead the cause of contraband traffic, would

would be to recommend a game of desperate hazard, which enriches a few crafty or fortunate knaves, whilst it paralyzes every spring of honest industry, and, in proportion as it multiplies oaths, diminishes their salutary sanction. But neither would I applaud the complex and discouraging system of fiscal prohibitions and restraints, which fetter the operations of the honest trader, and prevent the markets from finding their natural level. *Laissez-nous faire* should be sounded every morning in the ears of all the princes and statesmen in the world.

9th. Ostend is said to contain 10,000 inhabitants, many of whom are foreigners; has eight wide streets regularly issuing from the market-place, a large church, dedicated to St. Peter, the town house, with its dome and towers, and the guard-house, a more simple edifice. Marshy grounds environ it on the land side;

side ; but its artificial means of defence have been removed by order of the Emperor, who has taken a dislike to forts and monasteries. Most of the houses are low, and many of them have their ends to the street, with arched gateways, a common style of building in Flanders, and which may yet be traced in some of the decayed towns of Scotland, formerly connected by trade with Bruges and Antwerp. The walls facing the street are mostly whitened ; and the whole, in a frosty day, looks marvellously clean. A serious misfortune is want of good water, which, indeed, seldom abounds in flat districts, especially on the sea coast. Part of what is daily consumed in Ostend is supplied from cisterns filled by rain, and the rest is brought in casks from a considerable distance. The sums formerly expended upon the maintenance of the fortifications might have been bestowed in procuring the comfort
of

of water conduits: or, if such a gift appeared too *humble* in the eyes of the Imperial Joseph, he might have constructed a long and magnificent aqueduct, and have given some import to his present empty title of *King of the Romans*.

Early in the 9th century, Ostend was only a fishing village, but had assumed the rank of *bourgade*, or townlet, 1072. In 1445, Philip the Good surrounded it with walls, constructed regular gates, and enlarged the harbour. A plan of complete fortification was executed 1583, under the orders of the Prince of Orange, then Master of Ghent and Bruges. The memorable siege of *three* years, *three* months, *three* weeks, *three* days, and *three* hours, was attended with the dreadful loss of 130,000 lives! When the place at length surrendered, it was a heap of ruins. So, we may presume, was the smock of Isabella Eugenia, governess
of

of the Low Countries, who rashly vowed not to change it during the siege. The compliant ladies of the court, *borresco referens*, followed her example!

Ostend is governed by a *bailli*, named by the Emperor for life, a burgomaster, seven *ecchevins*, or subordinate magistrates, and a treasurer. Imports are exempted from duties, but subject to a tax of ten *per cent.* if conveyed into the country. The port dues are moderate, and the annual clearances of vessels from 1000 to 1200.

The town's motto is, *OSTENDE nobis, Domine, misericordiam tuam.* May the prayer be heard, in spite of the pun, and may the Lord deal more piteously with the good burghers, than their custom-house deals with strangers! A traveller cannot proceed without having his trunks plumbed, and procuring a *passé-avant*, unless he chuse to have his goods and chattels rudely scrutinized at every petty

petty bureau de douane. This pleasing ceremony was performed upon my moveable estate once for all; every thing was thrown into beautiful confusion, and, besides half-a-crown for three yards of small cord, and two leaden seals about the size of a halfpenny, I was sentenced to pay one shilling and sixpence for two pair of unwashed stockings. My new shoes escaped taxation, by putting them on in presence of the inquisitors; and a piece of fringed work, which I had the honour of bearing from one lady to another, had already been condemned as contraband, when the eloquence of Mrs. Sampson, seconded by two escalins, restored it to the list of lawful entries. No wonder that I longed to shake the dust from my feet, and heard with pleasure that the barge would soon be in motion.

About three o'clock we embarked at the *Sas*, a large basin or reservoir, which
supplies

supplies the canal of Bruges by means of floodgates, which are opened at high water and shut at ebb. Along this basin are ranged wind-mills for sawing timber. The canal admits vessels of 300 tons. A greater slope of the bank within, and other useful improvements, might be suggested by a comparison with some of the modern navigable communications in Great Britain. The flatness of the country, however, precludes the necessity of much hydraulic apparatus; and let it be mentioned to the credit of the Flemings, that they had canals in the 12th century.

I found the track-boat neat and clean, constructed and rigged somewhat in the manner of a Dutch hoy, with a handsome roomy cabin at each end, and one of an inferior description in the middle, for passengers who pay half price, or for mendicant friars who pay nothing.

The

The vessel is dragged by a pair of horses at such an equable rate, that a *league* and an *hour* are synonymous terms, and the latter is even more frequently employed than the former.—Our company consisted of thirty, though the barge has accommodation for double that number. Some played at cards, others conversed, and not a few had recourse to a bottle of small white-wine, without, however, betraying the slightest symptom of riot or intoxication. Even the bargemen were tame and sober. Some of the gentlemen were shrouded in ample cloaks, white or blue, with trimmings of gold or silver lace, and wore large muffs. The dress of the women seemed comfortable rather than tasteful, and their complexions fresh, but void of animation. Had not their chaffing-dishes of earthen ware been filled with kindled charcoal, a careless observer would have
taken

taken them for something very different *.

As a thick fog, no uncommon phenomenon in the Low Countries, concealed every thing around us, I contrived to communicate in Latin and broken French with a student of theology from Louvain. "You need not much regret privation of prospect," said he; "as our country presents a level surface, a small extent only can be viewed from a track-schuyt at any time; to see a sample or two is to see the whole: we have several large towns, abundance of rich and well cultivated fields, and a substantial peasantry." On the subject of the late dissensions in his university, he expressed himself with apparent reserve, insinuated that both parties had conducted them-

* So faithful, observes Captain Cook, are the Dutch ladies at the Cape of Good Hope to the modes of their country, that they still make use of their chauffe-pieds, though without fire.

selves in a manner unworthy of the literary character, and readily admitted that the members of such a respectable feminary should be public teachers, interested and active in the diffusion of knowledge and principles of humanity, deriving esteem from their own worth and talents, and incapable of sacrificing truth and virtue to the caprice of a prince, or the profligacy of his minions. Night came upon us before we landed. The guards opened the gate to admit the passengers, and I accompanied my brother student to the *Hôtel de Commerce*. Here we supped at the public table, in a large gloomy apartment, hung with tapestry. The board was amply furnished, and speedily cleared. After some sedate Flemish conversation, the party separated. It was really a yawning evening. When left alone in a large dull bed-room, lighted by a wretched taper, I could hardly believe I was in a

frequented inn. All was still and silent as the grave. Morpheus, like a kind friend, interposed his gentle services, and treated me with a double nosegay of poppies, as I invoked his aid upon a high and clumsy bed.

10th. I sallied from the sombre hôtel with the first dawn; but, as the barge for Ghent departs at nine o'clock, my notices of Bruges must be short and desultory. A circumference of fifteen miles reduced to five, the busy hum of men exchanged for straggling priests or friars, pavements and footways overgrown with grass, fragments of huge weighing machines, the shattered walls of seventeen consular palaces, and entire streets consigned to desolation, are the melancholy memorials of a once flourishing and extensive commerce. Antwerp first, and next Amsterdam, contributed to its decline. Of these, the former has also fallen from its splendor,

and the second has, perhaps, attained the summit of its greatness. So fares it in the rotation of human events: yet, as a depot of goods destined for the interior, Bruges still retains a petty traffic, and the poorer citizens find employment in the manufacture of broad baize, and some of the coarser fabrics.

Bruges, it has been alleged, has its name from the three hundred bridges (*bruggen*) which once formed various communications over its intersecting canals. It is nearly of a circular form, with seven gates, six large market places, 200 streets composed of houses larger and higher than those of Ostend, a cathedral founded 865, and dedicated to St. Donatus, seven churches, fourteen chapels, and various other religious buildings. The spire of *St. Mary's* is of unusual elegance and height, and is descried by mariners, when off Ostend. Several rows of trees, and a tall spire

C 2

adorn

adorn the public square. Chiming of bells is much admired in this quarter of the town, and seems to be a frequent and favourite entertainment in the Netherlands. The town-house is a stately morceau, in which the Greek and Gothic styles of architecture are happily blended, yet with such a wanton profusion of ornament as to take from the general effect. Near it stands the chapel of the *holy blood*. The precious relict, resembling a whitish jelly, with a few red spots, inclosed in a double glass vial, was brought from Palestine 1148, by a Count of Flanders, or by tradition, and used to melt regularly every Friday morning, and continue dissolved till three o'clock, when it again congealed, and this during half a century after its importation !

✓ Bruges is the cradle of many crudits, but of whose lives little else is known than names and dates. *Charles Ferdinand,*

nand, though blind from infancy, combined the qualifications of a musician, orator, and philosopher. He gave prelections on belles lettres at Paris. Pope Innocent VIII. informed of the extent of his attainments, and the sanctity of his life, allowed him to take deacon's orders; and he is said to have preached with uncommon fervor of eloquence. *Simon Stevin*, the mathematician, passes for the inventor of sailing chariots, which run at the rate of four Dutch leagues an hour. Grotius honoured the contrivance with a poem, intitled, *Iter cursus veliferi* *. Why has the discovery been neglected? *John* of Bruges is reputed the first painter in oil, and the name of

* Troil, in his letters on Iceland, asserts, that a peasant had constructed a sledge, in the form of a ship, with sails, and which performed land *voyages* in winter over level tracts of country. Two of his sons, in sailing home from church, unfortunately overturned it, and broke it in pieces.

Gomar is perpetuated in the calvinistic sect, of which he was the founder.

Again took barge.—They reckon the distance eight *hours*.—Among the passengers, I could not help remarking a friar, who alternately recited his breviary, and bowed to the company. His devotion and good breeding seemed equally matter of routine. In this respect, there are many friars: yet of the two, I would be more in charity with this nonchalance than with the grimace of *Tartuffe*.

*Un rien presque suffit pour le scandaliser,
Jusques-là qu'il se vint, l'autre jour, acuser
D'avoir pris une puce en faisant sa priere,
Et de l'avoir tuée avec trop de colere.*

The fog again setting in, I went below, and was agreeably surprised to meet with an English gentleman, who had frequently traversed Austrian Flanders. His remarks upon the aspect and resources

sources of the country coincided with those of the student from Louvain. No land, it would appear, lies waste; and, if too little attention is, perhaps, paid to pasturage, three hundred years have witnessed the industry and success of the Flemings in the culture of grain. The multiplication of the human race keeps pace with that of the means of sustenance; and the Low Countries, though often wasted by war and pestilence, rank, at this day, among the most populous districts of Europe. Yet, the very circumstance of their natural fertility may provoke the cupidity of neighbouring states.

At one o'clock we were summoned to dinner, and partook of two courses, wines, and a dessert. A separate dinner was served up to passengers of the second order, and a third to those who have their conveyance free. These several repasts are quietly prepared in a

small kitchen ; and every thing proceeds with the utmost regularity.

As the Brussels diligence received me from the track-boat, and merely passed along some of the outskirts of *Ghent*, I can enter into no details respecting this once great and prosperous city. Provoking it is, thus to have a faint and transient glimpse of a place of note ; but my time was not my own, and could not be squandered in the gratification of curiosity. Curiosity itself is a relative term ; for I have heard of an English traveller, who merely changed horses at Paris, and asked the name of the town ; and have seen a wealthy gentleman, who travelled four hundred miles to London, which he had never seen, finished his business in an hour, and immediately measured back his route.

The circumstances of our land conveyance were, by no means, propitious—a clumsy, ill hung coach—all the
places

places taken—the dearth of conversation supplied by a grating Flemish song—the clamour of a waspish bantling—and a very scanty allowance of sleep at *Alst*.

11th. Were again seated in our *diligence* by four o'clock in the morning. Most of the company renewed their interrupted slumbers.

Day-light displayed a portion of *Brabant*, abounding in villages and comfortable hamlets, in cows, hogs, and poultry. The general flatness, as we approached Bruffels, was relieved by gentle wavings, whilst hedges, plantations, and horticulture were profusely blended with the labours of the plough.

CHAP. II.

BRUSSELS.

*B*RUSSELS, or, according to the French orthography, *Bruxelles*, is situated in the heart of a fertile and populous district, about 200 feet above the level of the sea, and in a climate which is reckoned temperate and salubrious, though frequently deformed by fogs.

The town, which stands partly on a plain, and partly on a rising ground, in shape resembles a pear, with the tapering end to the south. A suite of earthen ramparts, faced with brick, and crowned with rows of trees, forms a most agreeable and varied walk, all around the city. So gay and shifting is the prospect, that I could never patiently attend
to

to the cumbersome ornaments of the seven gates, the gloomy *maison de force*, the antique round tower of the clothiers, and a few other minute objects which occur in the tour of the ramparts.

Within the gates are reckoned from 300 to 400 streets and lanes, 14,500 houses, and from four score to ninety thousand inhabitants. Most of the houses in the old part of the town are of brick, with painted, or white washed walls, and many of them with iron bars at the windows on the ground floor, and gateways to the street. The streets are, in general, narrow, and destitute of footways, with lamps suspended by cords over the middle.

The numerous inns afford genteel and reasonable accommodation. Nearly 200 hackney coaches, clumsy, but gaudy and comfortable, are employed at the rate of an escalin (7*d.*) *per* hour. The display of equipages, on certain holidays,

✓ days, is rich and glaring: but the Briton looks in vain for the smart trim carriage of his native country.

To enumerate and describe the contents of the ten quarters of Bruffels, would greatly exceed the plan of these journals. I, therefore, only slightly touch on a few of the most conspicuous objects.

I. The stately front of the palace, planned by the *Sieur Folte*, is embellished with statues and bas reliefs by *Delveaux*. The *Hercules*, at the bottom of the grand staircase, is an admired production of the same chisel. The chapel, on the right of the principal entry, all done in stucco, and adorned with a double range of pillars, deserves to be particularly noticed.

In the centre of the *place royale*, a square remarked for fine buildings, and the striking portico of the new church of *St. Coudenberg*, the states of *Bra-*
bant

bant have erected a bronze statue of the late Duke Charles of Lorraine.

The arsenal contains the complete armour of Charles V. the furniture of his war horse, his sword of state, the grand standard of France, taken at the battle of Pavia, the curiously wrought armour of the unfortunate Montezuma, the archduke Albert's coat of mail and heavy arms, the stuffed skin of the horse on which the infanta Isabella made her entry into Brussels, the arms of Maximilian, of the Duke of Alva, Prince of Parma, &c. &c.

The sagacious Marsden has noticed the large whiskers on Montezuma's vizor, and is very unwilling to deprive the native Americans of beards. Certain it is, that, among some of the Indian tribes of the new world, eradication is still practised. Frequent repetition of the practice, may, perhaps, have ultimately obliterated this mark of manhood

hood among other races: and thus accounts, apparently discordant, may be reconciled.

The Duke of Aremberg's hotel, and the church of the Carmelites deserve to be visited on account of several masterpieces by Rubens. The suppressed church of the Jesuits, dedicated to St. Michael, and ornamented by a tall and elegant spire, is, perhaps, the most handsome in Brussels.

II. The chapel of our lady is a fine remnant of Gothic architecture, embellished, without, by some statues of Quesnoy, and, within, by a great altar, executed on the design of Rubens, the mausoleum of the Spinoza family, and numerous paintings by Crayer, Jansens, and others.

In the centre of the large court, called *le grand Sablon*, is a splendid public fountain, the monument of gratitude, erected by Thomas, Earl of Aylesbury,

1750. It consists of a group of marble figures, one of which represents Minerva, in a reclining posture, holding in her hand a medallion, exhibiting the portraits of the emperor Francis I. and of the empress queen, Maria Theresa. On the right hand of the goddess is Fame, and, on her left, the Scheldt, in the semblance of a genius. The Aylesbury arms, with suitable inscriptions, are cut upon the pedestal.

The *petit sablon* is a smaller square, planted with elms. Near it stands the sombre mansion once occupied by the Duke of Alva, whose dark spirit seems still to haunt its chambers.

The Steenporte fountain is the most magnificent in the city, being even encumbered with sculptures, and the water tumbling from basin to basin, and from four shells, into as many cisterns, level with the ground.

III. The

III. The *Grande place*, in which several of the principal streets concentrate, is a striking oblong square, formed of public buildings of unequal height, and disfigured by heavy carvings and gildings. Forty-one years were employed in building the town-house, the most stately edifice of the kind in the Netherlands. It is a large and quadrangular pile, from which shoots a spire, beautifully tapering, to the height of 364 feet. A brazen figure of St. Michael, the patron of the place, turns upon a pivot, on the top, at the pleasure of the wind. The apartments, rather spacious than elegant, are lined with tapestry, in gilt frames, and contain paintings by some of the most celebrated of the Flemish school.

IV. The fourth quarter presents us with the elegant chapel of Notre Dame de bon Secours, in form of a rotunda,
and

and with an old hospital founded for pilgrims who visit Compostella. But the fame of both is eclipsed by a little gentleman, y clept *manneké pissé*, who performs unceasing duty, and *sans façon*, to the great edification of the good burghers. The French soldiers in 1747, rudely profaned this diuretic palladium, and silenced the indignant murmurs of the inhabitants: but Lewis XIV. with laudable magnanimity, commanded that the person of the darling dwarf should be held sacred, arrayed in costly apparel, and dubbed a knight of his own order. The chevalier still appears in full uniform upon gala days; and, to such a degree has he become the *man of the people*, that his removal or mutilation might excite an insurrection. *Vive donc le manneké!*

V. The church of St. Gertrude and St. Nicholas, standing upon an islet, formed by two branches of the Senne,

and deriving a venerable aspect from its mouldering Gothic tower, is supposed to have been founded in the 7th or 8th century. Several of the convents in this quarter have been suppressed.

LO VI. In St. Catharine's church are two celebrated pieces of de Crayer, the first, the reception of St. Catharine into heaven, where she takes her place with the Trinity, and is escorted by St. Joseph and a suite of angels; the second, the martyrdom of the four crowned heads.

The *grand Béguinage*, an assemblage of houses, surrounded by a wall, might accommodate 700 or 800 Beguines, though they reckon at present scarcely half that number. This community is peculiar to the Low Countries, yet seems admirably adapted to the system of modern society, whether among catholics or protestants. The Beguine brings along with her the means of her maintenance, if she possesses them, may regulate

gulate her own menage, or join her stock to that of a particular company. The superior presides in matters of general discipline, and all attend upon the stated exercises of devotion: but most of the day is spent in the varied and elegant occupations of female hands. Any individual may retire from the sisterhood, when she pleases, mingle again with the world, and enter into the married state. The comparative fewness of ladies of easy virtue in several of the Flemish towns has been ascribed, and, perhaps, justly, to this salutary institution.

The four large basons, with their respective quays, for the reception of small craft from the canals, and a large handsome custom-house, likewise belong to the sixth division.

VII. The church of the Augustines is a fabric of unusual elegance, and stored with a variety of paintings. That

of the Dominicans, though no ways handsome, is enriched with choice productions of the Flemish pencil, as St. John the evangelist, St. John the Baptist, Mary Magdalene, and St. Peter, all by de Crayer, the miraculous cure of the Duke of Cleves, the Virgin, St. Thomas Aquinas, and St. Vincent Ferrier raising a child from the dead, by Janssens.

The theatre, built 1700, according to the plan of Bombarde, an Italian architect, is long, narrow, ill lighted, and crazy; but serves the purposes of a play-house, opera and ball-room. The boxes are disposed in five tiers, and each is provided with its separate stove, which may be heated at the pleasure of the company.

VIII. The grand parochial and collegiate church of *St. Gudule* was founded in the year 1010. As it stands upon a shelving ground, the ascent on one side is by a magnificent stair of thirty-nine steps. The two large square towers, though

though unfinished, give it a singular cast of solemnity, and the variety of workmanship displayed throughout the whole is really astonishing. On the pillars which support the high vaulted roof, are statues of Christ and the apostles : St. Paul, St. Bartholomew, and St. Thomas, superior to the rest, are by Jérôme Quesnoy. The pulpit, a curious production of Henry Verbruggen of Antwerp, is placed in the middle of the nave. At the base are Adam and Eve, big as life, the expelling Angel, and Death in the rear. Our first parents, though closely pursued, bear upon their shoulders the terrestrial globe, the cavity of which is filled by the preacher. From the globe rises a tree, whose top extends into a canopy, sustaining an angel, and Truth, exhibited as a female genius. Above are the Virgin and the infant Jesus, crushing the serpent's head with a cross. The steps on either side appear as if cut from

trunks of trees, and are accompanied by carvings of the ostrich, eagle, peacock, parrot, &c. Besides the main church, there are sixteen private chapels under the same roof, and rich in the precious metals, or the mummary of relics. That in which the profaned hosts are deposited, is all of marble, and the altar, *it is said*, of solid silver. I pretend not to give even a catalogue of the paintings in this august temple, but shall only observe that the pencils of de Crayer, le Clerc, Rubens, and Vandyke, have all contributed to the ample collection.

The public library, consisting of 40,000 volumes, and a large assortment of manuscripts, is kept in a separate building, founded 1625, by order of the Infanta Isabella. Here, too, the academy of sciences and belles lettres hold their meetings.

In spite of the uniform straightness of the principal alleys, the puny serpentine

tine footways, and the many indifferent statues, I am willing to believe that no stranger ever passed half an hour in the park, without being agreeably affected by the tout ensemble, and that rows of trees and splendid buildings, and groupes of well dressed ladies and gentlemen, moving about in various directions, may, in some measure, atone for stiffness of distribution; and silence, at least for a time, the censures of criticism. The walks concentrate in a small octagonal basin: and, in one of the corners are a few shops and coffee-houses, dignified with the appellation of *Vauxhall*.

The large square without the park, though not strictly uniform in all its parts, extorts the admiration of the most superficial observer, and is, in my opinion, greatly superior to any thing that London or New Edinburgh can boast. Among the magnificent buildings which form this square, the hotel of the States

of Brabant, planned by Guimard, and which cost 600,000 florins, is the most conspicuous. The emperor's minister, the foreign ambassadors, and most of the nobility and gentry, inhabit this splendid quarter, which, in every sense of the expression, deserves to be styled the *court end of the town*.

IX. & X. Of the churches, chapels, and convents in the ninth quarter, none, so far as I recollect, require any particular description; and the tenth, in the heart of the town, consists chiefly of ordinary houses and the public markets. The latter are plentifully supplied with provisions of all kinds.

The Gobelins and Sabloniere at Paris snatched from Brussels the palm for tapestries, as Mechlin and Valenciennes have, in a great measure, deprived it of the manufacture of fine lace. Though some of the latter continues to be wrought, especially in the environs, the
thread,

thread, of uncommon fineness, is the product of Valenciennes and Cambray.

The acknowledged superiority of Flemish lace may be ascribed to the excellent quality of the flax reared in the country, and to the observance of a division of labour; for one invents the patterns, another fashions the ground, a third, the flowers, &c.

On reviewing the annals of this illustrious city, I find it frequently sustained very heavy losses by fire, famine, war, and pestilence, and that between 1753 and 1764, smart shocks of earthquakes were not uncommon, but occasioned little harm.—In 1020, *Herkenbald*, amman of the town, put to death his nephew for a rape.—On the 19th of Jan. 1100, a company of the citizens, who had attended Godfrey of Bouillon to the Holy Land, returned unexpectedly to their wives and families, who, not long before, had mourned their death.

The

The festivity of the day concluded with each wife carrying her husband from table to bed — In 1369, Jonathan, a rich Jew of Enghien, is said to have bribed John of Louvain, a convert to the synagogue, to procure him some consecrated hosts. The adopted Israelite, under cover of night, abstracted sixteen from St. Catharine's chapel, while Jonathan, his family, and others of the circumcision, met purposely to vent their imprecations upon the stolen god of the Christians. Jonathan, however, was soon after stabbed by an unknown hand in his own garden ; and his trembling widow delivered the insulted hosts to the Jews of Brussels. When they met in their synagogue on Good Friday 1370, they exposed the spoil on a table, and, after mumbling over it their horrid blasphemies, proceeded to wound the wafers with their knives, when, to their utter confusion, *drops of blood* announced

ced a miracle. Upon the deposition of a single woman, many of the Jews were apprehended, dragged through the streets on carts, put to the torture, and, afterwards, burnt alive upon the highest tower of the walls! The flames, we are gravely told, were seen at the distance of forty-five miles, and two infernal figures danced in the blaze, nor disappeared till the bodies were entirely consumed! The anniversary of this act of infamy is still celebrated on the first *Sunday* after the 13th of July, when the hosts are borne about in solemn procession, attended by the clergy *en masse*, the magistrates, judges, and even the governors of the province!—The faculty having recommended to Duke Charles (1444) to cut off his hair, most of his courtiers and the gentlemen of fashion appeared in wigs, to the no small ridicule of the public.—The celebration of the festival of the miraculous image of
the

the virgin was performed 1545, with circumstances of unusual *pomp*. The great devil, in the form of a huge bull, darting fire from his horns, ushered in the procession of priests and monks, crosses, banners, and relics of saints. A smaller devil sat between the flaming horns, and moved along with his satanic majesty, who was conducted by a boy, disguised like a wolf, resting on the shoulders of a chubby cheeked burgher, or soi disant archangel, arrayed in shining wings and armour. Next followed a cart, bearing an organ, composed of a series of twenty narrow wooden cases, each inclosing a cat, the extremity of whose tail projected from a small aperture, attached, by a string, to its respective key. The performer was no Handel, but a very respectable bear, who executed his part amid repeated bursts of applause, while several of his own species, joined by groups of monkeys, stags,

flags, wolves, &c. capered in unison to the music around a large cage, placed upon a cart, and drawn by horses. In this cage, two monkeys played upon that delightful instrument, the bag-pipe, to children habited *à la bête*, and acting, in their gambols, the fable of Circe and the companions of Ulysses. From the windows and balconies of the town-house, Charles V. Philip II. and all the court, eagerly contemplated this grand spectacle. Specimens of the same *refined* taste, though on a smaller scale, may yet be seen in this and other cities, during carnival; and, if I rightly recollect, Mercier, in his *Tableau de Paris*, hints at a procession, which favoured of something else than the odor of sanctity. — From July 1556 to the same month of the following year, Brabant was visited by drought, cold, and famine. Nineteen thousand of the common people, including children, died in Brussels alone :

alone : but an unusual concourse had resorted thither to solicit alms of the court.

A residence of three months in the capital of Brabant, has suggested the following stictures on the character of the natives. Like their Flemish brethren, they are, in general, robust, but disposed to phlegm. Certainly they are deficient in expression of mind, one of the first constituents of beauty. Never have I observed, in any one place, such an assemblage of soft, sedate, and insipid countenances. If the ladies possess one iota of sentimental grace, they are sure to bury it under a thick varnish of rouge. I pretend not to account for the boyish uniformity of feature prevalent among the men. Perhaps gross and copious diet may have its effect ; the smoaking of tobacco may deaden the complexion, and injure the nicer traits of physiognomy—the recurrence
of

of heavy masses of building, of dead flats, of lazy fogs, may conspire to mental dulness, and consequent negation of animated looks and gestures. The Marquis D'Argens has observed, that even Jesuits here want genius, and load their policy with the heaviness of the climate; that, with the exception of Vandyke, the Flemish painters betray a coarseness of manner, which no brilliancy of colouring, and no length of acquaintance with the purer models of the Roman and Venetian schools have ever been able to efface. The children, it has been remarked, are generally handsome; and, though not lively, have a winning air of gentleness and contentment, the result of the lenient modes of Flemish education. History has, however, stamped one decided lineament of the political character of the Netherlands, namely their extreme sensibility to any infringement of their civil

or

or religious institutions. The Emperor's proposed innovations have been conceived in good intention ; but he should not overlook the firm attachment of his subjects to those chartered immunities which he swore to preserve, nor forget that more real benefit may redound to humanity from the strict observance of good faith, than from persevering in changes, which, however salutary in the eye of the benevolent philosopher, may irritate the untractable spirits of a superstitious people.

Having had little personal intercourse with the Bruxellois, I cannot presume to estimate their peculiar moral excellencies or defects. Some of my countrymen, however, who should know them well, allege that the middling ranks are truly polite, the beau monde not unfrequently rude, and the lower orders habitually boorish. So little do the extremes of society here unite in the
ordinary

ordinary offices of life, that, in one part of the town, the French language, and, in the other, the Flemish, is spoken almost exclusively. The accidents of birth or external condition determine the circles of association, amusement, or frivolity, in which every individual ought to move. An assembly of nobles would be polluted by the presence of a roturier; and a failure of etiquette might disturb the harmony of a concert.

The stated offices of public worship are alike observed by all; and, if carnival is brilliant, passion-week is marked by a general and decided gloom, by deeds of penance, and frequented shrines of saints and martyrs. With the expiration of the holy season, the flame of devotion or of superstition expires—society resumes its wonted aspect—and, the rigid votary, absolved from past sins, again enters on his career of worldly indulgence.

✓ A disposition to lounge seems more or less to characterize all ranks. The noblesse loiter in their carriages, or saunter in the park, during the day; and, in the evening, resort to the theatre, the concert, or the ball. Court levees and formal entertainments, likewise, fill up many a vacant hour. Such as have gardens are partial to the rearing of flowers, and deserve well of the public, since they convert the street sweepings into a tulip or a rose. I have often remarked people sitting or standing nonchalamment at their doors; and, after a walk of two hours, have been surprised to find them in the same listless attitude. Want of active employment is extremely favourable to the propagation of vague unfounded reports; and we all know that the *Brussels' gazette* has become proverbial. The beggars would labour, were not labour more irksome than begging. For a single farthing, they will

will style you *baron, marquis, or milord Anglois.* Some years ago, their number was little short of 2000, notwithstanding the regular annual distribution of food, raiment, and money, to the amount of 227,000 florins, the joint tribute of fifty-three charitable institutions. In Brussels, I first observed mastiffs yoked to wheelbarrows and small sledges—a pitiful shift to save trouble, and avoid paying toll. A London porter would snatch up one of these dog-loads with contempt, and deride the slow-paced indolence of the carman. It may seem ridiculous to a stranger that a refined city of Europe should ape, without a blush, the customs of Kamtschatka: but pity and indignation take place of ridicule, when he beholds the poor meagre animal panting for breath, still patient of injury, and still faithful to his trust. Horses, it may be said, are equally overstrained and treated with wanton severity. But can one act of

cruelty justify another? or, who has authorised us to convert into beasts of burden a creature not destined to the yoke, the friend, too, and protector of man, who cheers his solitude, shares his attachment, and reproves his want of fidelity and kindness?

CHAP. III.

FROM BRUSSELS TO LAUSANNE.

ON the 10th of April 1787, I quitted Bruffels in company of —. The air was calm and still as perfuasion, and the notes of the frisking warblers welcomed the cheering fun-beams darting through a distant forest. Our equipage presented a less amiable picture, namely, a heavy coach, lined with shag, which had once been yellow, *three* horses moving with more than Flemish gravity, and a brawny German coachman, fierce with his cap of hair, his teeth worn to black specks by the constant insertion of a tobacco pipe, and his visage surly, and disfigured by the small-pox. In spite,

however, of his rough exterior, we found him extremely attentive, and even of mild dispositions.

At half a league from the Poste de Namur, we passed *Ixelles*, a village seated in a pleasant valley. In our progress, we had a peep of the abbey of *Cambre*, whose walls have witnessed the austerities of many a benedictine nun. Crossed part of the forest of *Soigne*, a remnant of the *Sylva Arduenna* mentioned by Cæsar. Several paved ways intersect this shady district. The fox, wolf, and bear, haunt its recesses, but rarely approach the dwellings of man. The *brandbirtz*, or stag of the Ardennes, larger than the ordinary species, of a dark hue, approaching to black, with long hair depending from the neck and shoulders, is now of very rare occurrence. Some modern travellers have inadvertently confounded it with the elk.

Partook

Partook of a rustic breakfast at *Valterlo*, where is a poor auberge, and a chapel, in form of a rotunda.

From this to *Genappe* the country, less flat than that through which we have passed, still abounds in arable and pasture fields, though the soil appears to be considerably impregnated with iron.

Genappe is a small town on the *Dyle*, seated in a country famous for hunting, and including six villages within its district. Its castle is supposed to have been the chief residence of the dukes of Lothier; and its dependent fiefs are still governed by peculiar laws. At the table d'hôte, at noon, an old Austrian officer, of polite manners, was our only messmate.

Through the village of *Sombref*, into the county of *Namur*. As we approached the town of the same name, the ground gradually lowered into a plain, or rather narrow bottom. In this bottom, about

thirty miles south-east of Brussels, Namur is picturesquely seated, between two hills, at the confluence of the *Meuse* and *Sambre*. By far the largest portion of the town is situated on the north bank of the latter. The steep and rocky height on which the castle stands, is almost inaccessible, except from the river, and, whilst it contributes to the strength of the place, enhances the majesty of the landscape. On its summit is a deep well (independent of two excellent springs), sufficient to supply a garrison of 4000 men. The streets are neat and clean, but seem to be little frequented. The church of the *ci-devant* Jesuits is a superb structure of red and black marble, 140 feet long, 100 broad, and 120 in height, with massy, but well proportioned Doric columns of red and curiously veined marble. Over the high altar is a fine painting of the Resurrection by Reubens. The cathedral,

dral, dedicated to St. Alban, is a very inferior fabric. The fading light hardly afforded me a glimpse of one collegiate and four parish churches, of several monasteries and nunneries, of the *cour du prince*, a handsome square, and of the palace, which is usually occupied by the governor of the province. The environs produce coal, lead, black marble, and calamine.

11th. The outskirts of Namur are pleasantly decked with plantations and villas; and the contiguous hills, though sandy, have their sloping sides clad with hops and vines.

An uneven road of two leagues, lined with aged elms, conducted us to a district of forbidding downs: yet, such is the power of association, that the sight of furze, now a novelty, recalled at once the wilds of Caledonia and the scenes of youth. I hailed this neglected shrub as an old friend, and could even have
become

become its panegyrist, could have expatiated on its winter blossoms, and its summer fragrance, its hospitality to the unfledged choiresters of air, its opposition to intruding cattle, and to more intruding man.

Our first stage was *Emptiner*, a shabby inn, where we were received by an English woman, who, in the course of some years, had nearly lost the use of her native speech, yet served us with much alacrity, and treated us on the footing of *the most favoured nations*. Often I wished to ask her, what charm could attach her, in the humble capacity of a waiter, to such a comfortless abode : but as often her interesting looks, in which I could read feeling, blended with a dignified suppression of sorrow, checked the impertinent query. The maid of *Emptiner* may have seen better days, and her story might, probably, furnish the materials of a melting romance.

But it is the fate of the traveller to glance at objects of interest for a moment, and then to bid them adieu—perhaps for ever.

As we crossed a narrow portion of the bishopric of Liege, the road became more tolerable, but the face of the country was still rugged, and acquired additional harshness as we entered the province of Luxembourg. Here the farmers pare and burn their moss-grounds, but quickly exhaust them by a crop of rye and another of oats. Are they ignorant of two important truths—that moss is speedily convertible into soil by the application of lime—and that it may be substituted for manure upon poor grounds? As we slowly journeyed over rough road and dreary wastes, the spire of *Marche* at length bespoke a town. It is commonly designed *Marche en famine*—an appellation truly characteristic of its hungry aspect. The houses are
of

of mud, or of timber and plaster, and the streets are a nuisance even to the passing eye. Yet it stands upon the *Marfette*, is a provostship, with nineteen villages under its jurisdiction, a parish church, a convent of Carmelite monks, a nunnery of the same order, and an academy for the education of youth.

12th. Between this place and *Romont*, a paltry village, are some scattered forests, the noted receptacles of highwaymen. Fortunately, none of them paid us a visit.

Having once more measured an unwelcome extent of bad road and heathy moor, we alighted at *Malmaison*, a single inn, and a mock upon the name. Without, it has the appearance of a passable barn—within, that of a capacious hogsty. Yet here our evil stars had doomed us to pass the night, on beds of antediluvian fabric, consecrated by the dust and tatters of age. I beg none may reckon these

these, and similar strictures unreasonably censorious, or prompted by impatience of inconvenience or hardships. To the occasional privation of a few external comforts, I can submit with a smile or ironical sigh. The sybarite, who allowed his repose to be disturbed by the folding of a rose-leaf on his couch, forgot, or affected to forget, that many a brave fellow is contented to slumber on straw, or make the earth his pillow. But, having undertaken to register facts, I am solicitous to record them precisely as they occurred. Whoever prosecutes the same route may thus anticipate the nature of his accommodation, whilst the philosopher, from traits apparently trifling, may deduce more than one important inference, relative to manners and the existing state of society.

13th. Our prospects began to brighten within a few miles of *Attart*; and the appearance of the country continued to improve

improve as we approached *Arlon*. Modern antiquaries fetch the name of this place from *ara Lunæ*, and allege that its original inhabitants worshipped the moon. But does it not correspond to *Orolaunum* of the ancients? Like other frontier towns, it has more than once felt the destructive influence of war, and about two years ago was nearly reduced to ashes by some desperadoes in a fit of intoxication. Here was born *Jerôme Busleiden*, celebrated for his embassies and love of science. He founded a college of languages in the university of Louvain, and proved himself worthy of such a precious monument as the tears of Erasmus.

The next stage to the French frontier was short and pleasant. As travellers, we were not permitted to lodge in *Longwy*, a small, neat, and strongly fortified town, built by order of Louis XIV. It has a handsome public square,
and

and is usually garrisoned by a regiment of regulars. Winding down to a detached village of the same name, the scene seemed as if changed at once, and the habitudes of a nation stamping their impressions upon every thing around us. The heavy features of the Flemings, and the dead uniformity of their plains, had completely disappeared. The houses were more light and airy, the soldiers had rather a genteel than a martial gait, and a degree of levity to which a *Scotchman* is with difficulty reconciled, animated the deportment of individuals. Our landlady, for conversation's sake, or perhaps from curiosity, had frequent recourse to the figure of interrogation. John Bull would have deemed her questions obtrusive, and a Fleming would have spared himself the trouble of uttering them.

14th. Near the village of *Cruin*, culture and population evidently increase.

At

At *Fontoy*, an ancient and romantic assemblage of houses, distinguished by a ruined castle, we were allowed to drop out of the carriage, and take our station in the passage of the Auberge, without one word or sign of welcome. Our good *voiturin* exhorted us to take possession of a room, and led on to the attack. In consequence of his repeated and spirited remonstrances, we procured a little fire. A lively tourist has remarked, that, in France, all are polite, except tradesmen and innkeepers, and that the converse of the position holds in England. Must the two nations be antipodes in every thing, and never mutually improve by unreserved intercourse?

In the afternoon I was much delighted with the chequered view of gentle swells, woods, orchards, vineyards, rich pastures, and springing wheat. A soft shower had

had freshened the face of nature, and all was redolent of spring.

As we rested from the travel of the day, the sun shot his declining rays upon the spires of *Metz*. To avoid importunate examinations of our persons and luggage, we put up in one of the suburbs. Of those who sauntered beyond the walls, a considerable proportion consisted of soldiers or Jews. The latter are distinguished by the shape of their hats, and subjected to many invidious restraints. I have somewhere read, that when a deputation from their body waited upon the *maréchal de la Ferté*, to compliment him as governor of the province, he desired they might not be admitted. *I cannot endure even the sight of them*, added he,—*a parcel of wretches, who betrayed my master*. Understanding, however, that they brought him a present of 4000 pistoles—*it is true*, continued he, *poor creatures, they knew not*

what they did—pray, do shew them to the audience chamber.

15th. Rolled along the banks of the *Moselle*, on level surface and good road. The marsh lark, *alauda mozellana*, called by the natives *grande singfinotte*, but more correctly, *rouffeline*, or *alouette de marais*, smaller and more slender, but of a sweeter note than the common field lark, is found in this part of Lorraine, as in Alsace and Poland. About three miles from Metz, we crossed the river in a flat bottomed boat. The morning was calm and delightful, the stream glided smoothly along, the peasants rested from their toils, and every field was glad with renovated verdure. On our right, run a range of high grounds, studded with decayed castles, villages, and woods, whilst, on our left, the surface stretched in champaign cultivation, or rose, with easy acclivity, from the river.

Joui

Jouï aux arches, a straggling village, derives its name from the Roman aqueduct, which conveyed the waters of the Gorze across the Moselle, into the baths and naumachia of Metz. Of two hundred arches, done in rough work, the traveller now contemplates only eight entire, and several still lofty and majestic in their ruins. The vulgar ascribe this and other bridges to the skill of the *old gentleman in black*, forgetting that he never performed one *material* service to the human race. There is reason to believe that the Romans were nice in their choice of water, and greatly improved that which they selected for the use of cities by conveying it, frequently for several miles, along a bed of sand, on which it might acquire softness, and deposit its impurities.

The Moselle, here very broad, flows through a country abounding in villages and vineyards. Some attention has

even been bestowed upon the culture of the potatoe : for experience, the safest of all instructors, will conquer at last the combined influence of vulgar and learned prejudice.

About mid-day we arrived at *Pont-à-Mousson*, a town of middling size upon the Moselle, and guarded by some slight fortifications. Many of the houses are built upon piazzas, the principal streets concentrate in a spacious square, and the whole has a light and pleasant appearance. The university, founded by Charles III. Duke of Lorraine, has considerably declined : but there is a good military academy for the sons of decayed noblesse.

Some of my countrymen might not pardon me, if I quitted this place without taking notice of John Barclay, son to the celebrated William Barclay of Aberdeen. The Jesuits, entrusted with John's education, admired his talents,
and

and practised every artifice to decoy him into their society. His poem on the coronation, and the first part of his *Euphormion*, recommended him to James VI. to whom he was presented 1601. The fame of his other pieces is eclipsed by that of his *Argenis*.

Scarcely had we got beyond the walls of his native town, than I thought of John and his *Argenis* no more. All tended to awaken those pleasurable emotions, which the beauties of nature and the ceaseless mercies of heaven inspire in every mind that is not dead to feeling. The extended tracts through which our route was directed, adorned by the placid windings of the river, the lively green of distant hills, and groves of fruit-trees, displayed a profusion of blossoms, and wafted a richness of perfume, which no powers of painting or of language can convey to the fancy. No trace remained of winter—

the sky was unclouded—the air temperate and serene. The meanest peasant seemed to partake the blessings of returning spring. Too many symptoms I certainly could perceive of poverty and depression—few, I think, of fretfulness or discontent. Refined egotism, I know it well, will urge, and with plausibility, too, that where no discontent exists, no amelioration of condition should be proposed. But refined benevolence will deem those of our fellow creatures who submit to hardships without repining, well entitled to every attainable comfort, and will seek its purest gratifications in the diffusion of happiness. The female villagers tript lightly on the grass, in a circular dance: the young men seemed to prefer parties at nine pins—a separation not quite consonant to our ideas of French gallantry.

Had the river close upon our left. Beyond it, the country rose in gentle elevations

elevations. Again crossed it near its junction with the *Meurthe*, where it sweeps westward in the direction of Toul. At length came down upon the plain of Nancy—a plain rich in corn and wine, watered by the mazy *Meurthe*, and skirted behind by an extent of forest.

In respect of external regularity and elegance, I have seen no city which, as a whole, can rival *Nancy*. The place royale, diverging streets, and various public and private buildings, are well worthy of a detailed description. But my time barely allowed a hasty glance; and I came away more impressed with the general effect than with the beauties of particular parts. The houses are furnished with tin cave troughs, the roofs considerably flattened, and the streets lighted à l'*Anglaise*.

The memory of the good and venerable Stanislaus, who so much benefited

and embellished the place, is still preserved with respect and gratitude. He founded the medical college, and instituted the society of sciences and belles lettres. To the last is attached a library of 10,000 volumes, enriched with 500 ancient medals.

The company in the dining room encountered two liberal courses with a heroism truly marvellous. A Frenchman would sooner miss his dinner than his supper, is partial to stewed and high seasoned meats, to poultry and game, to paste and fricassées—devours much vegetable, but more animal, food—and reckons garlic a salutary condiment.

Duval relates that he saw in the prison of Nancy friar John, a hermit of Lorraine, who, in imitation of Jesus Christ, abstained from aliment during forty days, or rather from solid food, for it is allowed that he drank water. In one of his paroxysms of insanity, he
killed

killed a man whom he deemed importunate, and had his sentence of death commuted into perpetual confinement. Being seized with an insatiable curiosity to examine the internal structure of his body, and having made a large incision with a piece of glass, he was proceeding to contemplate the viscera with great composure, when a surgeon luckily interfered, and, with some difficulty, succeeded in healing his wounds.

The two *Adams*, especially Nicholas, excelled in sculpture: the name of the engraver *Callot* still lives in *Callotine*, while the fame of *Maimbourg* sleeps in sixteen quartos.

16th. The country was, perhaps, in itself, not less inviting than it was yesterday: but a continued rain compelled us to view it *through a glass darkly*. The villages through which we passed were, in the true French style, richly endowed with the materials of good husbandry.

At

At one of them called *Raville*, we stopt to dine. In the afternoon the heavens resumed their serenity, and we enjoyed a pleasant run along the Moselle, having sloping vineyards on the right, and large tracts of corn and pasture on our left. At six o'clock we rested at *Charmes*, a small neat town, situated in the heart of extensive meadows, about twenty miles from Nancy. The inhabitants boast of their bridge; though neither that nor any thing about the place struck us as at all remarkable. The inn is rather above mediocrity, and we were still regaled with the Moselle trout, reckoned the most delicious in the world.

17th. A dull and thinly peopled country. Stopped two hours at *Epinal*, a small gloomy town, with a paper manufactory. The Moselle, on which it stands, is here rapid, and separates into two branches. Besides other religious houses,

houses, Epinal has a noted abbey of canoneſſes, with an yearly revenue of 12000 livres. The nuns are all noble, and wear a broad blue ribband, with a golden croſs, ſurmounted with eight points, and representing the Virgin and St. Goëri!

As we began to aſcend a wild and unpeopled, but picturesque, region of hill and rock, ſome ſcattered caſtles, haſtening to utter decay, pointed to the faſtneſſes of feudal warfare. The *Vôges*, (*Vofagus*, or *Vogefus mons*) that chain of hills upon which we had juſt entered, forms the greateſt part of the ſouthern frontier of Lorraine, and is terminated by Alſace on the eaſt. *Donnon*, the higheſt ſummit, is four hundred toiſes above the level of the ſea. The whole ridge ſtretches from Baſil to Treves, an extent of fifty leagues, and gives riſe to the *Meuſe*, *Saône*, *Ill*, *Sar*, *Meurthe*, &c. Though the ſoil be, in general, ſandy

sandy and stoney, the pastures are rich and uncommonly productive, owing, it is supposed, to the facilities of irrigation. In default of pasture, the sides of this chain are covered with fir, oak, or beech : but the pines which crowned the summits, and attracted the admiration of the ancients, have been gradually destroyed, to the diminution of rural beauty, and of the countless streamlets which issued from the elevated forests. *Vaccinium myrtillus*, called by the natives *briabelle*, is found in such abundance, that its berries constitute an article of food during greatest part of the year. The woodcock summers on the highest and most abrupt cliffs, and descends, in winter, into the thickets and plains. The water-owzel, shy, silent, and solitary, haunts the loftiest recesses, and gravely stalks along the banks of streams, or even under water, in quest of insects. The peasants subsist chiefly on the produce

duce of the dairy, and a coarse bread of barley and oats, seldom tasting butcher meat or wine. Their huts, adjoined to eminences, or, sunk in the earth, are damp and comfortless. A thin partition separates the cattle from the family, and the dung is heaped up before the door. Temperance, exercise, and frequent exposure to the open air can alone counteract such slovenly habits of life. The strong spirit distilled from the cherry and juniper is sold out of the country. The men are, for the most part, stout, and suffer no restraint from their dress, which is loose and wide. Environed with a bracing air, with grand and extended prospects, remote from the complications and corruptions of crowded societies, limiting his wants and attachments, the moral, like the physical, frame of the mountaineer, assumes a tone of vigour and independence; sentiments and affections are expressed as

they arise ; a native frankness, an unaffected hospitality, attracts the steps of the wanderer, as he overlooks and pities the cities of the plain. From transient hints and observation, it was not difficult to learn, that the Vôgians are of simple manners, impatient of restraint, kind to strangers, and fondly rivetted to the mountains of their fathers.

In the course of this stroll, we passed *Sertigny*, a village of high and romantic situation, within a few miles of *Plombières*. This town and its smoke, seen at the bottom of a noble and deep amphitheatre, give a singular and pleasant relief to the gloom and solitude which surround them.

Plombières (*Plumbariæ*) has given rise to the conjecture that lead was once worked in the neighbourhood, though others prefer the Celtic compound *plou* (warm) and *ber*, (water), and assert that no metals have been found in the district. The valley is here so straitened as to
admit

admit only one street, consisting of eighty or ninety houses, of a neat and clean appearance. They are watered by the little river *Eaugrogne*, which receives the tepid streams, and is reckoned excellent for washing and bleaching.

The cold bath is said to contain petrol, sulphate of iron, common salt, magnesia, and a small proportion of soda. The source never freezes in winter, but frequently emits a visible vapour in that season. The warm spring is sulphureous, and boils an egg in a few minutes; but, when put on the fire, does not boil sooner than common water. Henry II. Duke of Lorraine, in 1614, found it of singular benefit in restoring the tone of the stomach, and gave it vogue. But the Romans were not unacquainted with the virtues of these mineral streams, which are recommended for ulcers, cholics, inveterate fevers, rheumatism, inflammations, white swellings,

swellings, &c. The fissures of the granite rock through which they pass, observes the Abbé Bexon, are lined and filled with a very white clay, in which may still be found grains of quartz, and which is, in fact, quartzy matter, resolved by water, imparting a softness and deterfive quality, improperly denominated *soapy*. Fused by a moderate heat, it yields a fine glass of a milk white colour, and is real petunze, which may enter into the composition of prime porcelain. Plombières has a wire and paper manufactory, and a convent of capuchins, and is reckoned exactly sixteen leagues from Nancy, Basil, and Besançon.

18th. We were this morning surprised by cold and frost, as in the middle of December. The horses dragged slowly up hill, unwilling to quit the warm retreat of the watering-place. One of the travellers, too, would willingly

willingly have lingered there for a few days, and collected observations and specimens of the natural productions—but, fated to pass on, without turning to the right or to the left, he can barely catch at one or two detached facts. Marble, of a blood coloured ground, with white spots, apparently crystallized, is of common occurrence.—The ground, in several places, sounds hollow, and has sometimes burst and discharged great quantities of water, to the annoyance of the inhabitants. The expansion of the same element in deeper cavities is, probably, the cause of repeated, but slight shocks of earthquakes in this hilly district.

Entered the province of *Franche Comté*, the territory of the ancient *Sequani*, but no longer the *ager optimus totius Galliæ*.—At *Fougerolle l'Eglise*, a long village, with a long church, and a long name, we were accosted by one

of those nuisances, a petty buralist, who affected extreme impatience to search our trunks. A twelve sol piece corrupted his sense of duty to his king and country, and spared us the trouble of detention.

Halted at *Luxueil*, or *Luxeu*, *Luxovium* of the Romans, another watering place, twelve miles from Plombières, and rising in reputation. The circuit of the town, in early times, extended a great way round, and included the baths. Many of the houses are large and furnished with good wine cellars, but all have an old and sombre aspect.—The four warm baths are unctuous even to the touch, and possess similar properties; another, tepid and insipid, deposits a dark greyish mud, and emits an odour of sulphur and iron, like those of Plombières; one of the cold sources is an ordinary chalybeate, and the other, unctuous, and slightly tinged with iron, is celebrated

celebrated for mitigating the acrid habits of the blood and lymph, and in 1719 effectually removed an epidemic dysentery. The hot waters are prescribed as a specific in most cutaneous distempers. An inscription, accidentally discovered 1753, bears that these baths were repaired by Labienus, at the command of Julius Cæsar.

The Abbey of Benedictines of Luxueil was founded by Columbanus, the Irish monk. The present abbot draws 23,000 livres as his portion of the rents.

Proceeded by two old fortresses and some pleasantly situated country-seats to *Vesoul*. The latter is a decent town, with 2000 inhabitants, situated near the *Durgeon*, at the foot of a hill, called *la motte de Vesoul*. This hill rises in a conical form, from a base half a league in circumference, has its sides covered with corn, vines, and pasture, and is not easily scaled in less than an hour. Be-

sides a chapter, Vesoul has a collegiate church, a convent of capuchins, and two nunneries. The canons succeed to the estate and moveables of every person in the village of *Chataumoustier*, who dies without an heir in the direct line of descent !

Supped in company of a pleasant party.—Two Genevans took me by the hand, as they retired, and wished good night with a frankness far more engaging than the most studied graces of a Chesterfield.—Sincerely did I regret their early departure, but their plan of travelling allowed only a few hours sleep, and they had strolled some miles to examine the *Frais puits*, and other natural curiosities. The former is a large funnel, sixty feet in diameter at top. It is seldom quite dry, but the quantity of water varies very much, according to the state of the weather, and sometimes spouting from a depth of thirty or forty feet, overflows
an

an extent of meadow ground. There are several other excavations in the vicinity.

19th. My Genevans had taken the wings of the morning.—Rain and dullness till noon.

From *Riox*, a pitiful village, we pursued our route through a varying surface, and scenes of the rude sublime. The deep valley, formed by the little river *Orignon*, has a peculiar complexion of sequestration and sweetness. It is impossible to view such landscapes without emotion, but it requires a hand, at once bold and delicate, to pourtray them.

Meanwhile *Besançon*, *Vesontio* or *Vesontium*, *civitas et maxima Sequanorum, maximum et munitissimum oppidum*, &c. of the Romans, met our eyes. The faint vestiges of an amphitheatre, aqueduct, and temple,—the rock cut by Cæsar, and various antiquities, speak of its early splendor. It enjoyed the benefit

of a public school for the languages and rhetoric. The *sacra septa* of the Romans corresponded to the quarter at present called *Les Clofes*, the *Campus Martius*, to the *Champ de Mars*, *Charitum mons*, to *Charmont*, *Campus Carnæ*, to *Champ Carne*, &c. The hurried passenger may not stop to trace the origin, prosperity, and misfortunes of an individual city, but may indulge a moment of veneration, or cherish a melancholy emotion, when chance presents to his view the grey memorials of ages that are gone. . . .

The *Doux* or *Doubs*, a considerable river, divides Besançon into the upper and lower town: but of the former, little remains except the castle.—The inhabitants are said to amount to 25,000. Of the public buildings, the new theatre, the town house, with its four wings, the Intendant's hotel, the hospital, and the fountains are most admired. The high and romantic hills, which at once screen
and

and adorn the town, would produce a fine effect in landscape painting. One of them, beautifully wooded, is distinguished by a monument, to perpetuate the narrow escape of Lewis XIV, whose horse fell under him on the brink of the precipice.—In Befançon are two chapters, a collegiate church, four abbeys, eleven convents, and a seminary for students in theology.—Among its men of letters are reckoned the *Chifflets*, Cardinal *Granvelle*, and *Jean Baptiste Bullet*, the learned and laborious compiler of the Celtic dictionary.

The adventures of the *Abbé de Vatteville* are so singular, and so little known, that I am tempted to trace their outline. He was brother to Baron de Vatteville, once ambassador at the court of London. The abbé, when colonel of the regiment of Burgundy, in the service of Philip IV. of Spain, evinced his courage by repeated actions of éclat. Chagrined, however,

with neglect of promotion, he resigned his commission, and retired into the convent of Carthusians, at Besançon. As his restless spirit could ill brook the gloom and silence of a cloister, he appointed a confidential friend to wait for him, with a horse, without the garden wall, and secretly procured of his relations some money, a riding dress, a case of pistols, and a sword. Thus equipped, he stole, during the night, from his cell, into the garden, stabbed the prior, whom he met on his way, scrambled over the wall, and rode off at full speed. When his horse could advance no further, from fatigue and hunger, he alighted at an obscure inn, ordered all the meat in the house to be got ready, and sat down to dinner with the utmost composure. A traveller, who arrived a few minutes later, politely requested that he might be allowed to share with him. Vatteville rudely refused, alleging that
there

there was little enough for himself, and, impatient of contradiction, killed the gentleman on the spot with one pistol, and presenting the other to the landlady and waiter, swore he would blow out their brains, if they once dared to interrupt his repast.—Having thus escaped with impunity, he encountered various fortunes, landed, at length, in Turkey, assumed the turban, received a commission in the army, was raised to the rank of bashaw, and nominated to the government of certain districts of the Morea.—But longing to revisit his native country, he entered into a secret correspondence with the Venetians, then at war with the Turks, obtained absolution, along with a considerable church living in Franche Comté, delivered the towns and forts under his command into the hands of the enemy; and was actually presented by Lewis XIV to the vacant see of Besançon. The Pope, however, who

who had granted absolution, refused the bull,—and Vatteville was obliged to content himself with the first deanery, and two rich abbeys. In the midst of his magnificence he sometimes deigned to call on his old friends, the Carthusians, and, at last, expired quietly in his bed, at the advanced age of ninety!—A roturier, guilty of one half of his enormities, would have been broken upon the wheel.

20th. Moved up a high and steep hill. Though the country appeared little cultivated, and thin of inhabitants, some roaming flocks and herds agreeably enlivened the shifting prospects.—Breakfasted at *l'Hôpital de Grand-bois*, a sorry village, with a poor inn. The mistress, old and infirm, craved, in the most piteous tone, something *pour l'amour de Dieu*. Her *claim* reminded me of the old woman whom friar Yves, envoy of St. Lewis, encountered in the streets of Damascus.

Damascus, holding, in her right hand, a platter of fire, and, in her left, a flask of water. *What mean you, said the ambassador, by these opposite symbols? With the fire, answered the picturesque moralist, I would consume Paradise, and with the water, extinguish the flames of Hell.* The friar, still more astonished, requested she would explain the enigma. *I would have every man, she replied, follow virtue from pure love to the Deity, regardless of the hope of reward, or the fear of punishment.* Amid the jarring systems of ancient and modern sages, how amiable and sublime is the philosophy of an unlettered female,—whose very name has not descended to posterity. Crusaders of every denomination, base inquisitors, who rack the fibres of your fellow mortals, and bigotted or interested persecutors, who would torture the honest feelings of the upright and the tolerant—think of the woman of Damascus, and be covered with confusion!

Heavy

Heavy hail and snow precluded all distant views. The *mountains*, I could no longer term them *hills*, presented a whitened surface, curiously contrasted with the gloom of tall and impending firs.—We halted at a single inn, encompassed with dreary scenery, and were, during the remainder of this day's stage, enveloped in drifting snow. Misfortunes, as the saying is, come not single—our good coachman, by hard driving, dropt his pocket-book, which he never recovered,—and being suddenly attacked with a violent fit of sickness, I fainted, as we arrived at *Pontarlier*. An hour's rest completely restored me,—and I am not sure but the agreeable sensations of returning health counterbalanced those of suffering.

Pontarlier, the *Ariarica* of Antoninus, *Abiolica* of Peutinger, and, in low Latin, *Arecium*, *Pons Arleti*, *Pons Elaverii*, &c. stands upon the Doux, near *Mont Joux*,
part

part of the Jura ridge, and one of the most commodious passes into Switzerland. It has 2000 inhabitants, but no manufactures of any note.

21st. The *Jura* mountains, chequered with snow and sable pines, rose full in view, under a cloudless sky. In those elevated regions, the scattered huts are mostly constructed of timber, and excite the pity of the traveller, whilst the rugged character of the country, and the pride of luxuriant firs, projecting their dark shades, inspire emotions of melancholy grandeur.

Jougne, our first stage, a romantic assemblage of hamlets, embosomed in mountains, is distinguished by a venerable castle, perched on the point of a rock, with one of the towers still habitable. They told us it was the property of the *Duc de la Rochefaucault*, who possesses several lordships in this part of Franche Comté—and many may he possess,

self, if his character correspond to public report.

The narrowness of the pass, cut by Cæsar, when he led his troops into Germany, the Doux winding beneath, and its accompanying scenery of wood and rock, all conspired to form an enchanting landscape. The inhabitants of the valley are usually occupied in cutting granites, crystals, and marcasites, for the jewellers of Geneva and Neuchâtel.

I could not regret our tardy progress along the uneven route of Jura,—a ridge designed by Cæsar, *mons altissimus inter Sequanos et Helvetios*, and stretching from Basil to some leagues beyond Geneva. Though nearly parallel with the Alps, its base is mostly calcareous. Its primitive range fronts Switzerland, and is composed of a hard rock, of a fine grain, usually inclining at an angle of less than forty-five degrees; but, occasionally, parallel with the horizon.

Its line of direction intersects two great plains, of which one separates it from the Alps, and the other from the mountains of Burgundy and the Vôges. The secondary range, formed of humbler elevations, gradually subsides into the plains of the Rhine and Saône. Nature, ever delicate in her gradations, has, probably, adjusted a scale of harmony in the comparative heights of mountains. Thus the highest summits of Jura are lower, by forty or fifty toises, than the lowest of the Alps, and nearly as much elevated above the highest peaks of the Vôges.—Though the general structure of Jura be calcareous, the southern surface is strewn with fragments of vitriifiable matters, such as are found in masses among the Alps.—Gravel and sea shells occur at considerable elevations, and even at the tops of the ridge. The latter bear herbage; and the snow disappears early in summer. The whole,
seen

seen from a distance, resembles an extended mound, or wall of an uniform height : but, on a nearer approach, the irregularities of the group open upon the perspective, and, blending with wood and verdure, compose a picture nobly varied, and singularly striking.

Whether from a partiality to freedom's air, or from something in the climate congenial with my frame, or, from the mere play of imagination,—I felt, as it were, an expansion of animal spirits, the gale seemed more pure and sweet, and the sun-beams more enlivening, when, at half a league from Jougne, we entered the territory of the Swiss.

Gradually, and in mazy rural beauties, our way led us down from towering rocks and snow, to the more amiable prospects of blooming spring.

Through *Clées* or *le Clés*, a townlet in the bailliage of Yverdun, upon the little river *Orbe*, noted for its subterraneous
pas-

passages. The castle, dismantled by the Swifs, 1475, is no unsightly ruin.

Stopped at *La Sarra*, another small but clean town of one street, formerly, it is said, washed by the *Venoge*, which now flows at some distance to the west. Hard by the town is a large chateau, founded on a rock of bastard marble. Quarries of the latter and of hard stone abound in the neighbourhood; and *Sarra* is said to be a Celtic term denoting stone.

We now entered upon *Jorat*, a subordinate ridge, which, commencing above Vevey, runs considerably to the north. Its highest elevation above the lake of Geneva is 277 toises, and its base a hard free stone, somewhat inclining to a bluish colour.

Though the remainder of the road was far from smooth, every turn of the wheels afforded some interesting variegation of prospect, while the pastoral and

airy villages of *Chavornay*, *Bavois*, *Cheseau*, &c. intimated population and comfort.

At length, the Alps of age, hiding, without a metaphor, their heads in the clouds, and the magnificent expanse of the *Leman*, burst, like enchantment, upon the sight.—*Lausanne* received us at the close of day—and once more we mingled in domestic society.

CHAP. IV.

LAUSANNE.

LAUSANNE (*Laufonium, Laufone, &c.*) stands upon three hills or prominences of the Jorat, a mile and a half from the lake of Geneva, and four hundred feet above its level. This situation, sufficiently incommodious, and removed at least an English mile from the ancient Laufonium, had been represented as the scene of miracles; and, as the church sprung from the legend, the town sprung from the church. The cathedral, indeed, and the prospects which it commands, may well be termed a *standing miracle*. Conceive a venerable pile of Gothic architecture, with a square tower of admirable symmetry, its glittering pinnacles,

tieres of elegant arches, and high vaulted roof—within, august by its simplicity, displaying a superb choir, and 272 elegant pillars, and thrilling with the solemn peal of the organ, or with the voices of an honest people, preferring their orisons to the Father of Goodness! From the terrace on which this cathedral is seated, you may patiently survey the bold and elevated contours of the Alps, with their hoary and rocky peaks reflected in the lake, Mont Blanc domineering in the distance, the wavy luxuriance of shelving shores, and the frequent and comfortable dwellings of a contented peasantry.—The tombs of several of the bishops in the choir have been much defaced. That of Duke Charles of Schomberg, killed in the battle of Marsaille, in Piedmont, is remarked for its simplicity.—On the south of the choir is the *rose-window*, noted for its singular adventure. About the middle of last century, it was
rent,

rent, with part of the contiguous wall, by an earthquake. The cleft, wide enough to admit the coats of tennis players, and even the players themselves, was so much straitened by another earthquake, ten years after, as to be hardly discernible.—In the wall of the western tower is a black round hole, occasioned by lightning.

The stone used here, called *molasse*, hardens by exposure to the air, but is apt to receive injury from the rain. Hence the unusual projection of the tiled roofs. The two spikes on the tops of many of the houses give them a fantastic air. At the windows of some of them I observed convex mirrors, not to reflect in miniature the most delightful of all landscapes, but *passengers on the street*! A similar trait of pitiful taste is betrayed in some of the neighbouring gardens, where yews and box trees are cut into artificial figures. In Holland, where all

is forced, and the mind rivetted to limited and interested notions, such Gothicism may yet be tolerated; but here it can serve only as a miserable foil to the magnificent designs of nature.

The town-house is rather an odd than an elegant building. In the wall of the vestibule is inserted a square piece of marble, being one of the sides of a coffin found at Vidi. The body which it contained crumbled to dust upon exposure to the air. Bochat thus interprets the inscription: *Soli genio lunæ sacrum ex voto pro salute Augustorum Publius Clodius Cornelia primus curator Vikanorum Lausonnensium iterum Sevir Augustalis consensu consilii reipublicæ conventus Helvetici de suo dedicavit.*

The ascent to the upper part of the town, or *la cité*, is by sloping lanes and a long covered stair.

The bailli resides in a large gloomy castle, formerly the bishop's palace. He

is chosen by the senate of Berne, and continues in office seven years, with an annual salary of nearly £.2000. The day of his instalment is, I believe, the only one of public rejoicing at Lausanne. A numerous cavalcade of gentlemen, and the counsellors, in their robes, receive him as he enters, a round of field pieces is fired from the terrace, and a public entertainment given in the town-house.

The academy, under the immediate patronage of the government, is chiefly frequented by young men of the country, destined to the church. Notwithstanding the small emolument attached to the several chairs, they have usually been filled by men of respectability and eminent talents; such, especially, were *Farel*, *Viret*, *Hottman*, *Conrad Gesner*, *Beza*, *Scapula*, *de Crousaz*, *Barbeyrac*, *Bochat*, &c. The medical professorship was instituted in favour of Monsieur *Tissot*,

whose modesty in private life reflects an amiable lustre upon his professional talents. The library belonging to this seminary is well selected, and contains some Roman coins and inscriptions, and a few curiosities in natural history. It received considerable additions from the liberality of Hyacintho de Quiros, a Spaniard by birth, but who withdrew from the papal court, abjured the Romish faith, and was nominated by the government of Berne, Professor extraordinary in church history.

A public library has lately been established, and promises to be attended with the best consequences. The physical society is composed of the first scientific characters of the place, and some distinguished foreigners. They purpose publishing their transactions in regular order.

The public school has six preceptors, and 45 poor scholars, pensioned by government.

Baron

Baron d'Erlach, the present bailli, possesses an excellent cabinet of fossils, particularly well assorted in specimens from Saxony and the Swiss Cantons. Colonel *Reynier* has a curious collection of stuffed birds, and the amiable and accomplished *Mademoiselle Roel* has painted the native species of papilios.

In this small town, whose inhabitants do not exceed 7000, are six printing-presses, three bookseller's shops well furnished, and a considerable circulating library.

A trifling periodical paper, *Le Journal de Lausanne*, and a sheet of advertisements, *Feuille d'avis*, are printed weekly.

The municipal government is vested in a burgo-master, treasurer, five bannerets, or captains of wards, the small council of 24, that of 60, and the great of 200. There is a civil and criminal judge for the district, with several officers under him.—Two or three individuals

duals of diligence and integrity, would suffice to the maintenance of peace and good order. But such citizens as style themselves *noble*, cherish to this day that most absurd of all prejudices, that trade degrades their dignity—and, as they cannot all be bred to the liberal professions, and few of them have much patrimony, a number of petty offices seem to have been created in their favour.

I regret that I can pass no encomium upon the mode in which criminal justice is here administered. The trial is conducted in secret—confession must precede condemnation, and may be extorted by the rack, or years of solitary confinement. Capital crimes are, fortunately, very rare.—The inhabitants of the principal street, *rue de Bourg*, enjoy the signal privilege of being tried by a jury.

The three churches are alternately served by eight or nine of the established clergy,

clergy, who are distributed into classes, and, usually, promoted according to seniority. All recite their sermons—avoiding, on the one hand, the theatrical gesticulations of the French, and, on the other, the frigid monotony of our British preachers—yet are not exempt from a provincial drawl.—Though their livings be small, the clergy are much respected, mingle freely in society, and are little given to dogmatize in public or private.—An annual national fast is appointed by government, and is observed with much more rigour than Sunday, every thing which favours of levity or amusement being studiously avoided, and many individuals literally abstaining from food during greatest part of the day.

Previous to the reformation, Lausanne contained five parish churches. From a paper entitled *Catalogue raisonné des Evêques de Lausanne*, it appears that

Pro-

Protasius, or *S. Protais*, first held the bishoprick. He was buried at S. Prex.—*Marius* or *S. Maire*, the fourth in the list, died 601, and is reputed the first author in the Pays de Vaud, having penned a small chronicle of his own times. According to the catalogue, this chronicle contains *bien des choses curieuses*—probably more curious than true.—It is somewhat singular that when he records the fatal effects of a prevailing small-pox (*variola*), he notices that it proved fatal to cows.

Henry, who was assassinated 1019, is said to have founded the cathedral and five churches.—The *wife* of Burchard made several pious foundations. Burchard himself fell in battle, on Christmas day, 1088, brandishing the sacred lance, which was supposed to be that of St. Constantine. His successor, *Lambert*, was obliged to resign *à cause de sa mauvaise économie*. *Guy of Marlaine* was deposed

deposed on account of dissolute conduct.—*Landric of Dornay*, who built the tower of Ouchy, the castle of Lucens, &c. anticipated the disgrace of deposition, by voluntary resignation, 1174, *à cause d'impudicité auprès du Pape*.—*William of Monthonnay* was assassinated by his barber, in the castle of Lucens, on the 9th of July, 1406.—In 1479, *Benedict of Montferrand* caused prosecute the caterpillars (*chenilles*) who had presumed to prey upon the fruits of his diocese. Being found guilty, they underwent the sentence of the greater excommunication. The lesser would have been more suitable to the stature of the delinquents.—The town and cathedral seem to have suffered much from fire in the years 1216, 1219, 1225, and 1374, when the houses were built of timber, and no regular police had been established. In 1426 the citizens contributed to the erection of a public clock,
3 which

which was regarded as a novelty.—The rest of the catalogue is occupied with names and dates; and there is a chafin of a whole century, from 650 to 750.

The council of Basil, when transferred to Lausanne, on account of the plague, held its sittings in the convent of the Cordeliers. Its church, dedicated to St. Francis, still remains, but, of the convent, the vaults only have been preserved, and are used as public wine cellars.

Besides the public hospital there is a charity school, in which the youth of both sexes are gratuitously educated, and bred to professions.

The following notes are extracted from a diary of the weather, begun at Lausanne 1st of June, 1787, and ending 22d January 1789.

The greatest heat of 1787 was on the 6th of August, when the mercury in Reaumur's thermometer rose to $24\frac{1}{2}$ above zero, at two o'clock P. M. in the shade, and with a north exposure. It fell

fell not below zero till 26th November, and its greatest descent, which took place at seven o'clock on the mornings of the 29th November, 1787, and 2d January, 1788, was $5\frac{1}{2}$. During November, December, and January, it was more frequently several degrees above than below the freezing point: and the inhabitants reckoned the winter unusually mild.—On the second of June, I observed ripe strawberries, full blown roses, carnations, &c. also wheat and rye in the ear, and six feet high. Green peas were common about the middle of the same month, and harvest commenced on the 19th of July. Ripe pears, apples, and plumbs, were served at table on the 4th of August, and excellent peaches on the 12th of September. The vintage was pretty general by the middle of October. The thermometer marked 24, on the 12th of July, 1788. During the four last days of December it never
rose

rose above 9 below zero, and, on the evening of the 30th, descended to 18. The wine froze in several of the cellars, and the moisture in bread and other articles of provision was quite congealed. The winter proved uncommonly severe over the greatest part of Europe. A single flash of lightning, very vivid, and very unexpected, astonished the inhabitants at eight o'clock P. M. on the 24th of February. It was followed, almost instantaneously, by a loud peal of thunder. A slight shock of an earthquake was felt an hour after, at three leagues from the town. Flies, bees, and butterflies were not unfrequent on the 8th of March, when violets, primroses, crocuses, &c. were in full blow. Swallows were observed on the 11th. On the 30th, many shrubs and trees were in leaf or flower, and the gardens exhibited a fine display of tulips, jonquils, daffodils, and crowns imperial.—On the following day, at
half

half past past five o'clock P. M. we felt a slight shock of an earthquake, accompanied by a rumbling noise. The undulatory motion was from S. to N. — Turnips and radishes were common about the end of April. Roses, and a variety of summer flowers, were in their prime on the 18th May. Some green peas were served in soups on the 21st, when hay harvest was pretty general. At 25 minutes past mid day of the 25th, there was a slight, but sensible shock of an earthquake, which lasted only a few seconds. Another, less sensible, was felt next morning, at half past nine o'clock. A thunder storm on the third of June, was more than commonly violent. The lightning burnt seven houses at *Sulen*, a neighbouring village, five at *St. Croix*, in mount Jura, and eight at Thonon, a town of Savoy. The 8th of the same month was also uncommonly tempestuous, heavy rain and hail showers pouring
i down

down from different quarters of the heavens, and rattling during the intervals of thunder. Towards evening, the low hanging clouds affected contrary movements, whilst the bluish tinge and ragged borders of those charged with the electric fluid, gave a peculiar interest to the flitting scene. At last, they all rushed from S. W. and a smart breeze set in from the same quarter. The hail lay a foot thick in the public square of Berne, and considerably injured the crops about Nyon. I remarked ripe pears and gooseberries on the 27th: Harvest began on the 11th July. On the 12th of September the swallows collected on the house tops, and disappeared. The vintage was general early in October. The utmost range of the barometer, during 19 months, was $1\frac{3}{4}$ inch, within which its variations were frequent, and sometimes sudden. The seasons of equinox and solstice were marked by no peculiar de-

derangement of the elements, nor am I warranted to conclude that the moon's phases at all influenced the state of the weather.

The Lausannois are, in general, polite, sociable, attached to their country and relatives, and courteous to strangers. In their evening parties, termed *sociétés*, frequently enlivened by the presence of foreigners, there reigns an ease of communication, which is highly engaging. Some of the company usually play at *vingt-un*; and never stake deep: but they who value their conversation talents as much as I do, will regret the leisure bestowed upon a game at cards, and that a dull one.—The ladies seldom paint, are less talkative, but more *spirituelles*, or, or least, more interesting than the Gallic fair, and more happily blend modesty and affability than the natives of any country I have as yet visited. The gentlemen have a sharpness of feature

expressive of intellect, a liveliness of disposition peculiarly attracting, a competent share of general information, and a relish for the simple and elegant accommodations of domestic society. An opulent Englishman would be apt to consider them as penurious, forgetting that economy with them is a necessary virtue; for their incomes are limited, and disgrace attaches to insolvency. But, if all the luxury which wealth brings in its train be unknown, the extremes of poverty are likewise banished. On the streets, I do not recollect to have seen a beggar—and benevolence is here an *active* virtue. The sympathy and assistance bestowed upon objects of distress would extort a blush from the sons of avarice, if capable of blushing. I saw Monsieur —, who had experienced some sad reverses of fortune, bent with years, in a coarse, but warm garb, retaining on his venerable countenance a serenity,

serenity, and even a smile, which adversity had respected. The recollection of the delicate ingenuity by which his fellow citizens contrived to relieve his wants, without hurting his feelings, has more than once repressed the rising sentiments of misanthrophy, when reflecting upon scenes which I abhor to describe. The youth recounted to me with tears of joy, the kindneses of their parents to this amiable old man.—What are volumes of morality compared to the charm of native virtue?

CHAP. V.

FROM LAUSANNE TO LYONS.

30th Jan. 1789. **T**HE stern call of duty this morning severed me from weeping friends. Yet why register unavailing regrets? Shall we not meet again in this or in a better world? Meanwhile, let me endeavour, as on former occasions, to note the remarks suggested in the route.

Vidi, on the right, indicated by two handsome villas and a few farm houses, deserves to be noted as the site of the ancient *Capentras*, *Arpentra*, or *Arpentina*, a town founded, it is alleged, by the Gauls, and from which afterwards arose *Laufonne*. The occasional discovery of Roman antiques attests a place of rank:
but

but not a single visible relic directs the eye of the uninformed traveller, nor does history distinctly inform us how or when Arpentina disappeared. Perhaps it was desolated by the barbarians in the fourth and fifth centuries, when Helvetia smarted from their inroads, when *Orbe*, the ancient *Urbigenum*, and *Avenches*, the ancient *Aventicum*, were laid in ashes.

The surface flattened as we advanced, producing vines, intermingled with rich pastures and artificial meadows.—*St. Sulpice*, once a considerable priory, with the adjoining houses, placed on a point of land, enhance the prospect, if viewed from a distance. A less transient object of contemplation is a great portion of the Jura ridge, receding, as it were, from the majesty of the opposing Alps, yet skirting a delightful assemblage of comfortable mansions, and the dwellings of an industrious, contented peasantry. The Savoy shore, on which the prince and the

14

priest

priest cramp exertion, and grind the face of the poor, lay shrouded in mist and merited obscurity; but the curtain was drawn aside from the amphitheatre of Vaud, whose magnificence and beauty have attracted the fond admiration of a Voltaire and a Rousseau, of a Gibbons and a Raynal, and in which Tavernier preferably chose to rest from his long and various wanderings. When Lewis XIV asked why he did not prefer purchasing an estate in his kingdom—the vagrant jeweller plainly replied,—*c'est que je veux, Sire, que mon domaine soit à moi.*

Morges, charmingly situated on the lake, is a small, but clean, well built town, consisting of two streets, with a commodious wharf. It is the seat of a *bailli*, whose jurisdiction includes the greatest portion of *la Côte*, a district nine miles in length, and three in breadth, having its gentle acclivities finely varied with

with vineyards, meadows, corn fields, and a rich profusion of fruit-trees. Its white wines are celebrated for their strength and flavour, and will keep twenty years, without indicating any symptoms of decay.

Through *St. Prex*, an inconsiderable village, which lays claim to the first church in the *Pays de Vaud*, and stands upon the line of the Roman way, which led from Geneva to Besançon. The milliary column, removed from *St. Prex* to the bridge of Boison, bears that the road was repaired in the year 214 of the Christian era.

Rolle, according to some, the *Rotulum* of ancient geographers, is a neat townlet of one street, lying in the bottom of a bay, and occasionally resorted to on account of its mineral waters, especially by those afflicted with rheumatism.—The ground, on the right, though in a high state of culture, is diversified with patches

patches of wood, the relics of the great forest which it is conjectured gave name to the canton, *Vaud* (in low latinity, *comitatus Valdensis*) being derived from the German *Wald*.

During our progress, we remarked frequent orchards, stored with apple, pear, cherry, walnut, and chefnut trees. The farmers not slavishly wedded to prejudice or mere routine, successfully cultivate saint-foin, lucern, and other artificial grasses. Buck wheat too, is abundantly common; and hence, we may conclude, beneficial.

Nyon, *Noviodunum*, *Noiodunum*, *Colonia-equestris*, &c. a Roman colony, and a station on the military way between Geneva and Befançon, retains few symptoms of former consequence. Some antiquities have, however, been discovered in the town and neighbourhood, fragments of Corinthian pillars have been inserted in the walls of several houses, and

and Monsieur des Vignes has in his possession a stone with a Roman inscription, apparently in honour of Gordian III. The bailli's chateau, like those of Lausanne and Morges, is sufficiently gloomy, but, like them, too, commands a most delicious prospect. Here is a manufactory of coarse porcelain and stone ware, and some timber is shipped for Geneva. The number of inhabitants is loosely calculated at 4500.

Crossed a small parcel of Genevan territory, comprehending the villages of *Seligny* and *la Coudre*.

Coppet is distinguished by the stately mansion of Necker—a delightful retirement, which most philosophers would prefer to the smoke of Paris, and the corruptions of a court.

Entered *Gex*, the country of the *Latobriges*, now an appendage of Burgundy, seven leagues in length and five in breadth. Its 25 protestant churches
were

were demolished in the last century; and the people have reverted to catholicity and servitude. Its mountains, a continuation of Jura, afford excellent pasture, and its dairies are noted for cheese: but there is a dearth of wood and of ordinary provisions, many of the inhabitants subsisting chiefly on chefnuts during winter. In some parts is found a wild silk, the produce of a varied coloured caterpillar, which lives, works, and dies upon its favourite pine. Unlike their Swiss neighbours, who are, in general, well made, robust, healthy, and decently apparelled, the Gesois are diminutive, meagre, dirty, ragged, tripping along, and *whistling for want of thought*, in noisy sabots.

Verfeix, or *Verfoy*, once a Roman station, was erected in the fancy of the Duc de Choiseul into the formidable rival of Geneva. Streets were even traced, a canal to Seyffel was planned,

a de-

a detachment of troops passed a severe winter under wooden sheds, and 125,000 livres were expended, when the minister was dismissed and his project abandoned.

The valley in whose centre Geneva is situated, though not naturally fertile, is studded with neat rural seats and gardens, and owes it pleasing variety of vegetable productions to the industry of the inhabitants. The site of Geneva is more depressed than that of Lausanne, but the foreground of the landscape is, perhaps, more gay, and the mountainous terminations are not less bold, abrupt, and sublime. The open country between the Alps and Jura, is reckoned eighteen leagues from North to South, and five from East to West.

The disturbed state of the city rendered it unsafe to enter its gates. A trifling rise in the price of bread had excited the populace to acts of open violence; and the funeral of a woman, who had been
killed

killed by the military, became the signal of insurrection. A few of the soldiers have been killed and wounded, and all are this day disarmed. The government, it is alleged, will shortly undergo certain modifications congenial with its republican spirit.

Such are the leading features of all the intelligence I have been able to collect in the suburb of *Secheiron*, where an elegant inn and comfortable accommodations miserably compensated our exclusion from the birth place of Rousseau, from a justly celebrated seat of learning and the arts.

Before I take leave of one of the finest lakes in the world, it may be proper to note the following particulars.—The form of this magnificent basin is that of a crescent, with blunted horns, of which that next Geneva is the most deeply indented. The course of northern shore, from Geneva to Villeneuve, measures

measures about fifty-five English miles; but a straight line, drawn through Chablais, would not exceed forty-two. The extreme breadth, from Rolle to near Thonon, is reckoned twelve miles; but between Rolle and Geneva it seldom surpasses three. De Luc supposes that the depth, which is very unequal, exceeds not 160 fathoms. Off Meillerie, Saussure had soundings at 950 feet. The surface, reckoned 1228 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, never freezes completely in the severest winters, and, owing to the melting of the mountain snows, rises, in summer, to the height of ten feet. The only semblance of an island is a small rocky eminence, near Geneva, called *pierre à Neyton*, anciently *lapis Neptuni*, and supposed to have been consecrated to the god of the trident.

That the Rhône, which enters at Ville-neuve, and issues at Geneva, preserves its course, uninterrupted and unmixed,

through such an extent of water, is one of the many wonders which never existed but in the minds of the credulous. Yet many fictions originate in truth. As the river rushes in with violence, it preserves its onward course for a short distance, ere it is uniformly diffused in the mass. The tale, however, is not of yesterday. Ammianus Marcellinus, who so easily swallowed the balls of fire, seems anxious to digest them by a miraculous river. A Pæninis Alpibus, says he, effusiore copia fontium Rhodanus fluens, et proclivi impetu ad planiora digrediens, proprio agmine ripas occultas, et paludi sese ingurgitat, nomine Lemano, eamque intermeans, *nusquam aquis miscetur externis, sed altrinfecus summitates undæ præterlabens segniores quæritans exitus viam sibi impetu veloci molitur, &c.* Besides the Rhône, forty subordinate streams pour their tribute into the lake. In different portions of the surface, the aspect

aspect usually varies: but the most delightful changes are occasioned by the pure azure of day, the glowing tints of the rising and setting sun, and the tremulous reflections of the moon. Sometimes it exhibits shadings of sea-green; and is liable to considerable agitation from high winds. The phenomenon of the *seiche*, or mock tide, confined to the extremities of the lake, and which occurs when the warmth of the atmosphere is most favourable to the melting of the snow, has been ascribed by Jallabert and others to the increased volume of the Rhône and the Arve. The fish most common in this lake are trout and perch, the latter uncommonly large. The want of salmon is compensated by the large and small *umble* or *ombre*, varieties of the *salmo umbra* of Linné, and mentioned by some naturalists as peculiar to the Swiss and Italian lakes. The large sort, frequently termed *umble chevalier*, mea-
sures

tures three feet, when full grown, and tastes like salmon. The back is blue, with dark shadings, and the belly of a golden yellow. The *liezole*, *pala*, *farra*, or *ferra*, and even the *platte*, seem to be only provincial appellations of the *salmo lavaretus*. The tippet grebe haunts the Lemán from December to February, makes it nest of rushes, interwoven with reeds, and has it partly immersed, but not floating, as Linné has asserted. On account of its delicate and warm plumage, which is converted into muffs and tippets, it sells for about fourteen shillings. Though principally known upon the continent by the name of *Grebe du lac de Genève*, it likewise frequents the lake of Zurich, and that of Grandlieu, in Britany.

The scenes and the society of the enchanting borders which still detain my lingering regards, have suggested an *honest* compliment, though in verse:

Farewell,

I.

Farewell, ye modest roofs, ye antique tow'rs !
Condemn'd from you and innocence to stray,
Still must I dream of vine-clad hills and bow'rs,
Where balmy zephyrs fan the lap of May.

II.

Adieu, ye rocks, that echo to the voice
Of swains disporting in the daisied glade,
Adieu, ye walks, where virtue's sons rejoice,
Musing, at eve, in contemplation's shade !

III.

Ye Alpine monuments of age, whose pride
Sublimely mocks our boasted domes below,
Far into vapour blue I see you glide,
Vanish your awful cliffs and hoary heads of snow !

IV.

You heights of Jura, may each patriot hail,
As bulwarks rear'd by an Almighty arm—
Oh skreen Helvetia, when the hosts assail,
Oh guard her children from the tyrant's harm !

V.

I leave the wavy pine, the tufted dell,
The vale of smiles and many mansions fair,
I leave those charms no common lore can tell,
Those charms which lull ambition, pride and care.

VI.

And must I leave thee, Leman, Europe's boast,
Sweeping in crescent form the vale profound,
While fairy wavelets play upon thy coast,
And foaming Rhône is sooth'd, and listens to the
found ?

VII.

Oft would I pore upon thy glassy stream,
In balmy visitations of the morn,
And oft, at eve, in Cynthia's quiv'ring gleam,
Would catch the echo of the winding horn.

VIII.

Oft have I stray'd thy margin's maze along,
As oft admir'd grand Nature's changing pow'rs,
Who now moves placid to the vernal song,
And now in frowns and midnight horrors low'rs.

IX.

For blythsome morn, in saffron cincture bound,
'Mid all the glories of the blue serene,
Would shed ambrosial dews and fragrance round,
And myriad flow'rs bedeck the shelving green.

X.

When, lo ! a lurid cloud, athwart the sky,
With coming blasts deforms the tranquil pole,
The forked darts of glaring light'nings fly,
The dread inspiring peals of thunders roll !

XI.

The torrent tumbles to the mountain's base,
The drifted masses from their craggs are hurl'd—
The din rebellows thro' th' unfathom'd maze,
And dark confusion scowls upon the world !

XII.

O ye, who wind along the mountain hoar,
Hie to some cave, or shepherd's rude abode,
Whether tremendous wonders you explore,
Or wend to Rome, to kneel before your God !

For

XIII.

For soon this elemental war shall cease,
These hollow sounds in airy distance die,
Iris, the gentle harbinger of peace,
Shall trace her glorious arch along the sky.

XIV.

Hush'd was the whirlwind, when, from lofty fane,
The freshen'd landscape seem'd to stretch afar,
Geneva's tow'rs rose on the western plain,
And glitter'd to the day's refulgent star.

XV.

Her walls of lore would then recall a name,
To truth, humanity, and freedom dear—
O ye, whose breasts glow with a gen'rous flame,
Pardon his errors and his worth revere !

XVI.

And next the rocks of Meillerie display'd
Dear sombre haunts, where youths and virgins sigh,
Whilst Vevey's shore spoke of the hapless maid,
And Chillon's turrets trembl'd on the eye.

XVII.

Such tender sympathies invade the soul,
When fond remembrance wakens from repose,
Sweet were those moments when from play we stole
And melted at the tale of Julia's woes !

XVIII.

Thou sun of eve, whose mild declining ray
Would tinge yon airy ice with roseate hue,
And close with ever-varying charms the day,
Accept the tribute of a long adieu !

xix.

Yet, oft as radiance of the western skies,
 In some far distant land appears to burn,
 Fancy shall bid Valdensia's vistas rise,
 Shall bid the hours on angel wing return.

xx.

Yes, they return—I'll linger yet awhile
 On borders darling as my native home—
 Kind Fancy, all my wayward thoughts beguile,
 And waft me to the friends from whom I roam !

xxi.

Again I mingle in the social choir,
 The converse sage or jocund still goes round,
 Lausonia's nymphs still strike the trembling wire,
 And *wake to ecstacy* the thrilling sound.

xxii.

Let others revel in their gorgeous halls,
 Their bulw of Ind and canopy display,
 In fullen state deride the poor man's calls,
 Or fawn on scepter'd pageants of a day.

xxiii.

Let others prize the pomp of Europe's crimes,
 And all the wealth our captive brethren yield,
 Let monsters, savage as their frozen climes,
 Erect their empire on the blood-stain'd field !

xxiv.

Mine be the boon of fond domestic joy,
 And health, and competence, and inward ease—
 Ah ! these are blessings sure without alloy,
 Again I breathe Helvetia's genial breeze.

Ah

Ah no! like fleeting phantom of the morn,
Which long and oft its victim may deplore,
The spell dissolves in air—the swain, forlorn,
Pours his sad descants on the parting shore.

31st. A most unwelcome fog deprived us this morning of all distant views, as we journeyed either on French or Genevan ground.

Met a few peasants on their way to search for gold spangles, which are occasionally detected in the sand, that adheres to large stones, along the Rhône, chiefly from the junction of the Arve to a few leagues further down. The quantity, however, is so inconsiderable as merely to yield the washers a scanty subsistence in winter, when in want of better employment.

Dined at *Colonge*, a straggling bourg, obviously French, from its dirty aspect. A smart *perruquière*, the only *professional* individual of the place, wielded the razor, comb, and tongue, with equal grace and alertness.

We had now reached *le grand Credo*, the last of the Jura mountains, whilst part of the Savoye Alps rose towering on our left. Airy woods and threatening cliffs environed us, as we passed on to *Fort de l'Ecluse*, a most romantic defile between *Vouache* and the termination of *Credo*, admitting only a narrow road and the channel of the river, which rolls its blue stream at the foot of abrupt and majestic rocks. This striking pass is well characterized by Cæsar: *iter angustum et difficile inter montem Juram et flumen Rhodanum, vix quâ singuli carri ducerentur; mons autem altissimus impen- debat, ut facile pauci prohibere possent.* The indications noted by Saussure, in his *Voyages dans les Alpes*, a work which it is impossible to peruse or praise too much, nearly amount to a proof that the passage was effected by the pressure and gradual erosion of the water, and coincide with the historical deductions of Senebier re-
lative

lative to the ancient extent of the lake of Geneva.

At the barrier, an invalid demanded our passport, with which the officer declaring himself perfectly satisfied, we were allowed to proceed.

Three miles onward, near the hamlet of *Coupy*, we wound down on foot, to examine the noted *perte du Rhône*. No sooner has the river escaped from one narrow pass than it seems to court another, and, unless during a flood, disappears under a heap of calcareous rocks which it has undermined, for about sixty paces. The covered excavations are probably abrupt and deep, for the stream is observed to re-issue with unusual calmness. The water, in its subterraneous course, is supposed to filtrate through beds of gravel, as substances thrown into the descending stream are never observed to remount. The Valserine, a neighbouring rivulet, passes under the
same

same calcareous rock. The Guadiana, in Spain, the Vernelle, in Franche Comté, several rivulets in Normandy, and some, I believe, in Yorkshire, have been remarked as subject to similar disparitions.

A little below, the rocky banks are vaulted with frowning groves. The fall of the leaf admits the long excluded light, and the latter, as if to compensate its absence in the summer, is rendered quite dazzling by the multiplied splendour of icicles, depending like crystal lustres.

Our guides reconducted us by an easy ascent to *Pont-Lambin*, a bridge thrown over a yawning precipice—and here *Abraham Liamari*, our postillion, awaited us.

Passed the night at *Châtillon de Michaille*, a poor village. All this afternoon we have been in *Bugey*, another appendage of Burgundy, hilly, abounding in sheep pastures, and producing fir,
hemp,

hemp, and walnuts. The royal or golden eagle, of no frequent occurrence in Europe, haunts the summits of its mountains. The warbling of the greater red start, or rock-shrike, which so agreeably enlivens these inhospitable regions, is repaid with death. In a state of innocence and virtue, would we, for a savory meal, sacrifice the bird whose notes had delighted us? Or, should it excite our surprize, if they who can feel a peculiar relish for such repasts, should resort to an execution as to a puppet-shew? In the epicure's bill of fare, the nightingale ranks with the ortolan: and the red-breast, which, from inclination or necessity, implores our protection, is reckoned exquisite in autumn. The French may plead the example of the Romans, who tamed a great variety of small birds, and fed them for the table. Varro, if I rightly recollect, makes mention of a single villa, in which

5000 thrushes were fattened in the course of one year. But it is no extenuation of modern barbarity to allege that the Romans were always cruel upon an extensive scale.

Feb. 1st. Hills, dreariness, and poverty accompanied us for some miles. Near *St. Germain-de-Joux*, we remarked a cluster of decent houses, and remarked them as a rarity. The pool of *Sylant*—I can hardly call it a lake—with its steep and shady banks, and its solitary cascade, finely accords with the surrounding gloom. The little lake of *Nantua*, too, about a mile in length, skirted by perpendicular rocks, from which tumble two cascades, contributed to beguile the tediousness of our highland way: for the scenery is wildly picturesque, without harshness, and some of its most captivating features are reflected from the transparent basin. In the neighbourhood of Paris or London, this little district

trict would receive the daily visits of the curious and the sentimental, would be exalted into fairy land, and have its charms consecrated in song. Yet I love it chiefly on account of its sequestration.

On the right stands the town of the same name, of small size, though the second in Bugey, with a parish church, a Benedictine priory, a nunnery, a college, and an hospital. Its principal manufactures are of hair, chamois, gauzes, calicoes, and nankeen. In a neighbouring gorge of the mountains, there is a warm spot of perpetual verdure, screened from the northern and western blasts, and in which the sand martin is found in the midst of winter.

N'avez vous pas souvent, aux lieux infréquentés,
Rencontré tout à coup ces aspects enchantés
Qui suspendent vos pas, dont l'image chérie
Vous jette en un douce et longue rêverie ?
Saisissez, s'il se peut, leurs traits les plus frappans,
Et des champs apprenez l'art de parer les champs.

DE LILLE.

Through meadows and winding vales, some of whose lofty sides are wooded to the top; yet was the country thinly peopled, and the road tiresome, till we eyed the blue smoke of *Cerdon*, slowly rising from a bottom of uncommon depth. In the course of our descent, we leisurely contemplated the varying aspects of the hills, planted with ruined towers, and the playful windings of a stream, partly shaded by stately walnut trees. The whole scenery, indeed, has charms which I cannot describe. Surely, if compelled to lead a hermit's life, I would search for my cave among the mountains of *Cerdon*—and would rejoice when I had found it.

At noon, we alighted in the village. Our landlady, in all the simplicity of unfeigned grief, informed us of the premature departure of one of the three canons, who officiate in the parish church. During the late severe and double pressure of cold
and

and famine, his ceaseless employment was to administer temporal and spiritual succour to the starving and the desolate. But fatigue and anxiety were preying on his vitals, and he died of a fever in the flower his days, and amid the lamentations of the poor, who so largely shared the fruits of his benevolence.—

Hear, and blush, ye mitred great! when you repose on the down of luxury, or pursue the airy prospects of ambition, heedless of the sufferings which you are called upon to soothe, and regardless of the labouring tribes of your fellow-men, without whom your condition would be helpless—an obscure minister of the altar delights to deal his alms from his scanty portion, and lavishes his life in the noblest service of humanity! No sculptured marble may rise upon his tomb—but *his witness is in Heaven, and his record is on high.*

The

The next stage, to *St. Denys-le-Chofson*, presented some pleasant and extended plains, checquered with villages and old castles. Our auberge apparently corresponded to the poverty of the village—yet never, under a French roof, was I entertained with more unaffected hospitality. Every one of the family was more anxious than another to render our situation comfortable, and this, with an expression of cordiality, which, when it quite delighted us, extorted a warm tribute of praise even from our Jewish driver—a man who very faithfully performed his duty, but seldom could be roused from taciturnity.

2d. Parted very early, and very reluctantly. For once I took an affectionate leave of an innkeeper. The good man bade God bless us—and sure I am his honest prayer is worth all the holy waters and benedictions of St. Peter's.

The

The dawn revealed a country inclining to flatness, with few houses in sight.—Ferried the *Ain*, a river of some size, which has its source in the *val-de-neige* of Jura, and abounds in the small species of *ombre*.

Montluel (*mons lupelli*), our meridian stage, is the head town of that part of Bresse; which is termed Valbonne—an extensive tract of plain, which stretches, northwards, beyond the view, and is not a little enlivened by the frequency of cottages, most of them, indeed, of clay, but neat and tiny. Cleanliness is seldom the companion of poverty—and, upon enquiry, I found that most of the peasants are actually proprietors of small farms.

Montleul has a collegiate and two parish churches, and is traversed by a considerable rivulet called *Seranne*.

Scarcely had we proceeded a few miles in the afternoon, when increasing

culture and population, a hovering cloud of smoke, the dome of an hospital, and the spires of temples announced the presence of a city. According to Martyn, this city is ninety-five miles, three furlongs from Geneva.

CHAP. VI.

LYONS.

*L*RON, (a corruption of *Lugdun*, a Celtic word denoting the *junction of streams*,) probably existed at a very early period: but the foundation of the Roman colony, under the auspices of the same Lucius Munatius Plancus, to whom Horace addresses the seventh of his first book of odes, dates from the year of Rome 711, or forty-three years before the birth of Christ. The colonists, expelled by the Allobroges from Vienne in Dauphiny, had retired to the confluence of the Rhône and Saône. On the same spot, at present called *Enay* or *Ainay*, from *Athenæum*, rose a magnificent temple to

Augustus, the offering of the sixty tribes of Gaul, embellished with sixty statues, and served by sixty aruspices and three hundred augurs. Under its roof, Caligula instituted those academical competitions, to which the eloquent of all countries were invited. The unsuccessful candidate was not only obliged to purchase at his own expence a prize for his opponent, but to efface his own competition piece with a sponge, or else be scourged with rods, or even precipitated into the Rhône.

*Palleat, ut nudis preffit qui calcibus anguem,
Aut Lugdunensem rebetor dicturus ad aram.* JUVENAL.

But I must not expatiate upon the ancient history of this illustrious city; for the subject would demand a separate volume, and has been minutely discussed by learned pens.

The situation of the modern town, nearly in the centre of Europe, on two navigable

navigable rivers, and on the junction of many public roads, is extremely favourable to the pursuits of commerce. The Rhône affords an expeditious communication with Languedoc, the Comtat Venaissin, Provence, and the Mediterranean; the Saône, uniting with the Doubs, lays open the trade of Burgundy and Franche Comté, whence the land transport into Alsace, Champagne, and Lorraine, is neither troublesome nor expensive; the vicinity of Geneva, Switzerland, and Savoy, facilitates an advantageous traffic with these states—and invites, through their channel, to more extended dealings with a considerable portion of Germany, Piedmont, and the Milanese. The climate, too, is of a happy temperature; and the gay confusion of hill and dale, distant vistas of the Alps, and a rare felicity of the various products of favoured soils, laboured by human industry, and adorned with

cheerful dwellings, compose the surrounding landscape. Very different is the complexion of the town itself. The streets are mostly sombre, ill paved, narrow, and dirty—many of the houses are dimly lighted by oiled paper, are unequal in height, though none of them low, and all blackened with smoke. Several families reside in the same tenement, and even the most wealthy seldom occupy an entire house. The number of houses, including suburbs, is computed at 7000.

An academician of the place, who kept a register of baptisms, marriages, and burials, from 1st January 1750 to 31st December 1774, gives the following results. 1. In 1750, there were 4807 baptisms, 861 marriages, and 3370 burials. In 1774, 5777 baptisms, 1391 marriages, and 3613 burials. 2. The males exceed the females by a twenty-third. 3. The months of August and Sep-

September are most fatal to infants and children, December and January to those of ten years and upwards. 4. More boys than girls die from birth till ten years, and more girls than boys from ten to twenty. 5. Four-ninths die before the twentieth year. 6. Females, who have attained the age of sixty, generally live longer than men, who have attained the same age; but more men than women have completed their century. 7. Longevity prevails most in the cloister. 8. The crisis of climateric years is unsupported by fact. 9. The proportion of births is as one to seventy-two. 10. The yearly average of births for 1770, 1774, was 5560, which, multiplied by thirty-four, gives 189,040. 11. The annual average of burials, during the same years, was 4100, which, multiplied by thirty-two, is 131,200. From circumstances incident to most large towns, this statistical writer re-

duces the average of births to 5000, and increases that of burials to 4666. These terms, multiplied as above, give, respectively, 170,000 and 149,312, of which the mean term 159,656, is, perhaps, not very remote from the actual population.

In Lyons many are the public objects deserving of notice. I merely hint at some of the most conspicuous. The rows of buildings, along the quays of the two rivers, though not magnificent, are well entitled to the epithet *handsome*. The *Place des Terreaux*, a stately square, is chiefly distinguished by the *hôtel de ville*, which connoisseurs reckon inferior only to the Stadthouse of Amsterdam. It is in the form of an oblong square, with a wing 430 feet long on each side of the front. The middle of the latter is crowned with a cupola, and the great gate adorned with columns of the Ionic order. In the large hall is a series of paintings of the sovereigns of France.

The

The ceiling, too, is covered with painting—but figures over head are never viewed to advantage, and therefore, had better never appear. The two curious brazen tablets, exhibiting a fragment of the harangue pronounced by Claudius in the senate, when he moved that municipal privileges should be extended to his native city, are preserved in the vestibule.—A copy of their contents may be found in Thicknesse's Tour.—It is supposed that the whole speech was engraved as a token of the gratitude of the inhabitants.—On the great stair-case is represented the destruction of Lyons by fire, a catastrophe which Seneca deploras with his usual quaintness—*una nox fuit inter urbem maximam et nullam.*

The *place de belle cour* is a large and splendid square, with a grove on each side, and an admired equestrian statue of Louis XIV. in the centre. Along the

the sides of the pedestal are the figures of the Rhine and Saône, also in bronze.

The cathedral, dedicated to St. John, is an ancient pile, better lighted than most Gothic edifices. The clock, originally constructed by Nicholas Lippius of Basil 1598, and repaired and improved by *Nourisson*, an ingenious watchmaker of Lyons 1660, displays a cock which flaps his wings thrice and crows twice at every hour, an angel walking forth to salute the virgin, the Holy Ghost gliding from above, and God the Father bestowing benediction!—The archbishop has the title of primate, with a revenue of 150,000 livres. The canons of St. John are counts of Lyons, must prove sixteen quarters of nobility, wear a cross of enamelled gold, surmounted with eight points and four coronets, and are little anxious to be reminded of the humble deportment of the early Christians.

When

When the abbé de Villeroi, who had made many unsuccessful attempts to become one of their number, was appointed by the king to the archbishopric, they waited upon him with the usual tribute of respectful compliments. While he received them with courtesy, he could not help remarking, that *the stone which the builders refused was become the head of the corner*. Their spokesman instantly replied, *This is the Lord's doing, it is marvellous in our eyes*.

The other religious buildings are fourteen parish churches, four priories, and twenty monasteries and nunneries.

The hospitals and charity work-houses are said to contain nearly one sixth of the population. The hôtel-dieu, a princely building, with a superb dome, and the chief charity house, are supported by the produce of two ferry-boats which ply between the city and Dauphiny.

The stated fare is but one sol; yet from 1200 to 1500 livres will be collected on a funday or holiday.—I failed not to visit the hôtel-dieu, a theme of ceaseless admiration in France. The kindly and pious nursing of the *sœurs de la charité*, one of the few orders of nuns which humanity will respect, may soothe the bed of languishing; but the cleanliness and comfortable accommodation of the wards by no means correspond to the grandeur of this edifice. The patients lie two or three in a bed, and surrounded by coarse woollen curtains and offensive odours.

The theatre, spacious and highly decorated, is said to surpass those of Paris. The present company of players are in favour with the public. I saw them perform once, and had no desire to see them again. It may be prejudice or want of taste—but French acting very seldom pleases me.

The

The academy of Sciences, Belles Lettres, and Arts, established by letters patent 1758, preserves a taste for literature and philosophy in the gayest provincial town in France. A rage for routes and gaming is very prevalent among the higher ranks, and all are anxious to cultivate the graces and accommodations of polished life. Even the gentlemen sport their parasols in crossing the streets. The rigid moralist may declaim, and censure the growing effeminacy of the age; but the trim Lyonnois may remind him that the sun-skreen was known in Persepolis of old, and has been found traced upon a Tuscan vase.

The operative, and by far the largest class of citizens, are employed in the sedentary labours of the loom, in preparing those silks and silver stuffs, those laces and velvets, which are admired throughout Europe.

The

The yearly quantity of raw filk imported, exclusive of 1200 bales from Languedoc and Provence, has been, for some time past, averaged at twenty millions of pounds weight. About ten years ago, there were 2000 filk stocking frames, which were supposed to produce 1500 pairs a day, at the medium price of nine livres a pair. This branch began to flourish only in 1750, and already feels the baneful influence of fiscal interference. A special regulation, too, worthy of the dark ages, precludes the intervention of female hands.—The filk weavers rise early, and work late; yet earn scanty wages, and often impair their health. Vaucanson's mode of twisting the filk is very generally adopted.

The works in lace rival those of every country. From this department the women are not excluded; and, of the

20,000

20,000 individuals employed in embroidery, 6000 are females.

Here fancy is racked and exhausted in conceiving new and elegant designs; and the pattern-drawers are often allowed the benefit of country recreation, to restore their jaded spirits.

Pit-coal is now pretty generally used in Lyons. The smell is sensibly offensive to a stranger—and I am convinced that continental people do not affect delicacy when, on their arrival in England, they give it a place in their list of grievances.

In the neighbourhood of Lyons are furnaces or kilns, in which coal-dust is reduced to coak (*charbon désouffré*) In this state it is used not only as charcoal in the manufactories, but frequently as fuel in private families.

The junction of the two rivers is, by no means, such a marvellous phenomenon as had been represented—two streams

unite with some degree of agitation, and that is all. A single wave in the ocean is twenty times more sublime. But it is part of the French character to give importance to trifles, and always to boast in the superlative degree. Yet, if the sober observer find no unusual contention of billows, he will not fail to remark the contrast of slow and rapid progress, previous to the blending of the rivers; and the classical scholar will recall with satisfaction the *MITIS Arar* of Lucan, and the *Rhodanus CELER* of *Tibullus*. In more downward days *Arar* was designed *Sangona*, because stained with the blood of christians massacred in the amphitheatre. If this be the true etymology, it was unknown to Marcellinus, who mentions *Sauconna* as the provincial appellation. Its carp are reckoned the most delicious in France.

Of eminent characters, natives of Lyons, *Sidonius Apollinaris* deserves commemoration

memoration. His panegyric of the Emperor Majorian conveys a curious picture of the modes of dress and combat of the Gauls, during the fifth century. But a more honourable claim to regard than nine books of epistles and four and twenty pieces of poetry, is the relief which he afforded to thousands of the indigent during a year of famine. Even from remote corners of Gaul the needy repaired to Clermont, and partook of his charities.

The abbé *Terrasson* is advantageously known by his judicious and elegant revision of Diodorus Siculus. His dissertation on Homer's Iliad is cold and whimsical; but his moral romance entitled *Sethos*, though sprinkled with pedantry, should cover his literary sins. Like some other philosophers, he argued in favour of the system of Law, the financier, tasted of its transient benefits, and, when the bubble burst, again sunk

into retirement without a sigh. *Me voilà*, said he, *tiré d'affaire—je revivrai de peu—cela m'est plus commode*. They who knew him, knew he was sincere: for his character was marked by a love of tranquillity and much apparent stoicism and simplicity. His brothers, Andrew and Gaspar, were distinguished for pulpit eloquence, and his relations, Mathew and Antony Terrasson, acquired celebrity at the bar and from their writings on jurisprudence. An enviable union of talents and virtue seems to have been hereditary in the family.

De Boze, an eminent scholar and antiquary, collected many rare and very curious books.

Jacob Spon, an able and studious physician, published an account of his travels in Italy, Greece, Dalmatia, &c. an esteemed history of Geneva, and some learned tracts, which evince his ardour of antiquarian research.

The .

The genius of *Chazelles* delighted in mechanics and other branches of natural philosophy. He projected the navigating of galleys upon the ocean, measured the pyramids of Egypt, and ascertained that their four sides exactly faced the four quarters of the globe.

De Lagny, the famous mathematician, was the friend of lettered men, and the father of the poor. Though much addicted to severe study, he had contracted no harshness of manners, and was of an uniformly cheerful disposition. When incapable of recognizing the features of a single friend, and sunk in silence, Maupertuis abruptly asked him the square of 12; 144, said he, and expired.

Jean Truchet, surnamed *Father Sebastian*, was reputed the first mechanician and engineer of his country. Though visited by crowned heads, and caressed by genius and fortune, he preserved his

primitive simplicity of manners and attachment to the Carmelite order. Among his ingenious inventions was that of a machine for transplanting full grown trees.

Claude François Menestrier, a jesuit and profound erudit, displayed very uncommon powers of memory. When Christina of Sweden passed through Lyons, she caused write and pronounce 300 words, the most whimsical that could be imagined: and Menestrier repeated them all, first in the written order, and then in any order agreeable to the company.

Jacques Stella, a celebrated painter, passed great part of his life at Rome. On account of his well known probity, a quarter of that city was entrusted to his care. Having refused to open the gate to a troop of debauchees at an untimely hour, he was sentenced to a long imprisonment on the evidence of wretches

wretches whom they had suborned. During his confinement, he painted on the wall, with a bit of charcoal, the virgin, holding the infant in her arms. This figure long attracted the public notice—Cardinal Barberini honoured it with a visit, and the prisoners still have a lamp burning, and offer up their prayers at the obliterated shrine. Stella's innocence being soon recognized, he was honourably released, and his accusers publicly punished.

Nicholas Andry, a celebrated physician at Paris, contributed during forty years to the *Journal des Savans*, and is reported to have assisted the literary labours of Winslow, the anatomist.

It is related of *Garin*, the wine merchant, who lived in the reign of Lewis XI, that in the wreck of an ample fortune, he maintained his good humour and unfulled integrity, courted the muses, and became a successful imitator of the Provençal poets.

CHAP. VII.

FROM LYONS TO AVIGNON.

5th. Feb. As the coche d'eau was detained by the flooded state of the river, we bargained with a voiturin, at the rate of fifteen shillings a place; and he engaged to convey us in his coach to Avignon in four days, and not to admit more than four passengers. The distance is reckoned forty-eight leagues. Monsieur de S——, with whom we had contracted an acquaintance at the table d'hôte, very obligingly agreed to keep us company, though his first intention was to have waited for the barge. This young gentleman, who had travelled in England, joined to a various and easy conversation a most engaging and unaffected

affected politeness. In the course of these journies I have more than once regretted that there should be so little reciprocation of manner between the French and British. By mutual concessions and mutual adoptions, the characters of both might be assimilated and rendered truly captivating.

We took our seats after breakfast, entrenched among huge bales of goods, to which our trunks and portmanteaus seemed as cock-boats to men of war. Our conductor, with his long goad and bashaw countenance, set his mules off at a hard trot; but he and they quickly settled at a sober pace.

The stone bridge, which connects the populous village of *la Guillotière* with the city, presents a sensible convexity to the river, is 1300 feet in length, and consists of twenty arches, but threatens decay, and is totally devoid of elegance.

La Guillotière, strictly speaking, is in the territory of Dauphiný, but has been adjudged a dependency of the Lio-
nois, upon the principle that the river flowed upon the other side of it.

It was in a walk adjoining to this suburb, that Marivaux had his mysterious interview with a dwarfish old man.— One evening, in a coffee house, when more unfortunate than usual at play, his attention was attracted by the piercing eyes of a diminutive old man, whose countenance interested him, and seemed to invite to conversation. Perceiving that Marivaux was on the point of addressing him, he made him a respectful bow, and quitted the room. The author of Marianne dogged the stranger to the walk, crossed his path as if by accident, and saluted him politely, without, however, extorting a single syllable, or preventing his almost immediate disappearance. Next day, after having fruit-
lessly

lessly searched for him in various quarters of the town, he met with him on the same spot, mustered up all his resolution, and requested he might be allowed to walk along with him, were it only for a few minutes. *I know you, Monsieur de Marivaux*, said the stranger, with a smile; *and you may be assured your attempts to get acquainted with me yesterday passed not unobserved. But all such attempts, at least for the present, are vain.* How, Sir, replied Marivaux, a little warmly, *shall I have the honour of being known to you, and you refuse to—* Nay, be calm, interrupted the other, *I do know you, Sir, I knew your father, and what will surprize you more, I know your errand to Lyons, and the cause of your present chagrin. But reasons, which I am not at liberty to disclose, require that our conversation should end here. I ask pardon,* returned Marivaux, *but since you know me, may I not at least hope—*

Hopes

Hopes and intreaties are alike vain—Beware even of following me, lest you should injure both of us, without gratifying your curiosity in the smallest point. Let it suffice that you interest me, and that it will one day depend upon yourself to be convinced of the truth of my assertion. Farewell, then, my dear Marivaux—continue to cultivate literature—and, above all, preserve your honour. Believe me, on the word of a gentleman, whatever my fate may be, I am determined to see you again before you die. Once more adieu—the people begin to remark us—I may no longer be seen upon the walk. With these words he abruptly broke off, leaving the anxious inquirer petrified with astonishment. To no purpose did he inquire at all the inns, coffee-houses, and places of public resort—nobody had seen or heard of such a person. The entertaining novelist lived forty years after this singular adventure, and maintained to his

his last hour, that his disorder could not be pronounced mortal, until the little old gentleman of Lyons should make his appearance.

Before proceeding further, we were joined by our fourth companion—a German, travelling southward upon business.

At *St. Fonds*, the first post from Lyons, Monsieur de S—— and I sallied out, and commenced a smart walk; but a sudden shower induced us to enter a hut by the way-side. Here we were politely received by two damsels, plying the distaff. Spinning wheels are hardly known in Dauphiny, which, however, is famous for its fine yarn.

Through *St. Symphorien d'ozen*, or *St. Saphorin*, the second post village, and noted for post-asses, which trip nimbly along. In cold latitudes, the long eared animal degenerates, and seldom moves with alacrity.

The

The *Gere*, upon which this village stands, turns several flour mills, and others employed in the manufacture of paper and sword blades.

For nearly fifteen miles, we moved on a rough uneven road, and over a country abounding in hills and stones, yet producing the mulberry, and enlivened by the noble stream, whose abrupt and wooded banks must gratify every lover of rural beauty.

Every now and then we passed carts, laden with bales of cotton, from Marfeilles, and destined to traverse the kingdom to Rouen. The commodity is often reconveyed to the south in a manufactured state.

Pray look at that house, said M. de S.— for it is the dwelling of a nobleman. No roturier is entitled to battlements over the gateway. In fact, had it not been for these said battlements, I should not have distinguished it, and could not help ex-
8 *claiming,*

claiming, *la mesure de Don Thomas de Xaral!* Aye, replied my companion, *Le Sage should not have placed his scenery or his manners beyond the Pyrénées.* Unless in the neighbourhood of large towns, I have scarcely seen one genteel country seat in France. My fellow traveller readily admits the fact, and ascribes it to a passion for mixed societies, which seems to make part of the national character, to the absurd stigma attached to the term *provincial*, and to the poverty of many of the landholders.

Vienne, grey and irregular, standing on the Rhône and Jère, and, partly, surrounded by rocky hills, had a picturesque effect in the dusk. Our late arrival prevented us from visiting the cathedral, amphitheatre, obelisk, triumphal arch, and the more imperfect remains of *Vienna Allobrogum*, one of the most conspicuous colonies of Gaul, a seat of learning and of the muses, and
honoured

honoured with the privilege of having its citizens associated with senators. As the literati of old were babbling egotists, we need not be surprised that Martial should notice this city with much self-complacency.

*Fertur habere meos, si vera est fama, libellos,
Inter delicias, pulchra Vienna, suas.*

The present walls are said to describe a circumference of four English miles. Some activity is displayed in the manufacture of silks, ratteens, and cutlery wares. The Jère is reputed to be peculiarly adapted to the tempering of steel; and the sword blades of the place have acquired a reputation, though not proverbial, like those of Toledo.

As the waiter peremptorily refused us fire for the bed-rooms, alleging there was no timber in the house, and Monsieur de S—— strongly suspected her veracity, he slyly purloined some faggots,

gots, and bellows into the bargain. Yet fuel has become rare in Dauphiny, owing to the intricacy and absurdity of the forest laws, which, precisely in proportion to their intricacy and absurdity, have contributed to the general licence. Where communities have a right of cutting, each individual has snatched what lay first in his way, regardless of the wants of futurity; and no tribunal has been found hardy enough to enforce regulations which prescribe to landholders the complicated details of managing their forests, under the most grievous penalties. A proprietor, who thins his forests at his pleasure, is liable to have the whole confiscated, and to a fine of 3000 livres; repetition of the act subjects him to banishment, and the burning of his own trees, to death! Nor is this the only province in France, where want of timber begins to be seriously felt. As the woods diminish, and population
and

and manufactures increase, recourse must be had, however reluctantly, to coal, of which large magazines remain yet unopened.

Water, our next demand, was also refused—apparently from pique.

6th. Started about four o'clock in the morning. As none of us were much disposed tamely to forego the simple luxury of washing face and hands, I suggested that we should run to the door, bawling out *au feu—au feu—vite de l'eau*. The stratagem succeeded, and our *complaisant* attendant, somewhat confused in dress and mind, climbed the stair in humble trepidation, and brought along with her a copious pail of the cleansing element.

This ludicrous little incident produced no visible effects upon our German, whom it was impossible to satiate with sleep. Pulling out his night-cap, with great composure, he reclined his head
upon

upon a side of the carriage, and allowed no roughness of the way, nor capers of the mules, to break his repose.

On an eminence, nearly opposite to *Empuy*, stands *Condrieux*, famed for its highly flavoured sweet-wine, which sells upon the spot at six guineas the hogf-head.

Over flat ground, covered with small stones.

Through *Auberive*, a paltry village, two posts from Vienne. Still the country appeared rugged, though not destitute of picturesque beauty.

At *Les Peages de Rossillion*, our dining stage, we remarked three coffee-houses, which are, perhaps, three too many for such an insignificant place.

The next post and half, to *St. Rambert*, proved dull; and darkness overtook us as we paced forwards to *St. Vallier*, *Ursoli* of the ancients, a small town, situated, they told us, in a fertile coun-

try. On alighting at the inn, we seated ourselves by the dining-room fire, in company of the post-master of Montelimart and a French traveller. I was not a little surprised to find them warmly engaged in political discussion. The traveller supported the cause of republicanism; and the post-master, after a feeble defence of the monarchical system, changed the subject of conversation.

Scarcely had we secured a room with three beds, when our ears were assailed by thirty or forty tongues of passengers, just escaped from the water diligence of Lyons. An ample supper was speedily provided: but how all were accommodated during the night, is a problem which I cannot solve.

7th. Light dawned as we approached *Tain*, or *Thein*, *Tegna* of the Romans, a little town, pleasantly seated at the bottom of the hermitage-hill, celebrated for its wine. The soil, formed of decomposed

composed granite, and heaped round the plants, admits the concentration of heat in the hollows, without allowing the water to stagnate. Great attention, too, is bestowed upon the choice and management of the vine. A more sunny exposure on the opposite side of the river produces the *côte-rôtie*. These wines cost from three to four livres a bottle upon the spot. About seven hundred hogheads of the hermitage are produced yearly. At Tain are the ruins of an old castle, while directly opposite stands the sweet small town of *Tournon*, on the declivity of a hill, and defended by a turretted fort, planted upon an island. In spite of the rawness of the morning, I felt no small satisfaction in contemplating the most romantic points of view we have hitherto seen in Dauphiny. Yet the river, with its rocky and hilly banks, and houses, churches, or decayed châteaux sprinkled among the vines, consti-

tute the leading features of the landscape from Lyons to Avignon.

In this district a few of the lime-kilns are lined with a hard black basalt, which soon vitrifies into a smooth homogeneous coating. This contrivance is still more common, I am informed, in the Vivarais. Should it not be adopted wherever the materials can be easily procured?

Crossed the *Ifère* in a boat managed by the moveable pulley—a convenient contrivance, though not always safe, and frequent upon the large rivers in France, especially where their rapidity precludes the building of a bridge. The *Ifère*, a rapid and muddy stream, rises in the Alps, traverses Dauphiny, and joins the Rhône three miles above Valence. It is the *Ifara* of the antients, and is thus characterized by Lucan :

—*Qui gurgite ductus*
Per tam multa suo, famæ majoris in amnem
Lapsus, ad aquoreas nomen non pertulit undas.

Its

Its blackish hue is probably occasioned by a mixture of soft schistus.

Valence stands in a fine plain, two leagues in breadth. Its regularly embattled walls, and the abrupt calcareous rocks upon the opposite bank of the Rhône recalled a faint picture of Avignon. It is noticed by the Romans, under the designations of *Valentia Segalavorum*, and *Civitas Valentinorum*, was the station of a colony, and is supposed to have had its name from the strength of its situation. According, however, to the popular tradition, the neighbouring rocks were the haunts of *Buard*, a doughty giant, who, having exterminated the puny race of natives, begot another more worthy of himself, and who, from their prodigious strength, gave name to *Valence*. The Dominicans still exhibit the bones of *Buard*—probably of the large wild ox of Gaul, If not, why not produce a tibia or two

of his highness's immediate offspring? or why, for ever, solemnly practice upon the ignorance of the people?

As our muleteer was impatient to proceed, we had little leisure to examine either the upper or lower half of the town. The streets appeared to be narrow and dirty. St. John's church has an air of antiquity, and passes for the remain of a Roman pantheon. The university is said to be greatly on the decline.

Valence is famous for its councils, and infamous for the breaking of smugglers upon the wheel.

Little worthy of remark occurred in the course of our next stage—to *Paillasse*, *Umbenno* of the itineraries, now a shabby village. From this to *L'oriol*, or *Lauriol*, we travelled in the dark, passing the *Drome* upon a bridge.

Lauriol

Lauriol is a miserable townlet, with a ruined castle, and placed at the bottom of a hill. *All is not gold that glitters.* We drove to the sign of the *chariot d'or*. Our supper consisted of a shoulder of mutton and eggs—*Cato*, a half starved dog, had paid his respects to the former; and the latter, to speak like Dr. Johnson, were far from *recent*. Monsieur de S—in a dark passage, encountered an abbé and a female friend. At a little distance, he had taken them for thieves, and opened his table knife with some trepidation. The house and its tenants had such a repulsive aspect, that we took possession of a room with four beds, and barricaded the door.

8th. At four o'clock, the hoarse voice of our conductor summoned us to depart.

On resuming our journey we found the road considerably improved, and frequently lined with walnut or mul-

berry trees. The chesnut and fig are also common, and accessible to every passenger. Rice was formerly cultivated with success, but was abandoned on account of the noxious exhalations from the flooded grounds. In warm countries, the sea-coast should be preferred for the culture of this invaluable grain, experience having proved that the water, near the sea, may be sooner let off, and, without any prejudice to the health of the inhabitants. Might not the mountain species, which requires little or no flooding, be advantageously introduced into the rotations of crop in southern Europe? Most of the vineyards are inclosed, but the grain fields, and even orchards, are destitute of fences.

The sharpness of the air and the pleasing variety of landscape had so quickened our pace, and distracted our attention, that we left the coach far behind, and found ourselves hard upon *Monteli-*

mar, before we imagined we had proceeded half way. As we rested on a parapet near the gate, we leisurely contemplated the sloping hills, frequent villages, and various culture on the west, all cheered by the morning sun.

Montelimar, Montilium Adbemari, a small, but populous and trading town, stands upon an eminence, is washed, not by the Rhône, as some geographers assert, but by the obscurer stream of the *Robiou*, and environed by a plain which yields excellent wine. It has regular walls and a citadel, and is usually garrisoned by two companies of infantry. The streets are narrow, and roughly paved. Near the town we found masses of basalt and tripoli, though no regular traces of a volcano have been discovered on this side of the Rhône.

Our stars cast us for once upon a good inn—large, clean, and commodious—yet lacking two small conveniencies—
hung

hung bells, and a temple to a certain Goddess, whose rites are performed in France with little regard to decorum. The great ones who have passed this way, and stopped at the inn, have their names blazoned upon the stair-case—Joseph II. and the Comte d'Artois being the most conspicuous in the list.

As we waited dinner, Major R. of the Lausanne militia, unexpectedly and very agreeably surprised us—and, as he was posting, gave us fresh accounts of our Swiss friends. At table, we naturally relaxed into merriment, and even the German deigned to smile. The major pursued his solitary journey to Provence, and our party followed—*haud passibus æquis*.

We were sensible of a considerable descent in the course of a few miles. The warmth of the afternoon, clear sunshine, and brown complexions admonished us of our latitude. Saussure has
remarked

remarked that the botanist from the north here begins to recognize the vegetable products of southern climes, such as the Judas-tree, pomegranate, lavender, &c. These, he observes, are mostly found upon calcareous rock, for delicate plants and evergreens resist the cold better on dry stony situations than in bottoms or argillaceous earths. Another indication of a warm latitude, according to naturalists, is the blackness of the hogs. Perhaps I might add a third—the broad brimmed beavers and short petticoats of the women, the former for the sake of shade, and the latter for coolness. This costume is not quite agreeable to our notions of classical elegance, and our dreams of Arcadian shepherdesses are at an end, when we observe these rustic damsels picking up the dung of horses upon the high-way, for fuel. Buffon, like a patriot philosopher, gravely remarks that the smoke of this ex-
cre-

crementitious matter might be converted into sal-amoniac.

Through *Donzerre*, a petty bourg, at the foot of a hill, famous for its wines. It gives the title of prince to the bishop of Viviers, who formerly had his mint in the street still called *l'argenterie*.

Here the country opens into a plain, skirted on the east, by the lower hills of Dauphiny, and to the west by the Rhône, beyond which rise the mountains of Languedoc. In the midst of this plain, whose soil seems to be a mixture of sand and quartz pebbles, rises a solitary calcareous rock with a flat top, impending over the next small town in our way, *Pierre-latte*, which is the same as *Pierre-large*. This place, too, is surrounded by puny walls, and has a singular aspect. Some of the neighbouring farmers cultivate madder; - but this crop succeeds better a little further south.

Slept

Slept at *la Palud*, a village, where the patois is so prevalent that it was with difficulty we could understand or be understood.

9th. Pursued our way by *Montdragon*, a small town, whose name, site, and ancient walls smell strongly of romance. Yet *Ponce de Montdragon*, if we can believe a troubadour, was a *forbearing* hero.

‘ I saw him fall without breaking his
‘ lance. The equerry who overthrew
‘ him was mounted on a sorrel horse, so
‘ meagre that you perceived the great
‘ vein of his neck. Ponce did not pique
‘ himself upon taking revenge, but went
‘ elsewhere to seek a new engagement.’
The whole passage, which may be seen in Mrs. Dobson’s account of the Troubadours, is a curious remain of the simple irony of the 12th century.

Passed *Mornas*, another insignificant town, under a violent bize and such
clouds

clouds of dust as confined us to the coach. Over a portion of the *Comtat Venaissin*, included between Dauphiny and the principality of Orange. Many of the olive trees, killed by the late frosts, exhibited a melancholy spectacle. In ordinary winters they preserve their verdure, and, even when attacked by the frost, will send up shoots from the roots, by which means truncheons are easily obtained for fresh plantations. The sort mostly cultivated in the south of France is the long leaved variety of *olea Europæa*. A fat soil imparts luxuriance to the tree, but the best fruit and oil are produced upon light, and especially calcareous grounds. Grain is nowise injured by its shade, and the fallen fruit affords sufficient manure.

Through *Piolen*, a large village, with a priory, and some silk manufactures.

Merely gazed, en passant, upon the triumphal arch, circus, aqueduct, baths, and

and temple of *Orange*. Our muleteer, who cared not for the finest antiquities in the world, and who had imbibed all the obstinacy of his daily associates, would not make this place a stage, for it did not suit his arrangements. I must, therefore, beg leave to refer the curious to Menards's excellent account of the triumphal arch, in the 26th volume of the *Memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres*, to Father Bonaventura's *Nouvelle Histoire d'Orange*, and to the second volume of Swinburne's travels in Spain. Orange is the *Arausio Cavarum* and *Arausio Secundanorum* of ancient writers. The *Cavari* occupied that district of Narbonnese Gaul comprehended between Provence and Dauphiny, on the left bank of the Rhône, from the Durance to the Drome. The other epithet refers to the foundation of a colony of veterans of the second legion, under the auspices of Julius Cæsar, in
the

the year of Rome 708. Hence also the designation *Colonia Julia Secundanorum*. Cicero's mother was a native of Arausio. Though greatly fallen from its former grandeur, Orange is the seat of a bishop, and of an university; stands in a plain fertile in wine, corn, and saffron, at three miles from the Rhône, watered by the limpid rivulets of *Egues* and *Maines*, and drives some traffic in silk. Several of the churches and monasteries were demolished or defaced by the rage of the reformers. The town and its small principality long acknowledged the sovereignty of the house of Nassau, but were ceded to France by the treaty of Utrecht.

Between Orange and *Courthézon*, a distance of only three miles, the country is reckoned unfruitful, and abounds with those quartz pebbles, rounded by attrition, which are so prevalent in the whole valley of the Rhône.

Cour-

Courthexon, where we halted, is an insignificant bourg, the birth place of Saurin, the mathematician. Within a mile and a half is a small salt lake, on whose banks are found several maritime plants.

Re-entered the pope's territory and crossed the *Sorgue*, which, issuing from the far-famed fountain of Vaucluse, disports in pure streams ere it mingle with the Rhône. The *Sorgue* (*Sulga*) is, probably, the *Orge* of Pliny, the *S* having been dropt, as some commentators allege, by the carelessness of transcribers. *Est in provincia Narbonnensi*, I quote the words of the Latin naturalist, *nobilis fons, Orge nomine. In eo herbæ nascuntur in tantum expetitæ bubus, ut mersis capitibus eas quærant.*

Adjoining to the bridge stands the town of *Sorgue*, also styled *Pont de Sorgue*, and corresponding to *Vindalis* of the ancients, of inconsiderable size and

decayed aspect, once the gay summer residence of Pope Urban V. and still marked by a few towers of his palace, spared by the pride or pity of the Calvinists.

The spires and battlements of *Avignon*, frowning in the twilight, formed the solemn termination of our journey.

CHAP. V.

AVIGNON.

PLINY, Strabo, and others slightly take notice of *Avenio*, or *Avenio Cavarum*, as one of the flourishing colonies of Narboneſe Gaul. The Burgundians wrested it from the Romans, the Franks from the Burgundians, the Saracens from the Franks, and Charles Martel from the Saracens. It afterwards acknowledged, though with partial interruptions, the ſovereignty of the Counts of Toulouſe and Provence, till 1348, when Pope Clement VI. purchaſed it of Jane, Queen of Sicily, for the ſum of 80,000 florins.

The climate of this city ſeems to partake of the inſtancy of its political fate. The average heat of the year, indeed, is reckoned 54 of Fahrenheit's

thermometer, and the mean quantity of rain 20 inches; the breezes from the south, though, sometimes, insufferably hot, are genial and warm; the air is, for the most part, dry, and the sky seldom obscured. But the *bize* from the north or north-east, and the *cers*, or *mæstral*, from any of the points between north-west, and south-west, especially from north-west, and by north, sweep the plain with cold and violence. When Augustus, during his residence in Gaul, consecrated an altar to the Circian wind, did he mean to propitiate its fury, or solemnly attest his gratitude for those stern, but salutary gales, which, when they waste the fruits of the earth, may dissipate the seeds of languor, disease, and death? However this may be, as Avignon stands at the narrow end of a great funnel, we need not be surprized that ancient and modern observation should concur in attesting the impetuosity of the blasts to which it is incident

dent—that while the writers of Rome advert to the Circian wind, Petrarch should bestow upon the Rhône the epithet *ventosissimus*, that Madame de Sévigné should call it a *devil of a river*, that the chancellor de l'Hôpital should describe, without the aid of poetic fiction, the ludicrous effects of a whirlwind, and that the fair citizen of the present times who sought shelter from the sun beams of an April morning, should shiver at midnight in the month of June. The natural funnel to which I allude, is formed by an alpine range, extending from the grand St. Bernard to Montventoux, and by the corresponding convergence of the heights of Auvergne and the Vivarais. In the upper regions of this ample valley, the currents of air quietly expatiate in the moderation of freedom, but, as their boundaries straiten, they accumulate, and issue with a force proportioned to their confinement.—

Hence the Comtat Venaissin is not wholly exempt from the rigor of a northern winter. The Rhône very lately, notwithstanding its breadth and rapidity, admitted the passage of loaded carts, the mercury in Réaumur's thermometer fell to 12 below zero, and not only olive trees, but more hardy vegetable productions perished. The cold of 1776 was more intense, though less durable ; and, in the winter, 1754-5, the thermometer indicated 22 under zero.

To compensate these inequalities of temperature, Avignon enjoys an airy and delightful plain, 16 miles in length, and 9 in breadth, bounded, on the north, by Dauphiny and the principality of Orange, on the east, by a chain of mountains, on the south, by part of the same chain and the river Durance, and, on the west, by the Rhône. Though the soil skirting the latter be rather poor and stony, the greatest proportion of this level

vel country is fertile of rye, barley, wheat, saffron, madder, silk, wine, and oil. The farmers are averse to the culture of oats, flax, and hemp, and prefer sown clover and lucern to the spontaneous grasses.

Without the wall, and opposite to *Bartelasse*, once rose a temple, of beautiful marble, to Diana. For some time it was used as a powder-magazine, but being struck with lightning on the 29th of August, 1650, it was blown up, and the shattered fragments dispersed in the town and river.

The city-wall, constructed of fine free stone, flanked, at distances, with square towers, and topped with battlements, appears beautifully regular, but is a wall of parade or police, and not of defence. In vain did its founder, Innocent VI. urge its completion, in vain did he levy 4000 Italians, and preach an elegant crusade against Cer-

volle, a leader of banditti—the infallible pontiff submitted to treat the daring free-booter with a sumptuous repast and 40,000 crowns! The south side of the wall is the least solid and elegant, and now begins to crumble. On the north, the line of building is interrupted by the *Doms*, the bold projection of a calcareous rock, on which is seated the papal palace. The alleys along the river, formed by rows of elms, are the summer promenade, whilst those of the south side are most frequented in winter. The entire circuit may measure three English miles—but much space is assigned to religious buildings, gardens, and hôtels—and, if we may credit common report, the number of inhabitants has, within these thirty years, gradually decreased from 25,000 to 10,000. Very different is the picture of the *second Babylon* exhibited by Petrarch: but, in his day, the city had not recovered from
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the siege of 1226, when its ramparts and 300 turreted houses were levelled with the ground, when the inhabitants still smarted from a grievous contribution, when the compass of the place was more contracted and each house contained a greater number of families. Allowance, too, should be made for one of the *genus irritabile vatum*, whose romantic fancy cherished with notions of proud pre-eminence the land which gave him birth, but tinged every transalpine scene with a melancholy shade.

The seven gates of Avignon are said to have a fantastic reference to the same number of parish churches, of hospitals, colleges, monasteries, and convents.—Most of the private houses are well built, and of excellent free stone; but the streets are narrow and tortuous, and the pavement, composed of pebbles, is uncommonly rough. Viewed at some distance,

tance, and especially by moonlight, the castellated wall and venerable spires give to the place an air of picturesque solemnity; yet, so far as I recollect, not one square or range of building deserves to be noted for elegance or grandeur. Although the town's revenue be very considerable, not a public lamp illuminates the maze of darkness—and even the protestant, bewildered in some solitary lane, hails with feelings of complacency a straggling image of the virgin, stuck upon a wall, and distinguished by a sorry lantern. A scanty population, frequent and high winds, and successive weeks of bright sunshine are, doubtless, highly favourable to the promotion of cleanliness within and without the gates; but, as the citizens seem to be little sensible of these advantages, the Rhône occasionally indulges them in a general ablution. It is even recorded that, in 1342, the streets were navigated

vigated by boats. If so, the Durance probably contributed to the inundation, and the united streams may have flooded a considerable extent of country. A solid wharf, for the accommodation of small craft, and a prolonged substantial embankment of stone now prove effectual barriers against similar encroachments. In some other respects, too, the vigilance of the police is entitled to commendation. A magistrate is always in waiting to listen to complaints preferred by citizens or strangers, and corn, purchased in years of plenty, is, in times of dearth, distributed at prime cost, from the public granary. The propriety of fixing the tariffs of the more ordinary marketable commodities, may be questioned, but the practice originates in good intention, and so distinctly are the current rates of each article exhibited, *that he who runs may read.*

The

The palace, a massy pile, but devoid of elegance, was founded by Benedict XII. and rose, in spite of the letters and sonnets of Petrarch. Within its precincts the vice legate still retains a few apartments and the shadow of a court. One of the lower halls, reserved for an arsenal, contains 4000 stand of arms, various coats of mail, and obsolete weapons of attack and defence. Another low chamber serves as a corps de garde, and is occupied by 100 Swiss, habited more like parrots than men, and hired to move as gaudy pageants in the train of delegated power. Most of the wainscoting of the justice-hall and the cedar of the chapel have been torn down for fuel; but the papal chair is still remarked by its elevation above that of the cardinals. Little else than the form of the conclave can now be traced.

There are various concealments in the thickness of the walls, and subterraneous

neous passes appear to have multiplied with the deeds of darkness. One of them, which extended under the Rhône, was long since blocked up to prevent the incautious from exploring its recesses. Pope Urban V. from a mistaken or affected notion of piety, caused bury somewhere under the foundations of the palace, a statue of Hercules, on the pedestal of which was the following inscription :

*Herculi Avennico
Deo potenti protectori
C. Tuscilius
Pro civium Vennirorum suscepto voto
L. M. D. D.*

The two archdeacons and the canons of the cathedral have lodgings in the palace. The archbishop's house, detached from the latter, but also on the Doms, is a handsome plain building.

The

The cathedral, which stands within the walls of the palace, upon the site, it is alleged, of an ancient temple dedicated to Hercules, presents little worthy of remark, if we except some rich and decorated chapels, a silver altar, and a few paintings by one of the Mignards. In the chapel of *Notre Dame de Chapelet*, is displayed the magnificent tomb of Pope John XXII. who died 1334. On the 9th of March, 1759, when the body was removed into its present receptacle, it was still entire, and measured five feet—the arms and the hands, the latter covered with white satin gloves, were crossed over the heart—a large golden ring containing a sapphire, adhered to the finger—the body was wrapped in a tunic of purple silk—that in an ample cope, strewed with pearls—and that again in the lugubrious pall! When his holiness resigned his breath, there were, doubtless, many sons and daughters

ters

ters of poverty to whom the sum expended upon these unmeaning trappings of the grave would have administered relief. The character of John XXII was not less complex and bizarre than this his last costume. He heard mass almost every day, rose at night to study and to prayer, published medical treatises, and was easily accessible to such of the faithful as demanded an audience; but he believed in the absurdities of *envoûtement* and the incantations of demons, delighted to amass wealth from prolonging vacancies in the ecclesiastical departments, constructed tables of the prices of crimes, and, with dexterous artifice, could instigate and allay the fury of a crusade, and enforce or retract a dogma, as suited the views of his chimerical and fickle policy. A recent erection has also re-placed the decayed monument of Benedict XII. He introduced the use of the tiara, and honest catholics believe

that he performed miracles after his death. Certain it is, that previous to his departure, he was gifted with no supernatural powers, and was conscious of his own inferiority of intellect. When apprized of his election, he told the cardinals that their choice had fallen upon an ass—the only proof, it has been wickedly observed, that ever he gave of a sound judgment. The striking station of the Doms fronts the grey and sombrous rocks of Villeneuve, whilst rude and age-worn towers, the silence of forsaken chambers, occasionally broken by the whistling of the blast, the tolling of the great bell, or the chanting of aged priests, awaken emotions of melancholy grandeur * * *

There is a curiosity connected with sentiment which few neglect to gratify, when gratification is attainable. So, from the rock of contemplation, I descended to the church of the nuns of St. Claire,

Claire, merely because in that church at six o'clock in the morning of the 6th of April, 1327, Petrarch was first smitten with the charms of his mistress.

"She was dressed," says he, "in green, and her robe was embroidered with violets.

"Her features, air, and gait, announced something more than mortal. Her fi-

"gure was an assemblage of delicate graces; her eyes beamed with tender-

"ness, and her eye-brows were black as ebony. Her golden ringlets, interwoven

"by the fingers of love, played upon shoulders whiter than the snow. Her

"neck was a model of elegant proportion, and her complexion animated by those

"native tints, which art in vain attempts to imitate. When she opened her mouth,

"you perceived the beauty of pearls, and the sweetness of the rose. The mildness

"of her look, the modesty of her deportment, the melting accents of her voice,

"baffle the powers of description. Gaiety
P " and

“and gentleness breathed around her, and
“these so pure, and happily attuned,
“as to enchain every beholder in senti-
“ments of virtue; for Laura was chaste
“as the dew-drop of the morn!” At six
o’clock in the morning, and also upon
the 6th of April, this beautiful lady
breathed her last. It is difficult to re-
ject this romantic coincidence of dates.
But shall we also believe that her depar-
ture was announced to Petrarch, in a
dream, with the same accuracy as that
of his friend, the amiable bishop of Lom-
bez? If the sensibility of the poet, trem-
blingly alive to gloomy anticipation, fre-
quently conjured up, in his waking
hours, scenes of tender and fatal separa-
tion, the same dark picture might flit
before him in visions of the night, and
the dying form of her he loved, whose
delicate constitution could ill sustain the
pressure of domestic afflictions, might
invade his repose. Or, he might fancy
dreams

dreams which never occurred, or give to those which did the colouring of real incident.

My next visit was to the church of the Cordeliers, a large and simple edifice of fine hewn stone. Under its bold vaulted roof, unsupported by pillars, are seen the conspicuous monuments of *Fo-lard*, the celebrated commentator of Polybius, of the anti-pope *Nicholas V.* and of the brave *de Grillon*. But an obscure unadorned stone, hardly to be distinguished from the floor, indicates the remains of Laura, and forcibly recalls the pathetic truth—that *to this complexion we must come at last*. Without repeating the circumstances relative to the discovery of this humble tomb, the supposed verses of Petrarch contained in the leaden box, and the well-known lines of Francis I., it may suffice to remark that the native simplicity of the narrow house is more suitable than the pomp of

marble to that beauty and virtue which shunned the glare of day, and will live for ever in the impassioned strains of their faithful admirer.

The convent of Celestins, a spacious square, with covered galleries, and an ample garden, was founded by Charles VI. of France, who lived too long, since he survived his reason. This stately building is at present tenanted only by a few old monks, and is to be suppressed on their demise. Meanwhile, their venerable forms, slowly moving in the court or passages, sadden the features of decay which characterize this papal city. As they seem to constitute an harmonious family, perhaps the greatest curse that could be pronounced upon any one of them would be *ultimus suorum moriatur*. In the choir of their church stands the monument of the anti-pope *Clement VII.* whilst the tomb of *St. Benezet* figures in the nave. The lives of popes and anti-
popes

popes occupy their own share in the human story, but the memory of St. Benezet, or little Benedict, is less known to fame. When only twelve years of age, and a shepherd boy of Avillard in the Vivarais, he requested an audience of Pontius, bishop of Avignon, but was dismissed by the servants on account of his vulgar and uncouth appearance.—The prelate, who, from his balcony, observed the piteous air of the youth, invited him to make known his request. May it please your worship, said Benezet, an angel, last night, enjoined me to build a bridge over the Rhône, from this city to Villeneuve. Verify your assertion, replied Pontius, by lifting that stone, pointing to a mass of rock some cubits square. The holy stripling immediately tossed it in the air like a shuttle-cock—the miracle was published, and the bridge, begun in 1177, was completed in the space of eleven years.—

The abbé A—, who favoured me with this intelligence, concluded in his fly way, that such was the received tradition, but that he could not vouch for all the particulars. And God forbid, my dear abbé, that I should call for your vouchers. But it may be proper to hint to amateurs in Romish miracles, that the above recital is brevity and modesty, compared with the *authentic record* which Sebastian Castrucci details in the fulness of faith, and with circumstances somewhat differing from those just mentioned. His preamble is too precious to bear translation. *In questo anno fu cominciata la fabrica del ponte d'Avignone sù'l Rodano, e perchè l'istoria n'è altrettanto vera quanto maravigliosa, convien riferirla come sinceramente è descritta in lo processo autentico della città, fatto in prova del vero l'anno medesimo.*

The bridge, whatever may have been its origin, now presents the ruined fragments

ments of three and twenty arches, which once opposed the curve of a large circle to the rapidity of the stream. A dispute having arisen between Innocent X. and Louis XIV. respecting the property of the passage, no toll was exacted, and the fabric suffered dilapidation without repair. As a considerable island, part of which is called *Piot* and the other *las Bartelasse*, now divides the river into two branches, a new and more permanent communication might be effected from this quarter of the Comtat into Languedoc. Benezet's chapel, in which he was originally interred, projects from one of the starlings. When his remains were threatened with a visitation from the river in 1674, they were removed *entire*, according to some, and *petrified*, according to others. This latter species of apotheosis was not unfuitable to the founder of a bridge.

The convent of Celestins likewise contains a hideous production of the pencil of René, the ingenious and benevolent, but eccentric and too gallant Count of Anjou. The representation is that of his favourite mistress, as he took her from the grave, when half consumed by worms!

The church of the Dominicans has a noble vaulted roof, the plaster cieling of which perfectly resembles free-stone. Its baldachin is, likewise, much admired.

Near this church is the chapel of the *White Penitents*, embellished with six admired paintings of Peter Mignard. Fleury seems to ascribe the origin of the penitentiary fraternities in Italy and the south of France, to a tribe of wandering Scots, who, in 1398, moved in procession, wrapped in linen sacks, with large hoods covering the face, and wearing crosses composed of brick-dust, blood, and oil. Their example diffused

a rage

a rage for long and wild pilgrimages, and the solemn march of the day was succeeded by the indecent licence of the night. • This compound fervor of enthusiasm, hypocrisy, and debauchery, gradually subsided, and more regular and chaste corporations were instituted in some of the southern towns of Europe, and recognized by the church.

In the *maison de miséricorde* is deposited an ivory crucifix, one foot in length, and, except the arms, of one piece. A happy delicacy of execution appears in the features, tongue, nails, and drapery about the waste. —A humane jailor furnished his condemned prisoner with the ivory and utensils. The culprit, when dragged to the scaffold, produced this surpassing sample of his skill, and kneeling before it with ardent expressions of devotion, excited the admiration and pity of the multitude, who shouted for his pardon. The vice legate yielded

to

to their importunate clamours, and the object of his mercy passed the rest of his days free from reproach.

The university, originally founded by the Counts of Provence, but established and endowed 1303, by Boniface VIII. has dwindled into a paltry school of theology; and the college of the Jesuits, once so renowned, has shared in the merited wreck of the order.

The three hospitals are maintained chiefly at the public expence. The lazaretto of *St. Roch*, without the walls, the destined receptacle of those infected with the plague, has been allowed to crumble. Thrice in the same century was Avignon visited with pestilence. That of 1334 appears to have differed materially from the ordinary plague, and was ascribed to the extreme heat and drought of the season. The skin came off in scales, and the people, struck with a temporary frenzy, run along the streets

streets, scourging themselves with whips. More fatal was the contagion of 1348, when Laura yielded to its rage. An hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants are said to have perished in three months—a statement which seems to be as much exaggerated as that of the hundred thousand students attracted to the place six years before by the munificence and invitation of Clement VI. This pontiff remained shut up in his apartments, which were purposely heated by large fires, and escaped infection. Had it been remarked at that period that the extremes of heat and cold are alike adverse to the propagation of this dreadful malady? If the latter be connected with putridity, a certain degree of heat and moisture may be necessary to its diffusion; and when the heat becomes intense, the requisite humidity may be destroyed. Thin slices and shreds of raw meat are preserved in tropical countries

tries by mere exposure to the sun's rays, and a pope in Europe may, perhaps, be guarded from contagion by retiring into a hot-house.

When careful of his own person, Clement was not unmindful of the interests of his people. Like a kind pastor, he authorized every priest to grant absolution and plenary indulgence to the sick, recompensed the attendance of physicians and nurses, and purchased the *champ fleuri*, a large field, for the reception of the dead. In 1362, 17,000, including nine cardinals, one hundred bishops, and many officers attached to the papal court, were carried off between the 29th of March, and the 25th of July. Lastly, the plague of Marseilles extended to Avignon, and, in spite of the pious and intrepid services of Bishop Achards, deprived it of 30,000 inhabitants. From this blow it has not yet recovered. Indolence, languor, and desolation

solation pervade the streets. Few situations are, naturally, more favourable to the pursuits of trade and commerce: but exorbitant duties are levied upon commodities the moment they pass into the French territory, and the multiplication of church livings and lounging offices is unfriendly to habits of regular and persevering industry. The place, however, still retains a name for spun silks, for gloves, which are classed with those of Paris, Grenoble, Vendôme, and Montpellier, and for morocco leathers, which, in point of lustre, are not inferior to those of Marseilles or Strasburgh, but cannot rival those of the Levant.

The vice-legate, as governor of the city and Comtat, enjoys an annual salary equivalent to £.1500, is usually an Italian, continues in office five or six years, and looks to a hat or some station of dignity and emolument. His decision, in criminal cases, is final, but, in
civil

civil matters, an appeal is competent from his tribunal to the court of Rome. In virtue of an extension of his commission, granted by the pope, and confirmed by letters patent, registered in the parliaments of the respective districts, he is allowed to exercise spiritual jurisdiction in the ecclesiastical provinces of Vienne, Arles, Narbonne, and Embrun; but must previously declare in writing, that he will, in no ways, infringe the liberties of the Gallican church. The trifling revenue accruing to the Pope from church preferments in this district is expended upon the spot, and his government is administered with laudable moderation.

The beauty of the Avignonnaises is nearly as proverbial as that of the *Lancashire witches*, and would be so with more reason, could the fair citizens use rouge *without abusing it*. Some of the more *modest* prefer a daily *agrément*,
which

which they are confident gives to the complexion *un coloris frais et animé*.—The blooming helpmate of an apothecary told me *à sa façon* that she considered hearing mass and taking a lavement as indispensable duties. But *her* advice might be *interested*.

The traveller who tarries at Avignon, may expect to enjoy the pleasure of a fine day, and of delightful prospects; but will be fortunate indeed, if he can superadd those of virtuous and confidential society. Far be it from me to pass unqualified and indiscriminate strictures upon any community; and among the thousands, who still reside within the papal walls, I should be grieved to think that honesty is an empty name. Yet personal intercourse has concurred with the unbiassed representations of individuals in establishing the deplorable fact, that amidst the frequent repetitions of the solemn summons to offices of devotion,

tion, real or feigned bigotry, sneaking finesse, and disregard to truth, reign triumphant. Thus, too, is Rome a well known seat of atheism and chicane—and thus it will ever be, when idleness takes place of industry, when rewards are held out to unworthy compliances and talents for intrigue, when the accommodations of confession and absolution are of easy access, when phantoms are substituted for realities, and a childish mummary for the love of God and of our fellow-men.—*Well*, said a sensible and affectionate friend, *you have to pass some months at Avignon, which shelters the French renegado, and fosters an undue proportion of monks and clergy. I studied there myself, and am no stranger to the character of the inhabitants—Beware of forming intimacies, and recollect that the Catholics are there the JEWS.* The point of this parting exhortation recurred with singular zest when, upon

a Friday evening, a canon of the cathedral politely offered to conduct me to the synagogue. The latter is small, but neat, and mimics the distribution of the temple of Jerusalem. The chanting of the Hebrew service is peculiarly grating, but the composed air of the worshippers betokens the sincerity of devotion. The women occupy an under apartment, and have the service read to them in the Provençal dialect, as few of them understand Hebrew. When I took the liberty of asking one of them why so few of her sex attended the synagogue, she replied that most of them were occupied with family concerns, and could say their prayers at home. Nor would I willingly suppress the following trait. Upon observing an elderly man, to whom those in the porch paid particular attention, I presumed he was a rabbi—but was soon informed that he was a simple honest trader, who had lately paid the

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amount

amount of a bond of surety, which, owing to some flaw in the deed, he might have evaded with impunity. He is nearly reduced to poverty, but has acquired additional respect, and has preserved his peace of mind. His brethren here, to the number of five or six hundred, are allowed to live cooped up in a separate and ill aired quarter of the town, in consideration of repeated douceurs, and upon condition that the men wear orange or yellow hats, and the women flat caps, stuffed at the sides. Yet it is generally allowed that they live quietly, and that they are more exemplary than their neighbours in the discharge of domestic duties. Their modest inoffensive deportment must sensibly affect every feeling mind, and induce it to sympathize with an unfortunate portion of our species, so long branded with epithets of the vilest abuse, so often doomed to bleed at the shrine of relentless fanaticism, so often goaded by per-

secution to gratify the avarice or the caprice of princes. Among Jews, no doubt, may be found usurers, and men of more acuteness than delicacy in the transactions of life, but, in a commercial state of society, usury ceases to be a crime, and they who stake their only property at a more than ordinary risk, are well entitled to an advanced premium. Depravity of the sense of honour is an almost necessary consequence of marked opprobrium and invidious segregation. Cease to stigmatise a degraded class of beings—admit them to the equal rights of humanity, open to their view other prospects than those of mere loss and gain, and then censure, if you will, their dereliction of integrity. The slave still groans under the sanction of European laws—the myriad shades of Indians are unappeased—must we also pursue with infamy and scorn the harassed remnants of a once distinguished people?

CHAP. IX.

FROM AVIGNON TO BAREGES.

June 6th, 1789. THIS morning, after an hour's hard tugging, we effected our passage across the river, in spite of a flood and fierce bize. *Villeneuve lès Avignon*, the landing place in Languedoc, a small town, but seated on a rocky shore, with some large detached buildings, has an imposing aspect at a distance. The old castle, perched on *Mont St. André*, has been converted into an hospital for invalids. The convent of Carthusians founded by Innocent XII, is a spacious edifice, richly stored with paintings and relics, and contains the monument of its founder, somewhat defaced by the rage of the reformers.

formers. *The situation of your house,* said a stranger, *is delightful—Yes,* replied the disciple of St. Bruno, *in the eyes of passengers.* But I have seen owners of lordly mansions, who might truly employ similar language. The pale anchorite and the listless nabob would pine in the heart of paradise. Man hugs his dwelling, not because it is splendid or homely, but because it is the scene of unaffected virtue—the scene with which he associates his better principles and feelings.

The Benedictines are a more lusty order than the Carthusians, and their abbey here figures like a palace on a hill. The superior was on a distant visit, and had carried along with him the key of the library. We found only one monk, who railed at the progress of reason and philosophy, hard superiors, who threaten to take with them the key of the abbey. A few of the villas of the cardinals and

officers of the papal court still exist in this corner of Languedoc.

As we wound slowly up hill, we leisurely surveyed Avignon, and her plains, the checquered scenery of Dauphiny, Montventoux towering to 6000 feet, and the diversified aspect of Provence. No sooner had we gained the height, than the fore-ground appeared parched and somewhat dismal. The mulberry trees had just been stript of their foliage, most of the olive trees had perished, and considerable tracts of land were untilled, though spontaneously producing the evergreen and kermes oak, wild thyme, lavender, and box wood. During some miles, we could discern few traces of habitations, until we began to descend upon the *Gardon*, a small, but delightful river, pure and azure as the sky under which it flows. Rising among the Cevennes, it mingles with the Rhône not far from Beaucaire, washing down in
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its course thin spangles of gold, which practised searchers discover in the sand. The occupation is by no means lucrative, seldom yielding more than 24 sols a day, and frequently less. Yet the same employment, observes Buffon, would have procured a Roman twenty-five times the value of his subsistence. An increased quantity of this precious metal is necessarily attended with its depreciation. Before the discovery of the new world, adds the eloquent historian of nature, there was really twenty times less gold and silver in Europe than at present, but commodities were proportionably cheaper.—*What, then, have we gained by additional millions?—The burthen of their weight.*—Having crossed the river in a wherry, we stopt at *la Foux*, a post-house, adjoining to the village of *Remoulins*.

As our mules required rest, and no post-horses could be procured, I re-

quested a light guide to accompany me to the *Pont du Gard*, and walked smartly about an English mile and a half over a sandy foil. At once the object of my search started into view in the grandeur and beauty of bold design and elegant proportion. What a noble remain of an aqueduct, which, winding in a course of twenty-six miles, conveyed water from the fountains of Eure and Airan, near Uzez, into the heart of Nîmes! Conceive a triple bridge, of Tuscan architecture, almost entire, rising majestically between two high and steep rocks, which even the flood-torrents have spared. The square masses of which this fabric is composed, consist of porous limestone, containing a curious variety of marine bivalves, and somewhat fretted by the rains and the blasts of ages. Some of them measure 20 feet in length, and are joined, not by cement, but by iron bands. The undermost
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tire consists of six arches, the fifth of which, 13 toises in span, is the ordinary passage of the river. The length of this first bridge is 83 toises. Eleven arches which compose the second, measure each 56 feet in diameter, and 60 in height, presenting a range of 133 toises and 2 feet. The third, or upper bridge, is 4 toises high, 136 and 3 feet long, and consists of 35 arches which sustain the trough, or *aqueduct*, properly so called, and which measures 5 feet in depth and 4 in width. The adjection of a modern bridge, for the convenience of a highway, may offend the eye of an antiquarian, but is constructed with strict regard to unity of design, and may contribute to preserve the original building. The date of the latter no where occurs, but the initials A. Æ. A. have been conjectured to denote *Aquæductus Ælii Adriani*.

Few

Few scenes have more delighted me than the shaggy banks of the *Gardon*, fringed with olive and wild fig-trees, and distinguished by a grand, but eventful, memorial of the Roman name. Such are the memorials which awaken our early-formed and magnanimous notions of the genius and prowess of a mighty people—which transport us more feelingly than does the page of history to days of patriotism and deeds of valour. But our emotions—why dissemble—are dashed with sadness. Here the labours of years were employed to divert streams from the sources of their native purity, to the sanguinary exhibitions of the amphitheatre, and there a triumphal arch rose upon the field of groans, to publish to distant ages that Rome was the disturber of the world's peace, and the butcher of countless thousands. The myriad hordes of the north at length shook her haughty empire, and levelled it

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it with the dust—but empires have emerged from her ruins, and the splendid, but fatal dream of national aggrandisement has harassed the repose of civil society.

My little cicerone allowed me to meditate in silence—for, though a Frenchman, he could speak only the patois of his province: but he procured for me a sketch of the bridge, the work of a young and rude pencil, yet sufficiently resembling to recall the object at any distance of time. The stoney hillocks about Remoulins produce wine of a superior quality to that of the neighbouring plains. Inequality of surface, it has been found, is friendly to the vine—*Bacchus amat colles*. In dry ground, the grape yields less juice, but more flavour—small stones retain and reflect heat, and thus is the fruit more speedily and more perfectly matured. Between this and Nîmes, the country is flat, and mostly planted with low olives.

The celebrated fountain of *Nemausus*, may justify the etymology of *Bullet-nem* (surpassing) and *fuco* (source) though the place probably existed before its fountain had attracted attention. The least improbable account deduces the origin of this venerable city from the Phoceans of Marseilles, who, hemmed within the narrow limits of their first settlement, colonized Orange, Nice, Antibes, Tarragona, Sardinia, &c. When Fabius Maximus reduced it, we find it designed *Nemausus, urbs Volscorum Arcomicorum*. If it afterwards shook off the yoke, it was again reduced by Pompey, and appears to have been governed by consuls, decemvirs, a senate, ediles, a company of decurions, a quæstor, a college of priests, &c. In subsequent periods, it was destined to be wasted by the barbarian invader, and stained with the blood of the partisans of contending factions. The monuments of its ancient

cient splendour, the celebrated amphitheatre, *maison carrée*, temple of Diana, fountain, &c. have been repeatedly described. They who wish for more detailed information than may be found in the pages of Smollet, Thicknesse, and others, may consult *Gauthier's* history of Nîmes, the memoirs of *Seguier* and *de la Ferrière*, *Bergier's* excellent work upon the Roman military ways, and the seven quartos of Menard. The present city has greatly shrunk from the circumference of the ancient walls, contains about 40,000 inhabitants, but scarcely one modern building deserving of attention. The houses are decent and substantial, but the streets ill paved, miserably narrow, and strangely confused. The protestants, who compose at least one third of the population, hold their religious meetings a mile and a half from the town, in a field called the *Desart*. Why tolerate only by halves, and deny
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the use of churches to the most sober and industrious portion of the citizens? The revocation of the edict of Nantz gave to the trade of this place a blow which it has not yet recovered. The only atonement that can now be made to the descendants of the injured, and to the manes of the injured themselves, is to grant unlimited toleration of opinion, and the abolition of all vexatious and unchristian restraints.

The manufactures of this place are chiefly silks, silk stockings, woollen cloths, and printed cottons. The silk stockings are preferred even to those of Lyons, yet are often slight. During some years, the annual exportation of this article to Spain, was computed at twenty five thousand dozen of pairs. The number of frames in the town is from seven to eight thousand.

Among the many distinguished persons to whom Nîmes has given birth,

Domitius

Domitius Afer might be quoted with praise, as an eminent orator, and the master of *Quintilian*, had he not courted the imperial favour by the most abject adulation, and acted the part of informer under *Tiberius*, *Caligula*, and *Nero*.—The talents of *Brousson*, the lawyer, could not redeem him from the charge of dark fanaticism and daring zeal: but surely, the cruelty of his punishment was disproportioned to his crimes. Amid the ferment and intolerance of contending parties, the mild charity recommended by *Jesus* is mutually obliterated. *Brousson*, however desirous of promoting reform, should not have instigated the enemies of his country, and no christian magistrate should have countenanced the inhumanity of breaking an unhappy zealot alive upon the wheel, surrounding his scaffold with a double batallion, and drowning his last words in the loud beating of drums.

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Let us quote a nobler trait.—*Villars*, consul of the city, having received orders from the court to massacre all the protestants on the horrible day of St. Bartholomew, dared to disobey, convoked the principal inhabitants of each persuasion, and caused them to swear to live in amity and peace. The abbé *Cassaigne*, though hooked into the malicious couplet of Despréaux, was reputed a learned and not inelegant divine; and his translations of Sallust, and of Cicero's treatise *de Oratore*, are mentioned with commendation. *Jean Nicot*, ambassador at the court of Portugal, introduced tobacco into Europe.—Has he benefited mankind?—To the protestant reader I need barely name *Jacques Saurin*, the first pulpit orator among the French refugees in Holland. Superior to the illiberal dogmas of his age and party, he delighted to exercise charity to all. He was accused of heresy, because
cause

cause he would not maintain that the Pope was antichrist, and the church of Rome *the whore of Babylon*. Il ne vou-
lut jamais employer ces *grands traits d'éloquence*, says an arch biographer.

7th. The plains which environ Nîmes are extensive and finely skirted. Their principal covering is the vine. A great proportion of the produce is converted into brandy, and exported from Cette. Four years ago, the current price of the vin du pays, for table use, was a half-penny per quart, and large quantities were purchased by the brandy distillers at a much lower rate. But the prices vary considerably according to the nature of the crop. Five gallons of brandy are usually obtained from thirty of wine. The roads in this province are excellent, but, in dry weather, very dusty. The richness of the verdure, and vivid glow of day-light are grateful to travellers from the north.

Dined at *Lunel*, a small town, which communicates by a navigable cut with the Mediterranean. It is the birth-place of *Folquet*, of whom the English reader may obtain some curious notices in Mrs. Dobson's history of the Troubadours. This Folquet is not to be confounded with the infamous bishop of Toulouse. Our only messmates were a lady and a gentleman, with their daughter, a fine girl of twelve or thirteen years of age, but palsied in the left arm. They had just returned from the waters of Balaruc. It is impossible not to love the French for their ease of communication. We conversed on the same footing as if our acquaintance had been of long standing, and all regretted that we must separate so soon. However, to *sweeten* our adieus, Monsieur — proposed that we should discuss a bottle of the wine of the place, which has the rich muscadine flavour of Frontignan, and is produced by

by a similar process. The grapes are first deprived of their seeds, then trampled and pressed, and the must, as it issues from the press, is received into a cask, in which it is allowed to ferment for some days, and is then bunged. Pure Frontignan improves by age, but Lunel sooner arrives at its soundest state, after which it quickly degenerates. The former usually costs from nine to ten pounds sterling the hoghead, and the latter from eight to nine. Both kinds are often adulterated by the carriers. In France I have not yet perceived a single symptom of intoxication, and in the heart of this wine and brandy country, the people seem to be just as sober as in the less favoured districts. Yet *toujours gai*, and *vive la bagatelle*, are the order of the day. I think I may assert, without incurring the charge of partiality, that my countrymen excel the French in more than one estimable

quality ; but candour compels me to acknowledge, that when whisky is abundant, sobriety is not the prevalent virtue of North Britain.

In the afternoon, we had a glimpse of the Mediterranean, or, rather, of a salt lake which has been detached from it. It is indifferently termed *L'Etang*, or *l'etang de Thau* or *Tbaur*, obviously, then, the *Stagnum Tauri* of Pliny. One of the hills which skirt it has derived its appellation of *Cette* or *Sette*, from *Mons Setius* ; the other, *St. Felix*, or *Piè Feguié*, the ancient *Fecyus*, rises at Balaruc, and extends to Frontignan. The whole landscape is rich and picturesque :

— Sétius inde mons tumet
Procerus arcem, et pinifer Fecyi jugum
Radice fusa in usque Taurum pertinet.

Fest. Avien.

Lay at Montpellier, *Mons puellarum*.
Being built upon the estate of the two
virgin

virgin daughters of Folcrandus, bishop of Lodeve, who consecrated themselves and their property to God and the church, it is designed in some of the old archives *Donum Puellarum*, and *Donatio Montis Puellarum*. Yet we also find it written *Mons Pessulanus*, *Mons Pislerius*, and *Mons Peflorius*. The *Lex*, formerly *Lers*, and supposed to be the *Liria* of Pliny, flows in the immediate neighbourhood, and may have given rise to the two latter designations. And what shall we not say of the *Lers*, exclaims Peter Olhagarai, with its flux and reflux—of the *Auriege* and the *Arget*, whose banks are crusted over with gold and silver. Does not this appearance of things corroborate the existence of treasures concealed in the magazines of these mountains?—O Peter, great is thy faith!—Montpellier is seated upon an eminence, about two leagues from the Mediterranean, and is washed by the *Merdanson*,

which, occasionally, flows underground. The alleged number of inhabitants is 40,000, many of whom are protestants. The limited extent of the place seems hardly equal to this computation. The houses are substantially built of good stone, but ill lighted, as too frequently happens in this *gay* country, and the streets are narrow and irregular. The *place de Peyrou* should be considered apart, as a magnificent public walk, being a large square, formed by the town wall, a superb public fountain, and two iron balustrades. The fountain, or *temple d'eau* is supplied by a long aqueduct of a triple row of large arches, perhaps the most striking *modern* work of the kind. From the terrace, in a clear day, are seen the distant Alps and Pyrénées, whilst a luxuriance of cultivated plain, and the Cevennes and Rouissillon mountains form the more immediate features of the prospect. The sun gilded the picture

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ture with his soft evening rays, and the summer breeze wafted fragrance. Every body seemed to saunter upon the walk, or move about in the streets, or make merry upon benches at their doors. In fine weather, indeed, who could brook confinement within the lugubrious chambers of Montpellier? The boasted statue of Louis XIV. scarcely drew my attention.—There is a horrible want of *life* in all statues—and I am not partial to the memory of *Louis le Grand*. When Joseph II. visited the Peyrou, he asked with an arch sneer, *où est la ville de cette place?* The *esplanade* is another public walk, bordered with olive trees, and commanding a beautiful prospect of the sea. The theatre, of late erection, is one of the most handsome in France. The university, founded by Pope Alexander IV. has still considerable repute upon the continent as a medical school. The botanical garden, first planted by

Delaurens, physician to Henry IV. though less extensive than might be expected, contains upwards of 12,000 species of plants, and has well-sheltered terraces for those kinds which affect the shade. Under an arch, in a lonely corner of the garden, the author of the Night Thoughts interred the remains of his Narcissa. The royal academy of sciences, connected with that of Paris, holds a distinguished rank. But medicine, letters, and science, are not the sole support of Montpellier. It carries on a very considerable traffic in brandy, liqueurs, and verdegrease. Three thousand tons of the latter commodity are annually collected from sheets of copper with which the vacancies of every wine cellar are filled. A worthy friend, with whom I had the rare good fortune to meet, on my return to Montpellier, supplied me with the following additional notices. The town used to be much benefited by
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the resort of consumptive patients, especially English ; but few now reside here on account of health. Good medical advice is not so local as formerly, and the vogue of the day has changed more, perhaps, than the state of the atmosphere. The climate of Montpellier, in fact, is liable to contrarieties—to a series of uncomfortable drought, followed by heavy and tedious rains. Some meteorologists have estimated the average of rainy days in the course of the year at 80, and the mean quantity of rain, as indicated by the pluviometer, at 28 inches, 8 lines. The marshes between the town and the sea do certainly not contribute to the salubrity of the air. The genteel circles form a gay and brilliant, but very dissipated, society. The dissolution of manners is general and lamentable ; yet cheerfulness seems to be painted on every countenance. The hill on which the town stands, and some of the surrounding ground

ground contain an argillaceous earth, yellow, or grey, in which are found small particles of quicksilver. To this circumstance, as well as to the contiguous swamps, has been ascribed the want of good teeth, very observable even among the females of Montpellier. The environs abound in marine petrifications, and the variety of indigenous plants, in a circuit of thirty miles, is supposed to exceed that of any given space of the same extent in Europe; but the eager and repeated researches of botanists have exterminated some of the rarer species.

Supped at the table d'hôte in the *Hôtel du Cheval blanc*. The conversation was rather more poignant than usual, and I was particularly diverted with the following trait of an honest Dutch merchant. Having passed the day in his rounds of business, in company of one of his correspondents, the latter proposed going to see Castor and Pollux.

Castor and Pollux ! exclaimed Meenheer, *je ne connois pas cette maison ; sans doute elle est nouvellement établie.*

Rondelet, the ichthyologist, was born at Montpellier, where he professed medicine with great celebrity. His rage for anatomy prompted him to dissect the body of his own child.—He died of a surfeit of figs. *Sebastian Bourdon*, a distinguished painter and engraver, particularly excelled in landscape. In consequence of a considerable bet, he painted a dozen of human heads, large as life, in one day. This hasty group is not the least striking of his *capital* performances. *Michel le Faucheur*, though a calvinist, was beloved by the sensible and moderate of either church. His sermon against duelling made such an impression upon the Maréchal de la Force, that he declared he would in future decline a challenge. When we contemplate the life and character of

François

François de la Peyronie, first surgeon to Louis XV. we are at a loss which most to admire, professional skill, zeal for the advancement of his profession, or unwearied efforts in the cause of humanity. Let every surgeon and every philanthropist peruse the life of this most excellent man ! I will not mangle it by the exhibition of imperfect details. The works of Father *Castel* betray a mind of no ordinary powers—many of his ideas have the stamp of originality, and even his errors teach us to think. The following passage is bold and singular—*The genius of a philosopher is startled at nothing ; he foresees all, expects all, and perceives the effect in its cause. We admire and fear only what we do not understand. The fall of the universe would crush, without astonishing, the true philosopher. Where will you find a greater philosopher than one of our generals, who, in the heat of a battle, asks a pinch of snuff from one of his*

his staff, and, as the latter, in the act of presenting the box, had his body severed by a cannon bullet, turned to an officer on the other side, and said he would trouble him for a pinch, as their friend had carried the box along with him? This may be cool, but was it humane? May we likewise be allowed to ask if it was true?

8th. In the course of our morning stage the soil appeared inclined to sand, and the fields mostly open, though not unfertile in olives, wine, and corn. Had a distant peep of *Balaruc*, *Frontignan*, and *Cette*. *Meze*, corresponding to the ancient *Mesua*, a paltry townlet, but sweetly seated on the shore, was our halting place at noon. A large brandy distillery, of late erection, has raised the price of wine in this neighbourhood. Several gentlemen at table disputed with much asperity and vociferation, concerning the precise degree of authority delegated

legated to the governor of a French province. When most emphatic, they often pulled off their hats, which produced a very ludicrous effect. I was apprehensive that some affairs of honour might have been the result, but was agreeably surprised to find them a few minutes after as gentle as lambs, and the question left exactly as they found it. All separated in good humour, and, as no regrets or apologies for intemperance of debate were once hinted at, I concluded that the whole was mere *manière*.

Passing the village of *Montagnac*, we entered upon a delightful country, watered by the *Eraut* (*Rauracis*, or *Arauta*), a winding river, which has its source in the Cevennes, and mingles with the sea, a little below the handsome bridge, on which we crossed it. A gay profusion of vegetable charms adorns its banks. At its confluence with the *Peyne*, stands
Pezenas,

Pezenas, *Piscenæ* of Pliny, eight leagues from Montpellier, and containing from six to seven thousand inhabitants. Around it stretches a plain of singular fertility and beauty, skirted by rugged hills. Like many of the Languedocian towns and villages, it is distinguished at some distance by a square tower, adjoined to the church. The castle, founded on a perpendicular rock, once an extensive and strong fortress of the family of Montmorency, is now a heap of ruins.— Here occurred the well known interview between Richard Cromwell and the Prince of Conti. With all deference to his highness, we may be allowed to presume that the *poor pitiful fellow* was happier than the unprincipled usurper. Having asked for a bookseller's shop, the waiter, by some extraordinary stretch of complaisance, offered to conduct me to the only one in town. It was a wretched dirty hovel, in which an old woman

woman had scarcely room to turn; and where a few musty and obscure novels held *their solitary reign*. Comparison may often reconcile to misery. In the large city of Valladolid, the seat of a bishop and of a university, and one of the two supreme tribunals in Spain, the Chevalier de Bourgoanne could not procure a map or chart, or even a copy of *Don Quixot*.

9th. A strange confusion of tongues in the market-place awakened me by four o'clock. The croud were busily employed in buying and selling the cods of the silk worm, a species of traffic which, it seems, is regularly repeated, every morning, during the season, and occasions an annual circulation of a hundred thousand crowns. The average price is 30 sols per pound. Some of the by-standers informed me that Pezenas is likewise a frequented station for the sale of horses, mules, and grain, at the

the public fairs, has some extensive tanneries, and that its wool has the reputation of being superior to any in Languedoc. Pliny quotes it on account of its fine wool, dyes, and durable stuffs—and Celtic etymologists will tell you, that *Pis*, signifies *wool*, and *cen*, fine. Woad is successfully cultivated in the neighbouring fields. The root is about an inch thick, and from a foot to a foot and a half in length, giving out five or six leaves, each nearly a foot long, and six inches broad, and a stalk which rises to three or four feet. The flower is cruciform, and the seed of a violet or yellow colour. This plant speedily exhausts the soil, and requires moisture, with frequent dressings and cleaning. It suffers from early frosts, and is quickly devoured by grasshoppers. In a favourable season and soil, the leaves may be cut four times, but usually yield only two crops.

The common people speak a jargon, which, to the ear of a stranger, sounds like that of Provence—a dialect, no doubt, of the old Romans, now a prey to daily corruption, and which may soon be obliterated in modern French.

Travelled over some miles of barren ground, till we approached *Beziers*. The origin of this place is lost in antiquity. Some medals noticed by Peiresec and others would lead us to infer that its inhabitants, at a very early period, had a mint and the use of the Greek tongue—consequently, that they may have been a colony from Marseilles. Previous to the invasion of Gaul by the Romans, it was reckoned one of the principal towns of the Volsci Tectosagi. The ancient name is variously written, as *Biterræ*, *Beterræ*, *Bliterræ*, &c. The epithet *Septimanorum* indicates the station of the seventh legion, conducted thither under Julius Cæsar. The Goths extended the term

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Septimania, over the whole of Languedoc. The only memorials of the Roman name I could trace in this town are the mere remnant of an amphitheatre, and some inscriptions on the wall of the town house. Other monuments have made obeisance to time, Goths, Saracens, and crusaders. During the Albigensian war, Beziers sustained a memorable, but fatal, siege. When the brave garrison at length surrendered, the *holy* conquerors—for so they were reckoned—butchered 60,000 of the inhabitants, and laid the city in ashes. I am much inclined to subtract a cypher from this bloody account, especially as I read in the recital of an eye-witness, *septem* millia. Certain it is, the whole of the present population exceeds not 20,000. The town, nevertheless, seated on a hill, covers an ample portion of ground, whilst its narrow, ill-paved, and very dirty streets form a most remarkable con-

traft to the enchanting fcenery which furrounds them. The cathedral, though fmall, impofes by its lofty fituation.— It is dedicated to *St. Nazarius*, and contains the monument of *Blanche d'Evreux*, the celebrated beauty of her age, and who, in her fixteenth year, was married to Philip of Valois, in his fifty fixth ! Oppofite to the cathedral, is the Belvidere, or terrace, one of the beft ftations for furveying the beautiful valley, or rather amphitheatre, which is watered by the winding *Orbe*, gayly cloathed with the productions of a genial climate, and enlivened by the eight locks of the great canal, forming as many cafes. The delightful fituation of Beziers has long been confecrated in a monkifh line :

Si Deus in terris, vellet habitare, Biterris.

The eulogy of father Vaniere is more claffical and appropriate; but truth, which is often at war with poetry, will detract from the merits of the Beziers muscadine wine,

wine, so inferior to those of Frontignan, Lunel, and Rives-altes. In the *rue Françoise*, the only tolerable street, stands a large grotesque statue of *Pepeesuc*, a corruption, it is alleged, of *Peire Peerruc*, a valiant captain, who repulsed the English, when they attempted to seize upon this quarter of the town. If so, he deserved a better statue and a better name. The bridge over the Orbe, consists of seventeen arches, of very unequal dimensions. Some of the calcareous strata near Beziers abound in sea shells, especially in those of oysters, in beautiful preservation.

Among the eminent citizens of Beziers, *Jean Barbeyrac* is well known by his learned commentary upon Grotius' treatise *de Jure Belli ac Pacis*.—The writings of *Peliffon Fontanier* are not more admired than were the generosity of his sentiments, and the constancy of his friendship. Rather than betray his master

Fouquet, he submitted to a confinement of four years in the Bastille. When deprived of paper and ink, he scrawled upon the margin of books, with lead snatched from a pane of glass, or with an imperfect ink prepared from a burnt crust of bread and wine. A dull Biscayan was occasionally permitted to *divert* his solitude by playing on the bagpipe. The sound of this instrument at length became the signal for a spider, which he had tamed, and for which he condescended to cater, to come forth and seize its prey. Is it not the experience of tyranny which has taught most animals to shun the approach of man? And does not the labour of domestication principally consist in counteracting that experience in particular instances?—When confidence is once established, and gives rise to familiar observation, are we not obliged to confess, that the object
of

of our cares, be it a bird or a spider, is susceptible of memory, reasoning, and affection? What a pity that Fontanier's spider was crushed to death by a demon of a gaoler!—a trait of wanton malignity which would provoke a stoic. For the rest, Fontanier's conversion to catholicity was laudable, if sincere; but his flattery of the dispensers of public favours may be thought to detract from his solid merits.—Elegance and luminous philosophy characterize the writings of the amiable and blameless *de Mairan*. *Un bonnête homme*, he used to say, *est celui à qui le récit d'une bonne action rafraichit le sang*—a true picture of himself.—The name of *Pierre-Paul Riquet*, created *Count of Caraman*, is associated with the canal which he projected and executed, and which joins the Mediterranean to the ocean.

Richness and variety of culture kept us close company to *Narbonne*. Accord-

ing to Strabo, Pytheas of Marseilles represented this place as one of the principal towns of Gaul. It received a Roman colony under the conduct of the orator, L. Crassus, in the year of Rome 636, and during the consulate of *Q. Martius Rex*—whence *Narbo Martius*. We find it likewise designed *Decumanorum colonia*, from the circumstance of Cæsar's having made it the station of the tenth legion. When Augustus honoured it with his residence, he divided Transalpine Gaul into four governments, or departments. That which took its name from Narbonne, comprehended Savoy, Dauphiny, Provence, Roussillon, and Foix. The Romans seem to have considered this capital as an important stronghold. *Est in eadem provincia*, says Cicero, (*pro Fonteio*), *Narbo Martius, colonia nostrorum civium, specula populi Romani ac propugnaculum*. Pomponius Mela, too, employs these marked expressions ;

pressions: *sed ante stat omnes Atacinorum Decumanorumque colonia, unde olim his terris, auxilium fuit, nunc et nomen et decus est Martius Narbo.* It was the seat of a public academy, and a flourishing sea port. *Fuit.*—The inroads of subsequent conquerors, more marked by ruin than love of the arts or embellishment, strewn in fragments the amphitheatre, circus, capitol, &c. These fragments were employed in constructing modern works of defence, when the town was a barrier on the side of Spain; but, since the acquisition of Rouffillon to the French territory, the fortifications have been neglected, and nothing remains but the wall, flanked by a few bastions.

Narbonne is now a place of small extent, six miles from the sea, upon a navigable communication from the Aude to the royal canal. The vicinity of the *étang de la Rubinne*, (*Rubresus*, and

Rubrensis of Pliny and Mela) added to a low situation, furrounded by hills, may contribute to generate moisture, and its concomitant, want of cleanliness; but Bachaumont and la Chapelle seem to have been more than usually peevish, when they penned these uncourtly lines:

Digne objet de notre courroux,
Vieille ville toute de fange,
Qui n'es que ruisseaux et qu'égoûts,
Pourrois tu prétendre de nous
Le moindre vers à ta louange?

During the prevalence of the *Autan*, (east or south-east wind) which sometimes rages between this and Toulouse, the exhalations from the moist grounds must be particularly offensive and noxious. This hot wind, like the *Sirocco* in Italy, is attended with head-aches and loss of appetite, and, sometimes, with a morbid swelling of the body.

Of the four gates of Narbonne, two are ancient and two modern. A bridge divides

divides the town into *la cité* and *la ville*. Most of the houses have a mean appearance; but the ramparts, surrounding gardens and well-watered luxuriant meadows, present an enlivening prospect. The cathedral, an unfinished building, is remarked for its grand steeple, and the monument of Philip the Bold, who died at Perpignan, in 1285. His body was *boiled at Narbonne in wine and water*, and, by a whimsical partition, his flesh and bowels were deposited in this tomb, and his bones and heart conveyed to Paris. The archbishop has a large revenue and gloomy palace. In one of the apartments of the latter, is a Saint Cecilia by Michael Angelo. In the adjoining garden, stands a curious antique, commonly called *l'Hôtel des Oracles*—a small niche, with an aperture, through which the oracular voice is supposed to have proceeded. The figures of Cupids, Gladiators, &c. upon the pedestal, and
the

the aged aspect of the marble, leave little doubt that it is a precious relic saved from the general wreck.

Of 8000 inhabitants, three fourths are priests and women. No traffic is here carried on, except in grain, of which Narbonne is no inconsiderable depôt. Its wheat is preferred to any in the south of France for seed. The superiority of its honey is attributed to the uncommon variety of aromatics upon the neighbouring hill of *Clape*, and some of the waste grounds. It loses part of its flavour by carriage, and is often adulterated or counterfeited. The apothecaries sell it at 30 sols a pound. *Althæa Narbonnensis* grows spontaneously in the environs. It was first noticed by the abbé Pourret, nearly resembles *A. cannabina*, and is converted by the peasants into cloth of a coarse texture. Of the inhabitants few have attained to distinguished eminence. The emperor

peror M. Aurelius Carus triumphed over the Sarmatians and Persians, but his short career of sixteen months was terminated by lightning. If the epitaph of *Bosquet* speaks truth, his memory should be held in veneration. *Gregem* (he was bishop of Montpellier) *verbo et EXEMPLO sedulo pavit, largus erga pauperes, sibi parcissimus, omnibus benignus.*

10th. The rocks and hills on either side of the way afforded no unpleasant variety. At a few miles from Narbonne, Vernet, our voiturin, who was well acquainted with the country, had the attention to conduct us under one of the arches of a new bridge on the left, where, he said, we would hear an echo repeat twenty times. The repetitions were actually twelve, and very rapid in succession. The arch has a pretty wide span, and the lowness of the water usually admits standing under it in summer.

There

There are hills in the neighbourhood. As we advanced, we perceived the snowy tops of the Pyrénées rising to the left. We passed through the bourg of *Lesignan*, and dined at the village of *Mons*, with some travelling merchants. Like most of their countrymen, they indulged freely in the superlative degree, and told us we should sleep in the prettiest town of France. However eager to verify this assertion, we could not expect that our mules should quicken their pace; nor, indeed, was the trial of patience severe—for nothing could exceed the glowing scenery and fine temperature of the evening. In the course of this day's progress, we noticed a great many villages and old castles, and, towards the close of it, began to traverse gentle eminences, swelling amid the most lovely verdure and tufts of wood, receiving their rich tints from the parting sun-beam. During great part of the way, however, we had to
regret

regret a want of shade, and the prevalence of a rocky or gravelly soil.

Carcaffone (*Carcafo*, *Carcaffo*, *Carcaffum*, *Carcaffio*, and *Volcarum Tectosagum*) is a considerable town of the Lower Languedoc, with 15,000 inhabitants, 12 leagues west of Narbonne. The *Aude* which divides it into the old and new town, is the *Atax* of Pliny, rises in *Mont Caspir*, one of the Pyrénées, and not in the Cevennes, as alleged by some, and enters the Mediterranean below Narbonne, traversing the marsh of *Sigean*, by means of a canal of hewn stone, the *gula Atacis* of the Romans, and still retaining the appellation of *la goul d'Aude*.

The old part of the town, or *la cité*, is seated mostly on a hill, includes the cathedral and bishop's palace, and is defended by a romantic castle, flanked with towers. The lower part exhibits a regular square with streets at right angles,
tirées

tirées au cordeau, and the four gates may be seen from the *grande place*, in the centre of which is a fountain with an admired figure of Neptune. But, unless in regularity of design, and neatness of a few public buildings, Carcassonne excels in nothing her sister cities. Her only souvenir of the Roman name is a column of coarse grey marble, found in 1729, and inscribed, *Principi juventutis M. Numerio Numeriano nobilissimo Cæsari N. M. P. P.*

The unfortunate inhabitants, during the Albigenian war, were allowed to capitulate, only upon condition of quitting the town, *puris naturalibus*—a savage requisition, from which the Viscountess herself was not excepted. By way of amende honorable to posterity, the manufactory of woollen cloths has been here established upon an extensive scale. A single house employs from 700 to 800 workmen. Of the superfines, which
are

are in high request, a large proportion is exported to the Levant; and the inferior sorts are mostly purchased by contractors for the army. The yearly amount of exported woollens is reckoned fourteen millions of livres, and of those manufactured for the home market, two millions.

During supper we were informed that two officers were poisoned last night at Pezenas, at the inn which we had quitted so lately. This alarming accident proceeded from the maid neglecting to scour the copper kettles. The unfortunate travellers have been removed to Montpellier for medical assistance, but one of them, it is apprehended, is past recovery. What unaccountable infatuation, to persevere in the use of such vessels, without so much as tinning them!—M. Thierri, an eminent physician of Paris, published a thesis, and M. Amy, advocate of the parliament of

Aix, wrote an excellent treatise to prove the noxious effects of copper, when applied to culinary purposes. These authors and their writings have already sunk into oblivion, and the practice which they condemned continues in full force ; whilst in Sweden, where copper is more abundant, a salutary edict of the college of health has banished it from the kitchen, since 1753.

11th. We had calculated our journey so as to rest at Toulouse on the *Fête-Dieu*, or Corpus Christi day, that we might witness the processions, which, in large towns, are conducted with uncommon pomp and solemnity. But the stages of muleteers are immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians—and one day's detention at Avignon, by a flood of the Rhône, kept us back just one day from the station which Vernet had allotted for the refreshment of his cattle and his soul.—Yet why regret the dis-

disappointment?—If we missed the pageantry of the city, we enjoyed the glistening of the dew, if deprived of artificial incense, we inhaled the first scent of the breeze, if we perceived no prolonged streets lined with tawdry tapestry and daubings, we could leisurely contemplate the delightful carpeting of a highly varied vegetation, and, if our ears were not assailed by the jingling of bells, the matin notes of the grove were occasionally drowned in the rustic anthem, which now agreeably swelling along the fields, and now dying away in distance, under a cloudless sky, and amid the frequency of human dwellings, induced a most delicious reverie. Away, said I to myself, with the pen and the pencil!—What are the efforts of art and genius, when compared with the glowing scenes which encompass our abodes?—How feebly do the painter and poet mimic the opening of a

summer day?—How sublime the artless worship of the heart, when the peasant, awakened from his slumbers, and, under the canopy of heaven, invokes the common Parent of existence to protect and bless him? All forenoon we observed village parties traversing their little districts, and chanting the service of the day with every appearance of unfeigned piety. Sunday is not observed with half of this solemnity. We did not meet a single traveller: but though we had left our conductor to the liberty of his conscience, he preferred moving on, content to make the sign of the cross, or pull off his hat, as these simple processions passed along.

Castelnaudary, (*castrum novum Arrii*) the head-town of Lauragais, a district of the higher Languedoc, stands upon a rising ground, six leagues N. W. of Carcassone, and thirteen S. W. of Toulouse, has a handsome collegiate church, and
some

some neat houses, but the streets are rendered somewhat gloomy by the projections of the roofs.

Our merchants at *Mons* warmly recommended the *hôtel de Notre Dame* as the best inn in Languedoc, and our messmates at Carcassone very gravely gave it as their opinion that it was the best in *Europe*. Alas! we found the Virgin a shabby patroness—for the house was dirty, the maid petulant, and the dinner scanty. Yet, I should do all justice to the landlord, who, in his blue satin coat, with laced ruffles, silk stockings, and a bag at his hair, was busied in the noble occupation of—roasting a chicken.

Blaise d'Auriole, a native of this place, and professor of canon law at Toulouse, alarmed by some foolish prediction of a second deluge, caused build an ark for himself, his relatives, and friends.

In the course of the evening, we met crowds returning from masses and processions—the women mostly in pairs, and some astride on horse or ass, with gipsy hats of coarse straw. Observed an uncommon abundance of cattle and poultry, and excellent crops of maize and millet.

Through the village of *la Bastide d'Anjou*, the supposed site of the ancient *Elusio*. Here brick houses become frequent, from the deficiency of free-stone. Wood and inclosures have been thinly scattered since we left Carcassone.

Lay at the little town of *Villefranche*, where, to our great surprize, every person in the house was really civil. This place was founded by Raymond, Count of Toulouse, 1091, and included within its original walls the castle of the family of *Polier*, from which issued *Claude Polier*, who was first honoured with the title of *Knight of the Cock*. This order
of

of knighthood now flourishes only in Great Britain.

12th. From this to *Toulouse* is seven leagues, over a rich flat country, and through the villages *Baziege*, *Castenet*, &c. But I purposely defer my notices of the capital of Languedoc, till we return to pass some weeks there in autumn.

13th. Entered *Armagnac*, a district of *Gascony*, twenty-two leagues in length, and sixteen in breadth, abounding in beautiful rivulets, in wine, grain, and fruits. *Gascony* is a vague term (applied to a considerable portion of *Guienne*, and first employed by *Gregory of Tours*), derived from the *Vascons*, a Spanish tribe, who, issuing from their fastnesses in the *Pyrénées*, occupied these regions towards the close of the sixth century. Poverty, pride, and provincial dialect discriminate their descendants from the herd of Frenchmen. They pronounce most of

the quiescent letters, and confound *b* and *v*. Whence Scaliger's bon mot, *Felices, quibus vivere est bibere!* *E* and *a* are treated with the same want of ceremony, and *e* is honoured with an acute accent. Their vicious turns of phrase have been collected into a dictionary of *Gasconisms*, and another might be composed of their *Gasconades*. But, if the Gascons have foibles and peculiarities, they may, perhaps, justly claim a comparative superiority in respect of quickness of perception and regular deportment.

A country somewhat hilly, with scattered patches of wood, vallies mostly allotted to grain, and a road uneven, and seldom good, composed the aspect of the morning stage.

By the village of *Leguevin* and some hamlets, to *L'isle en Jourdain*, *Castellum Ictium* of the ancient itineraries, and *Insula Jordanis* of modern Latinists. It is a paltry town, in a bottom, upon the

Save,

Save, and frequently infested by intermittent fevers. It has a demolished castle, and collegiate church, and gave birth to the *abbé Anselme*, the poet and pulpit orator.

The little territory of *Lomagne*, which received us in the afternoon, makes part of the lower Armagnac. Halted at *Gimont*, a small town, on a sloping ground, washed by the *Gimone*, one of the many tributary streams of the Garonne. It has three parish churches and an hospital: but appears to be thin of inhabitants, and very dull. Our hostess, a woman of grave exterior, but not averse to conversation, gave us a very friendly reception. For the news of the day, she informed us that some assassins had murdered the gardener and secretary of Monseigneur de Chauvigni, bishop of Lombez, and made their escape with a considerable quantity of specie.

14th. An agreeable stroll over the same sort of country, passing *Aubiet*, an insignificant bourg.

Auch, or *Auscb*, the head town of Armagnac, and seat of the metropolitan church of Gascony, 15 leagues from Toulouse and 33 from Bourdeaux, stands upon a hill, which rises in the middle of a valley, encompassed with high grounds, and washed by the *Gers*, one of the many streams which gave rise to the name *Aquitania*. The upper and lower part of the town are connected by a stone stair of two hundred steps. The houses are large, and substantially constructed of excellent free stone. The number of inhabitants is vaguely computed at 4000. The cathedral is a magnificent gothic pile, which I regretted I could not examine more at leisure. The western porch, a recent addition, is admired by connoisseurs; but is, certainly, encumbered with ornament. The stained glass

glass is of exquisite richness. Adjoining is the archbishop's palace, an ample mansion, and commanding a delightful range of variegated prospect. The income of this see is rated at 126,000 livres, and is worth a great deal more. The diocese includes 372 parish churches, and 277 chapels of ease. The chapter is composed of 15 dignitaries and 25 canons. Suavis, bishop of Auch, assisted at the council of Aige 506.—Most of the windows in the town have been shattered by the late hail storm.

According to Mela, the *Auscii* were the most celebrated people of Aquitania, and their city, *Climberris* or *Climberrum* of the Gauls, and *Ausci* or *Augusta Ausciorum* of the Romans, was the most flourishing, and enjoyed the privilege of being governed by its own laws. There are a few mulberry trees about the town, but the last which we observed in this journey.

The

The pears of Auch, especially its *bons chrétiens*, are in high request. Some very large kinds are cultivated hard by the walls. The feeds seldom attain to maturity, and the juices, of which they are deprived, are diffused in the pulp. The pear has long been a favourite fruit in France. Some gardeners reckon no less than 500 sorts; for with them every shade of variety constitutes a species. The more modest Duhamel is content with 119, to which, he says, 30 or 40 of an indifferent quality may be added from the common orchards. The Linnean botanist reduces the species of *pyrus* to thirteen; and, in this humble enumeration, includes the pear, apple, and quince. I thought the landlord should never have ended his panegyric of the *bons chrétiens*. But you forget their amazing weight said I—*on vient de me dire qu'un seul pèse 126,000 livres*. He laughed heartily, and changed his discourse.

discourse to archbishops. The late Monseigneur d'Apchon he mentioned in terms of the warmest regret. This excellent prelate, in the assiduous discharge of his pastoral functions, *went about continually doing good*. As he lived upon one tenth of his income, he consecrated the remainder to offices of charity. From the multiplied acts of his generosity, Soave has selected two, which ought no longer to be confined within the limits of the Italian language.

The archbishop, soon after his installation, being informed that two ladies had been suddenly reduced from affluence to a state of humble retirement, without relinquishing any of those virtues which had diffused a lustre over their better days, honoured them with his first visit, and expressed, in the most handsome and delicate terms, at once his high regard for their character, and the sympathy with which he desired to
par-

participate their misfortunes. In the course of conversation, he cast his eye, as if by accident, on a picture of no intrinsic value, but for which he said he would willingly give 2000 crowns. The ladies, overjoyed to find in their humble retreat any object which could interest their august visitor, assured him that they would esteem themselves singularly happy if he would accept of it as a present. *By no means*, replied d'Apchon, *I shall be too fortunate to procure it at any price.* In fact, no sooner had he returned home than he sent a polite note and 2000 crowns as the price of the picture. The frigid amateur may smile, and reserve his crowns for pieces of acknowledged merit; but surely the good archbishop of Auch might gaze upon a sorry painting, the memorial of his beneficence, with more exquisite feelings of satisfaction than the pencil of a Reubens or a Titian ever inspired.

Courage

Courage is so nearly allied to generosity that it is seldom found to exist without it. During the night, a fire broke out in a house inhabited by several poor families. With great difficulty all made their escape, except two little boys in the upper story. The archbishop offered a reward, first of 100 louis d'ors, and then of 200, to the person who should bring them down alive. But the danger appeared too imminent to all the by-standers, who remained mute. *God forbid*, exclaimed the prelate, *that we should stand still and see two unfortunate victims perish in the flames. I will mount myself.* Having instantly caused join two ladders by ropes, he climbed with undaunted resolution, rushed through smoke and flames, and, bearing one boy on his shoulders and the other in his arms, descended amid the acclamations of the yet trembling spectators.—Painters, painters, what a subject for your canvass !

Through

Through *Bilnau*, and a few scattered villages. The country hilly to *Mirande*, the small capital of *Astarac*, or *Estarac*, founded 1289, upon a hill near the *Baise*. It is surrounded with walls, but is poor and dirty. The air, too, felt close and disagreeable. They charged 5 sols additional for supper, on account of the late scarcity, produced by blighting fogs and continued drought. The people are compelled to mix oat-meal with their flour, which they deplore as a mighty calamity.—How, then, could they exist in the *Land of Cakes*?

15th. A hilly and swelling surface, as yesterday, pleasantly chequered with clumps of trees, and festoons of vines. At the little town of *Miellau*, we experienced much uncommon civility from the innkeeper—owing, probably, to the remoteness of the situation.

Descended into the beautiful plain of *Bigorre*, an oval amphitheatre. The
small

small county of that name, *ager Bigerrensis*, 18 leagues in length, and 3 in breadth, contains within that narrow compass a surprizing variety of hill and dale, was anciently renowned for its wines, and more anciently for its stags and rein-deer, when Gaul, by reason of its forests, might be compared to Canada or Lapland.

Our meridian stage was to *Rabasteins*, a very straggling village. A great concourse of people had assembled at the cattle fair. The men were stout, and rather *grossiers*. Several of them wore bonnets like those of our highlanders, but white, and with a loose scarlet tuft upon the top. The women had fine fresh complexions, and a peculiar expression of sagacity, to which the red capulet worn by many of them, perhaps, contributes in part.

In the afternoon, we traversed part of an extended and delightful plain. A

sudden shower, the first that had occurred during this journey, warned us of our approach to the mountains. As it passed off, the sun spread his gentle beams over the refreshed and fragrant verdure which surrounded us, while the Pyrénéan ridge, like the stupendous decorations of an immense theatre, rose into majesty as the clouds retired.

Lay at *Tarbes*, the chief town of the *Tarbelli*, whom Pliny distinguishes by the epithet *quatuor signani*; thus intimating that their garrison was composed of four bodies of troops, each of which had its respective ensign, or standard-bearer. It stands upon the beautifully winding *Adour*, which, rising in the Pyrénées, here separates into five streams, and falls into the sea near Bayonne.

*Qui tenet et ripas ATURI, quo littore curvo
Molliter admissum claudit TARBELLIUS æquor.*

LUC.

Few

Few French towns of the same size have pleased me more than Tarbes. There is something peculiarly captivating in a sequestered situation, a mild atmosphere, a fruitful plain, beautified with wood and water, and skirted by lofty and age-worn mountains. The streets are clean and well aired, the houses neatly built, and covered with blue slate. The ladies are admired for their handsome persons. The men have much the look of health, and regular features. Out of 8,000 inhabitants is formed a very select and agreeable circle. No wonder, then, that Tarbes should have detained some English families on their way to or from the watering places, and detained them for life. Accommodation is good, and provisions are cheap. The only discouraging circumstance to a stranger is, that the French language is not here spoken in its purity. The public buildings are the cathedral, a parish

U 2

church,

church, a convent of Cordeliers, another of Carmelites, and a college of the *Pères de la Doctrine*.

The town experienced no disaster from a smart shock of an earthquake in 1750; but a neighbouring valley was entirely destroyed.

Watering places are, usually, the resort of the sick, of the idle, and of the gay. But not a few repair to the baths of the Pyrénées, for the purposes of prosecuting the study of natural history. I have just caught a few minutes conversation with an interesting young gentleman, posting to Bagnières, his head quarters in summer. He reckons the extreme height of *Mont-Perdu*, the highest of the marble mountains, 1760 toises—supposes that the low lying plains have been formed by the soil and rubbish washed down from the sides of the hills—that water is the great agent of the important, but gradual, changes which are constantly going

going on upon our planet, and predicts the final abasement of the Pyrénées in a *million of years*. Whence *then* shall flow the fountains and rivers, which refresh the earth, and are necessary to the life and accommodations of man?—From new Alps and new Pyrénées, which the waters of the deep shall have gradually abandoned.

16th. Rolled through vallies, in which a poet might faunter the live-long day, and sing of nature and the loves of shepherds. Streamlets trickling from the furrowed and wooded rocks, dispense moisture, verdure, and richly varied enamel over the plain. The numerous habitations consist of detached cottages rather than of villages, and each dwelling, clean and cheerful, has attached to it a group of trees and a little garden. The mountains wildly frowning in the mist, presented a striking contrast to this amiable tranquillity below. The plain gra-

dually narrowed, and our road at length became an upward path. The vines, creeping from trunk to trunk, and the pendent clusters of their fruit, gave place to scenes more woodland, and to a more uncultivated world. Yet the soil was fertile, especially in grain. Flax, too, is reared in this and the adjacent districts, and is manufactured upon the spot into table linen of superior fineness. That of the best quality is obtained from foreign seed, occasionally renewed. Exposing the plant to the dew upon the meadows is preferred to steeping, as it facilitates the bleaching and communicates a more perfect whiteness.

To speak in the language of the country, we *ascended to the valley of Lavedan*, (*Levitanensis pagus*, or *Levitania*,) a district of Bigorre, more elevated, indeed, than Tarbes, but still a valley, winding for thirty miles among the mountains, in some places very narrow, but, in others,

others, expanding to a breadth of twenty miles, celebrated for its breed of generous horses, for its quarries of blue slate and marble, and for points of view, to which no powers of description can do justice. Here the air is pure, and the streams are unpolluted, the sky is shaded with shifting or fantastic clouds, the gorges of the mountains disappear in their windings, and the general silence may be compared to that which pervades the deserts of the world. The bustle of cities and the tumults of ambition do not even murmur from afar. The springs of regular government cease to exert their energies, for the mountaineer refuses to submit to the gripe of the tax-gatherer, or contribute to the support of a complex system from which he derives no benefit, or which he does not understand. If pushed to extremities, he betakes himself to his fastnesses, and withholds even the voluntary tribute, which

is usually accepted in place of stated imposts. Most of the pastures, which are rich in summer, and fatten the cattle which winter on the *landes* of Bourdeaux, are common to parishes.

Rested two hours at *Lourdes* (*Lapurdum*) the capital and *only* town of Lavedan. It is in fact nothing more than a clean romantic village, planted on the dorsal ridge of a rock of calcareous schistus, with a castle still entire, which has frequently served the purposes of a state prison. Its uncouth towers, hanging walls, and massy ramparts, now vainly frown on the peaceful vale. The dreadful science of attack and defence has changed its modes and aspects, and delights to unfold its destructive energies over a wide extent of fair and crowded plains. Yet, when from the hoary battlements, the eye explores the grand recesses of nature, and catches the airy vista or hanging wood, it may give a
tear

tear to individual suffering—to the solitary being who may still languish in the dungeons of the castle.

Some of the houses of Lourdes are wholly built of a fissile marble, quarried from the interior of the schistose strata. The apparent direction of the latter is from east to west, with a gentle inclination to the south. The *Gave de Pau*, which has its source in eternal snow, and tumbles down the vale with the roar of a torrent, here deviates to the west of its northerly course, then passes Pau, and joins the sea near Bayonne. *Gave*, in this part of the country, is a generic term of Biscayan origin, denoting a stream, and receives its specific designation from the chief place by which it flows.

The valley narrowed as we advanced, but presented beautiful windings, an agreeable variety of native woods and pastures, and now and then a decent and
com-

comfortable cottage. The dashing noise of the torrent was occasionally drowned in the louder and more prolonged murmurs of the heavens—for thunder, rain, and sunshine had alternate sway.

At some miles from Lourdes, a Benedictine convent stands aloft, upon the right, and the chateau of Monsieur de Rochefort still higher, on the left.—Vernet directed our eyes to a towering mountain, on whose summit he assured us, there was a lake nine miles in circumference, the water of which is so excessively cold, as to prove fatal to the unwary drinker. Do you really believe it is colder than ice? said I. *Oui, Monsieur, par tous les diables*, exclaimed he, *mille fois plus froide*—and, as he conjured up such a legion of *allies*, I let him have it his own way. It is, however, an undoubted fact, that while fermented liquors and ardent spirits slay their thousands, the coldest waters of the Swiss glaciers

glacieres prove a safe and refreshing beverage.

At the obscure, but romantic village of *Pierre-fite*, we took leave of this good voiturin, who conducted himself all the way perfectly to our satisfaction.

On reviewing the pencil notes of the day, if I might be allowed to judge from partial and superficial inspection, the rocky range on either side of the winding valley, is composed of argillaceous and calcareous matters, often discernible in the form of alternate layers, but the one sometimes prevails almost to the exclusion of the other. Here, for example, the argillaceous greatly predominates.

17th. The bridge and part of the carriage road between this and *Bareges* having been carried away, we hired four chairmen, to relieve one another, and two small poneys for our luggage. As for myself, I was happy to perform this
last

last stage on foot. An interesting march it, indeed, was, between two majestic ridges, clothed in verdure and the plantations of nature. The Gave sometimes rushed far below, and often broke its precipitate course against fragments of rock. The damaged state of the road obliged us to fetch a compass along a narrow, wet, and unsound path-way. But this dilemma was of short duration, and the toil of ascent was agreeably beguiled by hoary precipices, furrowed by the torrents of some thousand years, and imparting a grey reverence to nodding forests. Our guides, as if unconscious of the charms of general landscape, pointed to the more minute objects of curiosity, as to a lead mine, which had been abandoned, or to a natural arch of snow between two approaching cliffs. Among the many small bridges which occurred in our way, they forgot not to direct our attention to the *Pont de l'Enfer*,

fer, so called from the deep yawning chasm, over which its arch is thrown, and the shady pines which contribute to the gloom. We likewise observed many cascades—or, as they figured in the distance, silver threads of water depending from the heights, whilst one nearer, and tumbling in a series of angry falls, arrested attention.

At a village called *Saligos*, we cleared the asperities of our pilgrimage, and had a smooth and almost level road to *Luz*, a townlet sweetly sequestered in a high valley, near the junction of the *Baston* with the Gave. Here we snatched a rustic breakfast in the open air, and gazed upon scenery which I will not venture to delineate. A distant sunny pasture detained my lingering regards. Again we began to climb—again the mountains approached, and gradually assumed the features of bleakness—had a transient peep of *St. Sauveur*, picturesque

turelquely seated at the bottom of the *Pic de Lase*, and reached the place of our destination before mid-day.

Bareges consists of a single street of small and slight houses, meanly furnished, and habitable only one half of the year.

Provisions are brought from a distance, and, like the lodging, are dear and bad. There is not a single inn. One must immediately engage rooms and a providing cook. In spite of these discouragements, there is no deficiency of company; for the waters have long maintained a deserved celebrity for the healing of gun-shot wounds, obstructions of the viscera, white swellings, &c. They rise from several sources of different degrees of heat, from $94\frac{1}{2}$ to 114 of Fahrenheit's thermometer, and are commodiously distributed into four separate baths. Their steam is more or less perceptible according to the temperature

perature of the external air; but their degrees of native warmth and proportions of petrol and sulphur undergo little or no variation. The hottest smell strongly of rotten eggs. The uniformity of their flow, their limpidity in the bathing troughs, the oily evanescent pellicle on the surface, the white stringy filaments in the jet from the cock, and the unctuous sediment, found adhering to the sides and bottom of the troughs, are deserving of attention. In most cases, bathing and drinking are both prescribed, and the *douche*, or pump bath, is often very efficacious in lubricating stiffened joints, and resolving inveterate tumours. From time immemorial, the people of the district employed these waters successfully in the cure of frost bitten limbs. The warmest may be drunk at the source with perfect safety, and proves a whet to the appetite before meals.

The etiquette of visiting is here fairly adjusted. Whoever wishes to be received into society, makes his round of visits to all who have arrived before him—otherwise, it is understood that he wishes to live retired, and receives no molestation. Gaming prevails, but seldom to any great extent. The entertainments are a weekly ball, select private parties in the evening, and, sometimes, private plays. Good walks and a circulating library are much wanted; but French ladies and gentlemen contrive to exist very agreeably without either.

The surrounding hills are verdant to their summits, but destitute of trees, with the exception of a puny plantation of firs, behind the village, to break the force of the avalanches.

A variety of curious simples, rock crystals, asbestos, spars, &c. will reward the researches of the naturalist. The
moun-

mountain strawberry abounds during the summer months, and usually makes the principal article of the dessert. The trout, and more common fresh water fish are supplied by the Gave and some lakes among the mountains. The mountain-heron, first observed by the Baron de la Peirouze, haunts elevated meadows, near the banks of streams, and is distinguished by its variety of colours. Wild deer, pheasants, quails, and a rare species of *white partridge*, though I suspect the *ptarmigan* are the principal game. The flesh of the *chamois*, here called *ysard*, is sometimes presented at table, and esteemed a dainty. Bears have been known to approach the village. The cattle in the neighbouring vallies are seldom subject to epidemical disorders, owing, it is alleged, to the frequency of aromatic herbs in the pastures, and a strong impregnation of a nitrous salt. But may not the purity of an elevated

atmosphere likewise have its influence? Though the weather be sometimes foggy, the air is, for the most part, dry and sweet. Thunder storms are less frequent than one would imagine, and the lightning very seldom occasions the smallest harm. Is it attracted by any metallic veins? In the higher regions of the Alps, the forked streaks of the electric fluid are also reported to be innocuous. Would they be so, if these elevations were peopled like the plains? A roaming shepherd may not be killed by lightning in the lapse of a thousand years, when, in a country stocked with towns and villages, an individual or two may be cut off in the course of every summer. After all, how groundless is the dread of a thunder storm? The chance is, perhaps, many millions to one, that we shall die by some of the less violent processes of nature; or, should the fire of heaven really consign us to the tomb, what exit can

can we conceive more easy and instantaneous?

The highland women of Bigorre and parts adjacent, are simply clad in the red hood mentioned above, with a coarse jacket and petticoat. Some of them have no stockings, and others, stockings without soles. Their employment at the watering places is mostly confined to making up, and warming beds, sweeping rooms, and vending cherries, strawberries, whipt creams, and fossils. Frankness, naiveté, and a pleasant vivacity mark their manners. The men seem to be more sly and sullen; and a Parisian *petit-mâitre* would readily enough mistake them for Hottentots or Orang-outangs. Their dress usually consists of a coat of thick frieze, manufactured at home, remarkably wide breeches, *braccæ* of the Gauls, and either a white bonnet with a red tuft, or a frieze night cap. Many of them throw over all a very

coarse cloak, with a hood, and some wear the hood without the cloak. Their shoes, or *espartilles*, are of pack-thread, the soles close and thick, the upper part, like net-work, having two cords to twine and tie about the ankle, in the manner of buskins. The common language of the country is a dialect of the old Biscayan, which sounds harsh to the ear of a stranger, yet claims respect as a relic of those Iberians, who, retiring into the wilds of a province impervious to armies, preserved, amid the wasteful contentions of Romans, Goths, and Saracens, their native customs and Celtic idiom.

CHAP. X.

TOULOUSE.

TOLOSA, *urbs* and *civitas Tolosatium*, &c. the capital of the *Volsci Tectosagi*, appears to have been one of the most flourishing cities of Gaul. It was designed *Palladia*, from the olive groves which environed it, the partiality evinced by its citizens to the worship of Minerva, or the laudable protection with which they fostered science and polite literature in their public schools.

*Marcus PALLADIÆ non inficianda TOLOSÆ
Gloria, quem genuit pacis amica quies.*

MART.

The costly offerings of crowding votaries adorned its celebrated temple. But the existence of the fatal gold and its liquid receptacle may well be questioned,

until the tale of Justin will stand examination, and some physical or historical trace of a lake be discovered.

When the Visigoths chose this city for their capital, they too successfully laboured to obliterate every vestige of the Roman name. Upon the road to *Blagnac*, and near the *château de St. Michel*, a sorry fragment of the amphitheatre attracts the steps of the inquisitive. It seems to have been of an oval form, and constructed of bricks and small stones. Its situation favours the conjecture that the city once occupied more ground, or stood upon a different site.

In 732, Toulouse was taken and pillaged by the Saracens. During several centuries it was governed by its own Counts, but was united to the crown under Philip the Bold, 1272.

Toulouse stands upon the Garonne, 45 leagues west of Montpellier, and

169 S. W. of Paris, in an ample plain, fertile in corn, millet, and mulberries; and its tall spires, shooting under a pure and warm sky, convey, at a little distance, some vague notion of eastern magnificence.

Including the immediate suburbs, separated from the wall only by a gate or bridge, this town measures in a straight line, from North to South, 2000 toises, and, from East to West, 1200. Mr. Necker states its population at 56,000. The average annual consumption of flour is 270,000 *fetiers**, which, according to the mean calculation in France, of three fetiers to each individual, would give 90,000. But, in all attempts to estimate population, it is extremely difficult to approximate the truth. Now, however, that I have got among numbers, I may be allowed to add to the annual bill of fare—1700 head of cattle—6500 calves

* A fetier nearly corresponds to ten bushels.

—33,000 sheep—40,000 hogs—and 50,000 lambs and kids, not including butcher meat of different sorts purchased without the liberties of the town.

Here are eight gates, double the number of *places publiques*, with many public buildings and private hôtels. Of the principal streets, few are deficient in length or breadth, but all are roughly paved, distributed without regard to uniformity or neatness, and never enlivened by the activity of the busy or the gay. The brick preserves its colour better than in London, and its dark shade is frequently relieved by white washing or paint. Only one hôtel, at present occupied by one of the presidents, is really built of stone, and is styled by way of eminence *la maison de pierre*. The other hôtels, of which some are elegant and stately, are distinguished, in the French style, by the family name blazoned in capitals over the gate-way.

The

The metropolitan church, dedicated to St. Stephen, though unfinished, is large, and has a striking choir. The high altar is encumbered with figuring, yet the stoning of the tutelar saint, by *Gervais Drouet*, well deserves to be singled from the group. The cloisters are quite entire. The nave was built by Raymond VI. Count of Toulouse, and the choir by Bertrand de L'isle, one of the bishops. The bell in the square tower was presented by Jean de Cardaillac, patron of Alexandria, and administrator of the church and see of Toulouse. It bears his name, weighs 50,000 lb, and is reckoned inferior to none in the kingdom, except the great bell of Rouen. The chapter, erected 1077, consists of the archbishop, provost, chancellor, five archdeacons, a grand chanter, 24 canons, 4 hebdomadaries, 44 prebendaries, 26 priests of the choir, 2 music masters, 8 choiristers or singing boys, 2 beadles, 2 vestry keepers, and a door keeper.

The

The church of *St. Sernin* (*Saturninus*) ranks next in point of dignity—a lofty venerable pile, with a fine tapering spire, rich in pompous decorations and relics, but dark within as the abode of superstition. It was founded by bishop Sylvius, afterwards dubbed a saint, continued by St. Exuperius, and finished by St. Raymond, 1096. Its abbot has a large revenue, and presides in his chapter of 24 canons, 10 prebendaries, 10 priests of the choir, a master of ceremonies, &c.

The pillars which support the roof, have marred the noble simplicity of design, for which the large and elevated church of the Dominicans has been so much celebrated.

The Cordeliers likewise boast of a spacious and well proportioned temple, with its tall spire, a neat square convent, with a handsome garden, and cloisters hung round with paintings relative to the history

history of St. Francis. In their charnel house, a subterraneous vault, are ranged along the wall, and in an erect posture, about sixty or seventy corpses, most pitifully shrunk and light, the flesh and hair totally decayed, but the skin, like brown leather, closely adhering to the bones. The features, in some instances, are most distinctly preserved. I particularly recollect an aged nun, with her hands crossed upon her breast, her head humbly raised, and the configuration of her lips portraying awe, blended with pious hope and resignation. Others seem to wear a cynical smile, the *risus Sardonius*, or grin of death. Maupertuis, near the close of life, frequently descended into this ghastly mansion. A friend one day asked him, at whom the dead were laughing—he instantly answered—*at the living*. Some of these bodies, if we can believe the conductor, have remained in the vault during

during four centuries, and have all been taken from graves in the church; for those interred in the garden or cloister are consumed in the usual way. Some ascribe the singular property of the church earth to the presence of flaked lime, which had been allowed to incorporate with the soil during the building of the edifice, but the monks have recourse to the more simple theory of a permanent miracle. Similar images of the departed are exhibited in the convent of Capuchins near Palermo; and the island of Stroma, in the Pentland Frith, was once noted for its repository of mummies.

La Dorade, a church of considerable antiquity, takes its name from a gilt image of the virgin, which is borne in procession upon occasions of public calamity.

The Carthusian cloisters are uncommonly extensive, and open into an orange grove.

But

But I should spin out this account through many a tedious page, did I specify every church and convent in Toulouse. Suffice it to note, that its eight parishes are served by their respective vicars and curates, and have their several charity-houses, in which soups and medicines are provided for the indigent.

The *palace*, for so the parliament house is styled, is an old and paltry building. The parliament dates its regular form from 1302, when its jurisdiction comprehended, besides Languedoc, the provinces of Guienne, Dauphiny, and Provence. It is composed of the grand chamber, the *tournelle*, or criminal court, two chambers of inquests, and one of requests. The grand chamber consists of the first president, four presidents à *mortier*, twenty-four ecclesiastical, and nineteen lay counsellors. The governors of Languedoc and Guienne are likewise entitled to a seat, and the arch-
7 bishop

bishop of Toulouse and the abbot of St. Sernin are counsellors *ex officio*. To this department likewise belong two honorary presidents, and two honorary knights. Five presidents *à mortier* and seventeen counsellors constitute the *tour-nelle*. Each of the inquest chambers has two presidents, and from fifteen to twenty counsellors. To the requests are attached two presidents, eleven ordinary, and two honorary counsellors. Subordinate to the above description of office-bearers, are the advocates and solicitors general, recorders, secretaries, &c. In the printed list of advocates for this year I find two hundred and four names. Some of them merely give advice, others draw up memorials, and others plead. I hear of none who are celebrated for talents of argumentation or eloquent harangue, and the profession is not esteemed the most reputable in the world. The advocates obviously sneer at the presidents,
and

and the citizens at the advocates. I have heard of one of the latter, named *Adam*, who regularly prepared speeches for one of the presidents; but having been suddenly called to Paris, and his employer having ventured to discourse, was more than once very seriously embarrassed. A sly barrister whispered, loud enough to be heard even by the disconcerted magistrate, *Adam, where art thou?*—With the advocates may be classed sixty-six principal agents, each of whom has his two substitutes.—What a numerous host, levied for the distribution of justice in a single province!

The town-house, dignified with the name of *Capitol*, from the *Capitolium of Tolosa*, forms an entire side of the public square. The front is adorned with pillars of the Corinthian order, of the marble of Languedoc, and the windows with splendid balconies. In the great hall, is a suite of the portraits of the most eminent citizens, an admired painting

painting of the entry of Louis XIV. and a public register of all the remarkable events which have occurred in the place and neighbourhood during six centuries.

The eight principal magistrates, or *Capitouls*, acquire nobility in virtue of their election, transmit it to their posterity, and are the only municipal officers in the kingdom who are entitled to wear the Comtal robe. Six are elected annually, and two re-elected—all from citizens, who have been four years successively members of the political council.

The court of exchange, erected by letters patent, consisting of a prior, and consular assessors, nominated from the mercantile class of inhabitants, is authorized to judge, in the first instance, in all questions purely commercial, administers justice gratuitously, and has been known to dispatch a hundred causes in one day. When the litigated pro-

property exceeds not 500 livres, its decision is final. Parties may plead their own cause, or employ one of the fourteen *postulans*, or procurators attached to the court. Such a simple and salutary accommodation to the interests of the trading part of the community is, surely, entitled to every praise; but the multiplicity of causes tried betrays the litigious spirit of the citizens, who are little addicted to the pursuits of commerce. The only manufactures of any consequence are those of blankets, worsted stockings, hats, and leather. In 1782, the academy of sciences proposed as the subject of a prize memoir, the revolutions of the commerce of Toulouse, and the means of extending its activity. No satisfactory paper has yet appeared.

The theatre is richly decorated, and well attended; yet the men seem not less fond of the diversion of hand-ball than of dramatic entertainments, and

bilboquet is a favourite amusement among the young of both sexes.

The bridge communicating with the Fauxbourg St. Cyprien, a solid building, the work of Mansard, deserves to be mentioned, but not in the extravagantly encomiastic language of the Toulousains. They are, indeed, extremely partial to every thing connected with their city; and, when they gravely assert that the latter is inferior only to Paris, it is easy to perceive that a short distance separates them from Gascony. Why boast they not, rather of the noble and extended prospect from this bridge?—of the Pyrénées at 100 miles, and of the Cévennes, blended with other heights in Auvergne, apparently connecting the chain of Alps?

The university, founded 1215, still retains a name as a school of law, and has 26 professors. Several of its colleges have been deserted, owing, no doubt,

doubt, in part, to an obstinate and foolish perseverance in the trammels of scholastic routine. Professors who have taught during 20 years, acquire the title of *Count of Laws*. But, whilst Montesquieu's *Esprit des loix* continues to be prohibited, the lectures even of a *Count* cannot be highly captivating.

Subordinate seminaries, and private teachers in all the essential and ornamental parts of education, are by no means wanting. Many, too, are the public and private libraries, and cabinets of the curious. Lodging and board are cheap and comfortable, and gentlemen, no doubt, may be found of elegant and enlightened minds. Yet would I not be necessary to placing a young foreigner for his education in a city where a vicious pronunciation and phraseology infect the discourse even of the higher ranks, where superstition impedes the progress of learning, where a savage in-

quisition and the condemnation of Calas have darkened the abodes of philosophy, and the academy of the Floral games. The latter, I need hardly observe, is peculiar to Toulouse, had its origin early in the 14th century, and still holds its annual meeting upon the third of May, when five prizes are adjudged to the successful competitors in poetic compositions.

The character and transactions of *Marcus Antonius Primus* would occupy a few pages of this chapter, were they not ably sketched by that master-painter Tacitus.

Of *Statius Surculus*, or *Urculus*, we know little else than that he was a rhetorician.

The few particulars which have been transmitted to posterity of the Troubadours, *Peter Vidal* and *William de Figueira*, will be found in St. Pelaye's Memoirs on Chivalry, and in Mrs. Dobson's Abridgement of that work.

The

The appropriate literary reputation of *Bunel* rests upon his pure Latinity. Of mild deportment, and unambitious of preferment, he consecrated his days to letters and philosophy. *Un tel homme* (a sneaking literary office-hunter), observes Bayle, *dans le fond très-méprisable, n'est point méprisé. Bunel et ses semblables, dans le fond très dignes d'estime, sont regardés avec mépris.* And Bayle spoke the language of truth and feeling.

The name of *Cujas* is almost identified with that of European jurisprudence. The son of a fuller, and, in a great measure, self-taught, he frequently prelected at Bourges to 1000 students, many of whom he accommodated with books and money. He used to study prone on the floor, with his volumes scattered around him. Fortunately, he lived not to witness the shameless dishonour of his only daughter.

Jean Etienne Duranti, author of the treatise *de ritibus ecclesiæ*, fell a sacrifice to the fury of the leaguers. On the 10th of February, 1589, as he raised his hands to heaven, and prayed for his assassins, he was mortally wounded, and executed with every demonstration of wanton ferocity. Yet, the year before, he had laboured to protect the city from the plague, had founded the college of *Esquille*, and given repeated proofs of public and private liberalities!

Gui de Faur, seigneur of Pibrac, enjoyed the well earned fame of a scholar and profound civilian. Yet few of his writings are now perused, if we except his *quatrains*, characterised by an elegant simplicity, and translated even into Turkish, Arabic, and Persian. In spite of Bayle and the abbé de Condillac, the circumstances related of his intrigue with Marguerite, consort to Henry IV. may excite the suspicion of the candid
and

and sceptical, while his apology for the massacre of St. Bartholomew's arraigns his criminal weakness or unprincipled compliance.

Goudouli, or *Goudelin*, son of a skilful surgeon, published a collection of poems in the Languedocian dialect, and is regarded as another Homer by the good people whose idiom he has pressed into the service of the muses. The English reader will easily dispense with long quotations from the provincial bard; but the following has been remarked for its softness and simplicity:

*Jantis pastourelets que dējouts las ousmbretos
Sentets apazima le calimas del jour,
Tant que les auzelets, per saluda l'amour,
Usson le gargaillol de milo cansonnetos.*

Go, gentle shepherds, haunt the grove,
While Phœbus darts his scorching ray—
Go, myriad warblers, welcome love
With thrilling note and roundelay.

A modest inoffensive demeanour enhanced the genius of *Maignan*— a self-

taught geometrician and natural philosopher.

The sonnet to Cardinal Richlieu has immortalized *Maynard*, one of the first poets who gave ease and elegance to his native language, whose sociable dispositions are fondly quoted by his countrymen, and whom Voltaire has judiciously estimated as a writer and a man. Over the door of his study, in his country retreat, were inscribed the following lines :

*Las d'espérer et de me plaindre
Des muses, des grands et du sort ;
C'est ici que j'attends la mort,
Sans la désirer, ni la craindre.*

And thus he advises his son to apply to the bar, rather than seek preferment at court :

*Toutes les pompeuses maisons
Des princes les plus adorables
Ne sont que de belles prisons,
Pleines d'illustres misérables.*

Heureux

*Heureux qui vit obscurément
 Dans quelque petit coin de terre,
 Et qui s'approche rarement
 De ceux qui portent le tonnerre !
 Puisses tu connoître le prix
 Des maximes que te debite
 Un courtisan à cheveux gris,
 Que la raison a fait hermite !*

The lively humour of *Campistron*, an humble imitator of Racine, recommended him to the Duke of Vendôme, who appointed him his secretary, and procured him preferment. But so little suited was the gay indolence of his temper to the regular discharge of his functions, that he frequently found it more convenient to burn than to acknowledge the letters addressed to his patron. The Duke observing him one day seated by the fire, with a large bundle of condemned papers, archly remarked, *Voilà Campistron tout occupé à faire ses réponses*. Two chairmen having refused to carry him on account of his unusual weight, he fell into a violent fit of passion, which induced apoplexy and death.

CHAP. XI.

FROM NISMES TO MARSEILLES.

Sept. 25th, 1789. LEAVING Nismes a second time, we pursued our journey eastward, over a level surface strewed with grain, vines, olives, and mulberries. *Curebussot* was one of the few villages in our way, and single dwellings appeared more sparingly scattered than might be expected in such a fine climate, and near a trading town.

Independently of those social ties which twine about the heart, local attachments have their charms, are strengthened by temporary absence, and excite a tender interest when the scenes with which they are associated are closing on the view. With something more than curiosity did I recognize those parts
of

of the Comtat to which my eyes had been lately so familiar, and the thought that I must bid them a long, perhaps an eternal farewell, only endeared them to my sight.

As we began to ascend, our attention was attracted by a range of hillocks, crowned with decayed fortresses, on the left. From a height within a mile and a half of *Beaucaire*, that town and *Tarascon* seemed like a large city, traversed by a glittering stream; on one hand, *Mont-ventoux* rose stately in the distance, whilst on the other, the spires of *Arles* pointed to a spot of ancient fame, and the reflected sun-beams described in dazzling characters the march of a majestic river.

Beaucaire, supposed to be the *Ugernum* of the ancients, is a town of moderate size, in the Lower Languedoc, seated at the foot of a rock, twelve miles east of *Nismes*. Its modern appellation

is

is derived from *Belloquadra*, which, in Low Latin, designed the square castle on the summit of the rock. This fortress, still respectable in its ruins, was dismantled 1632. The town is encompassed, rather than defended, by regular walls, and contains few public buildings of any consequence, except the *hôtel-de-ville*, three churches, and an abbey of Benedictines. It is noted for its annual fair, which is held upon the 22d of July, lasts three days, attracts merchants and traders from various countries, even from Persia and Armenia, and occasions a circulation of several millions of livres. As the town is inadequate to the accommodation of all the strangers, many of them pass the night in tents.

Dined at the *hôtel de Luxembourg* with two gentlemen, one of whom had dedicated the best portion of his life to foreign travel, and had acquired the frankness and urbanity of a cosmopolite.

In his various and entertaining conversation, I was willing to forget the disappointment of a proper conveyance to Arles, and back to St. Remy in the evening, our hired mules being unequal to this extra-service. But I cannot so readily forget the name of *Jacques Cœur*, suggested by that of one of his places of confinement.

From a simple trader, this extraordinary man rose to an unrivalled pitch of commercial eminence. His three hundred factors, or agents, were dispersed over the world; the inventory of his French estates equalled in length the list of titles of the first grandee of Spain, his purse and his labours were generously employed in relieving the necessities and arranging the financial interests of the state. But his splendid fortunes and consequent influence of name provoked the jealousy of Charles VII. and prompted the base cabals of unprincipled courtiers.

tiers. Accused of detested crimes, dragged from castle to castle, menaced with torture, condemned by an infamous tribunal, stripped of his possessions, and torn from his family, who vainly appealed to a sense of gratitude and justice, Cœur was for ever banished from the country which he had blessed and adorned. Hardly had he effected his escape from the prison of Poitiers, when he was again arrested, and lodged in the convent of Cordeliers at Beaucaire. Perceiving that his enemies sought his life, he continued to maintain a private correspondence with *Jean de Village*, his trusty friend and partner in trade. The latter, accompanied by a few faithful associates, quietly effected the liberation of the prisoner at midnight, and safely conducted him by land to *la tour de boue*, whence a bark conveyed him to Marseilles. Village attended him by land to Nice, where both embarked on board
an

an armed vessel, and crossed to Pisa. From Pisa, they journeyed to Rome, and experienced the distinguished hospitality of Nicholas V. Unfortunately, that good pontiff paid the debt of nature before his persecuted guest had well reposed from the fatigue of his wanderings and the faintness of disease. Having spent some months in settling his affairs with such of his agents and correspondents as remained true to their engagements, Cœur took an affectionate leave of his friend and deliverer, and set sail in the fleet which Calixtus III. had equipped for an expedition against the Turks. As it does not appear that he held a commission, it is supposed that he availed himself of an armed conveyance to some island of the Archipelago, whereon he might recruit his health and labour to forget his sufferings. Monsieur Bonamy, of the academy of inscriptions and belles lettres, has too successfully

cessfully refuted the popular, but romantic, tale of his retreat in Cyprus, and a return of prosperous fortune. Certain it is, that Cœur was landed among the sick, when the squadron touched at Chios, and that he died upon that island in November 1456.

Thus it is, that the fate of an individual, in an age comparatively remote, has transported me from the banks of the Rhône to Rome, and from Rome to Chios. I envy not his feelings who would deem the digression excursive or prolonged. With fond, with weeping interest we listen to the tale of fancied woes—and shall we disdain to trace the striking vicissitudes of real life?

We walked across the Rhône, partly on a bridge of boats, and partly on an island formed by late accretions, and which, overrun with grass and brushwood, renders the old adage,

Entre

*Entre Beaucaire et Tarascon**Ne pâit ni vache ni mouton,*

of none effect. The river, though broader than the Thames at London, is very rapid, especially during a flood, precludes every attempt at building a stone bridge, and frequently carries away the boats, notwithstanding the strength of their moorings. When the *mistral*, or north-west wind, rages upon the passage, it is not always safe to venture in a carriage, for coaches have been blown over. We had fine calm weather, but preferred footing this singular bridge, to avoid jolting, and enjoy the very interesting field of prospect which surrounded us. Still Languedoc detained my parting regards—Languedoc, that large and fruitful province, justly famed for its diversity of soil and produce, its cities and manufactures, its lovely landscapes, and its genial skies. Nor, without feelings a-kin to regret, can I quit

the banks of that stream which, issuing from the happy mountains of the Val-lais, has, for ages, continued its majestic flow, imparting life to the shifting scene, and enhancing the charms of every summer day.

The very moderate extent of *Tarascon* was remarked by Strabo, who terms it *πολιχνιον*. It stands directly opposite to Beaucaire, at five leagues from Avignon, and four from Arles, has an old castle, a chapter of fifteen canons, and a few convents. Its traffic consists chiefly in oil, starch, and a sort of stuffs of silk and woollen. The air of the environs is said to be temperate and healthy. The ground is more deficient in wood than in verdure or grain, and is so light, that a one horse or one *ass* plough suffices for tillage. The women work much in the fields, and not a few of them without stockings or shoes, or even covering upon the head to screen them from the sun.

Hence

Hence so many prematurely brown and withered complexions among the female peasantry.

The legendary spirit of the tenth century gave currency to the tale of Lazarus. Martha and Mary having been exposed in the Mediterranean, in a vessel without sails, and driven upon the coast of Provence, Martha, it seems, retired to Tarascon, where she tamed a frightful serpent, the huge *tarasque*, or devouring dragon, a bugbear still dreaded by the children of the country.

Claude de Bectoz, abbess of St. Honoré, of this place, was esteemed the most learned and accomplished lady of her age. Francis I. recommended her letters as a model of epistolary writing, and, in company with queen Margaret of Navarre, honoured her with a visit.

Privat de Molières, a man of science, calm, and even phlegmatic in his general deportment, was tenderly alive to every

breath directed against his darling system of modified vortices. If we may believe his biographer, he even died of a fit of passion, induced by a violent disputation in defence of his physical tenets. We pity or deride such warm pertinacity; yet intemperance of zeal for preconceived opinions diffuses its bané among thousands of the species, and pollutes even the recesses of domestic life.

Léon Menard was born 1706. His writings procured him admission first into the academy of Marseilles, and afterwards into that of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres at Paris. Modest and unambitious, he lived in obscurity, and died in poverty. His history of Nismes, 7 vols. 4to, is strangely disproportioned to his subject, yet contains the materials of a curious and authentic account of that interesting city.

Pursued our route through fields in fallow, or covered with poor grass or dead

dead olives, and yielding, in turn, to the almond and mulberry, scattered over a wide and fruitful plain.

Lodged at *St. Remy*, a small neat town, with a collegiate church, founded by Pope John XXII. It takes its name from the canonized archbishop of Reims, who journied into Provence, in company of Clovis, when the latter went to besiege Gondebaud, King of the Burgundians, in Avignon. *Michel* and *Jean Nostradamus*, natives of *St. Remy*, have acquired more than their just fame—the latter by his careless biography of the Provençal poets, and the former, by his prophetic stanzas or centuries, which were eagerly perused in an age prone to superstition, but, like those of all *sensible* prophets, are vague, obscure, or unintelligible. Jodelle's distich deserves to be quoted for its quaint playfulness:

*Nostradamus cum falsa damus, nam fallere nostrum est,
Et cum falsa damus, nil nisi nostra damus.*

The evening was occupied in paying our devoirs to two remarkable monuments, which bespeak the elegance of the Augustan age, and the site of *Glanum Livii*, a town which now exists only in name. As my remarks on the triumphal arch and real or supposed mausoleum do not materially differ from those of Mr. Swinburn, I beg leave to refer to that gentleman's Journey into Spain. A milord Anglois, said our conductor, has lately taken accurate measurements and plans of both the buildings, with a view to erect exact imitations of them on his own grounds. Why do not other lords follow his example? By a series of such transplantations, if I may be allowed the expression, might not palpable models of ancient architecture be diffused, and transmitted through an indefinite succession of ages. One half of the sums squandered on the turf, or at the gaming table, would deck Great Britain

tain with the obelisks, arches, amphitheatres, and temples of Greece and Rome.

26th. Our progress to *Orgon* was across a flat country, presenting a singular mixture of verdant and parched plains, intersected by a ridge of rock. Not a semblance of a cloud spotted the sky, while *Montventoux* and *Cavaillon* were easily distinguished, and the dark rocks of *Vaucluse* frowned in the distance.—With what eagerness would I have approached them! That we might not miss an early passage to Italy, we had not retarded our *voiturin* a single hour; but as his mules required rest at *Cenas*, I bargained with the post-master of *Orgon* to convey us to the Fountain, and back to our gîte in the evening. The fellow well knew that we would not be allowed to re-cross the *Durance* after sun-set; and, had it not been for the boatmen and postillion, who timely

warned us of this circumstance, the digression, however desirable, would have cost us another day. The post-master seemed not a little chagrined when he found us resolute in proceeding directly southwards, and we were not less so at being thus cruelly tantalized.

Orgon (*Ernaginum* of Ptolemy) is a small town with a convent of Augustinian friars. Around it there is abundance of free-stone, of a beautiful white. The calcareous rocks are full of petrified shells, and one of chalk and marl has been perforated for the space of 440 yards, to give passage to a canal projected by Monseigneur Boisgelin, archbishop of Aix, and destined at once for the purposes of commerce and irrigation, but interrupted for want of funds.

At Cenas, a pleasantly situated village, about three miles from Orgon, is a baronial castle in ruins. The seigneur of
the

the place, notorious for his hauteur and exactions, has found it prudent to quit his mansion, since the revolution.—The populace, it seems, had threatened to proceed to extremities. In the course of a long journey, however, from Barges to Marseillès, this was the only instance of public outrage which fell under our observation. Reports of violent commotions and predatory attacks reached us from every quarter, but died away as we approached the scenes of alleged delinquency. In times of ferment or alarm, truth seems to retreat into the quiet abodes of silence and philosophy. I have heard a very active and intelligent officer, who had served with distinction in the seven years' war, declare, that he had perused all the reputable accounts of that memorable series of hostilities, and found them all deficient in point of fact. And who has not heard twenty different explanations of some
remark-

remarkable occurrence at the distance, perhaps, of only a few yards? And who would give implicit faith to the recitals of the most unprejudiced historian?

27th. Having started before dawn, our attention was attracted to the north-east quarter of the heavens by a red aurora borealis. A transient meteor is more than sufficient to revive the scenes and associations of youth and home; and this luminous appearance, comparatively rare in the south of Europe, might be said to *flash* upon my memory the remembrance of the past.

Broad day-light betrayed a rocky, parched, and thinly peopled country. Stopt at *Lambesc*, a small town on an eminence, supplied with excellent water, and enjoying an atmosphere of reputed salubrity. The inn had a less inviting aspect than the private houses. The town-clock is one of the many instances of

of ingenious, but useless contrivance, upon which much valuable time and industry have been expended. Yet I joined the *badauds* who applauded the movements of a puppet man, woman, and child, and must acknowledge that the figures acted their parts with admirable precision. *Helas!* exclaimed one of the by-standers, *nous ne sommes tous que des automates*. Little inclined to discuss metaphysics in a public street, I left him to ruminate on his delectable position, and, impelled by the powerful motives of heat and thirst, proceeded to a fruit stall, where a woman, impelled by the motive of a half-penny, handed me a dozen of peaches.

A few almond-trees sometimes relieved the dreary aspect of rock and sand. As this plant blossoms in February, it is liable to suffer from late frosts, and seldom yields more than one good crop in five years.

From

From *St. Caunat* rises *la Trevareffe*, a calcareous hill, in which are found gypsum, flint, fossil shells, and some fragments of petrified wood. In the direction of this ridge, at a place called *Cabanne*, several varieties of lava and shorl indicate an extinguished crater.

While the sun still beamed on the thankless waste, *Aix*, in the bottom of a valley nearly encompassed with hills and rocks, burst on our view like a fairy city. The town wall, irregular, somewhat dilapidated, and destitute of a ditch, is very inadequate to the purposes of defence. But the streets are in general well paved and handsome, and the houses genteely constructed of a beautiful white stone, with fronts usually ornamented with sculpture and balconies. Hence this city, occupying a small space, with a population of 24,000, has been called *Paris in miniature*. An occasional dirty lane or the oiled paper of a window

dow frame detracts from the general complexion of elegance and grandeur. The *course* (*orbitelle*), formed of three alleys of 300 yards in length, and shaded by four rows of tall elms, is one of the gayest I have seen in the heart of a town. Still I pity rather than admire plantations in a street. The centre of the middle walk is freshened and embellished by four fountains, one of which plays off an incessant stream of warm water from the baths. The buildings in this quarter partake of magnificence, and the beau monde greatly enliven the scene on a summer evening—They who can afford the requisite leisure should examine the cathedral, a gothic structure, containing the tombs of the Counts of Provence, and some admired pictures. But the richest collection of paintings, we were told, is in the chapel of the Blue Penitents. As the sun *seldom* stands still, a benighted traveller
would

would consider himself under very particular obligations to any disciple of a Priestly or Lavoisier, who should even partially supply this want of complaisance in the great luminary. Before perambulating one half of the town, the approach of night warned us to resume our lodgings. One of our messmates kindly furnished me with the following particulars: Aix is well supplied with excellent water, fish, and fruits; but good beef and mutton, and the products of the dairy can hardly be expected in a country destitute of pasture. There is, besides, a deficiency of garden stuff, and poultry is brought from a distance—mostly from the Lionnois. Handsome buildings for the accommodation of strangers have been constructed near the baths. The warm sources seem to differ little from common water when heated, but are frequently recommended in cases of gout, dropsy, palsy, scurvy, and consumptions.

sumptions. They were known to the Romans, and, after having lain long concealed, were re-discovered about a century ago. Solinus alleges that, in his time, they had lost part of their heat and reputation. Their temperature is nearly the same as that of the Queen's bath, at Bath. The university, founded 1409, consists of the three faculties of theology, jurisprudence, and medicine, but has never attained to great celebrity. Smollet was little enamoured of the climate; but, like most invalids deprived of the comfort of one's own fire-side, he was disposed to be fretful. It is rather peevish to make the same mountains funnels in winter, and screens in summer.

Aix was the capital of the Saluvii or Salii, but has its name from *Aqua*, imposed upon it by Caius Sextius Calvinus, who here founded a colony. *Caius Sextius Proconsul, victa Salviorum gente;*

aquas Sextias condidit. Liv. As this colony was afterwards encreased by Augustus, we find it also designed *Colonia Julia Augusta.*

The olives and oil of the immediate neighbourhood are reckoned the first in Provence; and the adjacent vineyards yield a considerable quantity of wines and brandy.

A singular assemblage of marine petrifications was discovered thirty or forty years ago, in the heart of a hard marble quarry, 15 miles from the sea, and 648 feet above its level, on a spot without the town walls. Shark's teeth and shells were distinctly remarked; but human bones, and even entire skulls, were perceived by the eye of fancy, while the Amsterdam gazette, cool and methodical in its very falsehoods, gravely asserted that men had been found in an upright posture, regularly ranged at the distance of a foot and a half, and consolidated
with

with the rock ! Guettard, of the Parisian Academy of Sciences, was simple enough to refute those statements so *hard* of belief.

Storks have frequently been observed to rendezvous near the capital of Provence, previous to their departure for Egypt or some region of Africa.—Wise and happy birds ! whose migration ensures perpetual summer, and the multiplication of their offspring.

The transition is easy from notices of natural history to *Joseph Pitton de Tournefort*, the illustrious botanist. In the perusal of his life, we may meet with few incidents of wit or humour ; but his labours of research and his unwearied philanthropy are consigned in lasting memorials ; while his anxiety to deserve rather than to obtain applause, is a fairer eulogy than candour will allow us to bestow upon many who have aspired to the pretensions of philosophy.

281*b*. Our view of the country was intercepted in the morning by a thick haze. When the sun broke out, the fields on every side appeared sandy and withered, though occasionally interspersed with gardens. The road frequently narrowed, and, considering that it lay between two distinguished cities, was very little frequented. In the journey of a day, as in that of life, the scenery is checquered, and an uninteresting passage may conduct to the brightest prospects. At *la Viste*, a delightful and rousing spectacle opened on our view — the gulf of Lyons gleaming in the sun, the sail swelling from afar, dark grey mountains, romantic rocks, picturesque islets, a proud city, with her spacious port, and villas crowded among vineyards, olive and fig trees.—A more extensive verdure only was wanting to render it truly enchanting.

Marseilles

Marfeilles was founded about 600 years before the Christian æra, by a colony of Phoceans from Ionia, who early cultivated commerce, and gave umbrage to Carthage. Moulding their government upon the plan of the Greek republics, they early rose to opulence and fame. The public embellishments of their city, the plantation of their colonies at Toulon, Nice, Antibes, &c. their liberal encouragement of arts and sciences, and their schools, which vied with the celebrated academies of Athens and Rhodes, attested, at once, the extent of their resources and the elegance of their taste. Cicero hesitates not to style *Marfeilles novæ Galliarum Athenæ*; Livy praises the highly polished manners of the inhabitants; and Tacitus, usually sparing enough of words and compliments, employs the following very pointed expressions:—*Arcebat eum ab illecebris peccantium, præter ipsius bo-*

nam integramque naturam, quod statim parvulus *sedem ac magistram studiorum Massiliam habuerit, locum Græca comitate et provinciali parsimonia mistum, ac bene compositum.*

It appears from Cæsar, Pliny, and Justin, that the spirit of civilization and improvement was diffused over the province. We likewise learn that the Romans sent their children to Marseilles to be educated in the languages, eloquence, belles lettres, and philosophy.

If we consider the then infant state of navigation, and the perils incident to a tedious course of coasting, we shall be disposed to class Pytheas and Euthemenes among the first of nautical adventurers. The former, clearing the straits of Gibraltar, proceeded as far north as *Thulé* (probably Iceland), and, directing his course along the shores of the Baltic, visited the borders of the Vistula; while the latter, advancing southward, explored the coast of Senegal.

gal. Strabo and Pliny have openly attacked their veracity; and the account of Thulé favors, no doubt, of more than Abyssinian fiction, since earth, sea, and air ceased to exist separately, and formed a spongy compound upon which the terraqueous globe was suspended, but which was inaccessible by land or water. Before, however, the reader laugh or condemn, he may consult *Gassendus in vita Peireskii*, and the arguments of Bougainville and Bailly.

Crinas was a celebrated and wealthy physician, whose favourite prescriptions were bleeding, drinking water, and the use of the cold bath. Part of his fortune was expended in repairing those walls which Cæsar had demolished.

The political revolutions of the Maffilians may be comprised in a few sentences. The Romans, who had cherished their alliance, might not forgive their generous adherence to the cause of Pom-

pey, and the siege which they so long and manfully sustained, terminated in the dependence of a once free and happy people, in the extinction of their virtues, and even of their name. In the fifth century, few traces of their language remained, and they tamely acknowledged the sway of Enric, king of the Visigoths, and of Alaric, his son. They received, in succession, the yoke of Theodosius, king of the Ostrogoths, of the Merovingian, Carlovingian, and Burgundian princes, and, latterly, obeyed the Counts of Arles and Povençe. In the reign of Lewis the Blind, and under the government of Hugh Count of Arles, Marseilles, like other maritime towns, experienced the wasting hand of the Saracen. Under Conrad the Pacific, it breathed from its calamities; but its immediate governors, or viscounts, exercised an absolute authority towards the end of the tenth century.—A faint glimmer-

glimmering of long lost freedom marked the feeble sway of the five sons of Geoffroy, but became extinct under the reign of Charles of Anjou, brother to Saint Lewis.

The modern port is still free, engrosses a very considerable share of the Levant trade, the annual exports of that department alone being averaged at thirty millions of livres, and extends its commerce to the east, to Guinea, and to America. The quays, extending into the town, and forming a basin capable of containing 2000 ships, are crowded by Jews, Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Moors, Spaniards, and Genoese. The entrance is narrow and sheltered by hills, with only 16 feet of water. The splendour of the adjoining buildings, the buzz of tongues, the swarms of boats which ply in the harbour, and the conveyance of various commodities, afford a brilliant and lively spectacle, to which the eyes of few are familiar.

The number of inhabitants in the old and new town is roundly, and, perhaps, vaguely computed at 100,000. Necker, who is esteemed sober and regular in his calculations, reckons 90,000. But I find Monsieur Raymond, in a paper inserted in the Memoirs of the Medical Society at Paris, reduces them to 68,508. He likewise remarks that the proportion of males exceeds that of females, that single persons are more numerous than the married, that marriages are less fruitful, and children more liable to mortality than in most large towns.

One will cease to wonder at the loss of 60,000 by the plague, if one will have the fortitude to traverse the dirty streets of the old town. They are mostly tenanted by the lower classes of people, especially by families who subsist by fishing. Many of their antique dwellings are covered with a composition of
clay

and straw, yet, placed on an eminence, have somewhat of a dignified and city-like air. In this quarter, as in the lanes of a certain capital, the unwary passenger may experience no very favourable regale; yet, such is the virtue of a regular exercise and temperate habits, and such are the benefits of an elevated exposure, that the fishermen and their neighbours, in spite of their miserable lanes and evening libations, enjoy more uninterrupted health and longer life than the inhabitants of the new town.

The latter, which has risen in the course of the present century, has many noble and spacious streets; and although the idea of uniformity has not been so fondly cherished as in new Edinburgh, the impartial eye of criticism can hardly be offended where a certain degree of variety rather enlivens than disfigures the general group. *Le Cours*, a stately row, which connects the old and new towns,
is

is bordered, as at Aix, by tall and shady trees. The modern houses of individuals are constructed in a handsome style, but few of the public edifices deserve very particular notice.

The town-house, upon the principal quay, first attracts the attention of a stranger. The front is richly ornamented with bas reliefs, among which appear blazoned the arms of France, by Puget. Its large hall, on the ground floor, serves the purposes of an exchange, but double the space would be required to accommodate with ease the numbers that assemble at business hours. Surely the French bear squeezing in a carriage or apartment with more meekness than the English. Having entered a little before noon, I was accosted by a young gentleman, who I found had been long in Turkey, and had had occasion to observe much quiet deportment, and experienced much kind hospitality even
among

among Mahometans. *Believe me,* continued he, *they are not so rude and overbearing as many would represent them. The rabble at Constantinople do not constitute a people any more than the canaille at Paris, or watermen at London.*—He represented the trade which actually subsists between the Levant and the south of France as by no means corresponding to the advantages which might naturally result from relative situation, variety of produce, the low price of labour, and the inaptitude of the Turks for the details of business. *Mais, Monsieur, les entraves, les entraves*——His broker instantly called him away, and I could no longer trace him in the crowd.—Our schools and colleges teach us little of the ways of men and the intercourse of nations. If at leisure to pass some months at Marseilles, I should, for information's sake, bear with a little daily jostling in the Hôtel de Ville.—The upper apartments

ments contain the celebrated paintings of Serre, exhibiting the ravages of the plague.

The theatre is a new and tasteful edifice, with five tiers of boxes or galleries. The company was numerous, and gayly apparelled, but the actors rather *outslept the modesty of nature*.

Having been too late in applying for a note of admission into the manufactory, we were deprived of the pleasure of viewing the curious preparations of coral, which, wrought into bracelets, necklaces, and a variety of ornamental trinkets, is exported to the Levant, Arabia, and even Indostan. The coral itself, red, white, or black, or of some of the intermediate shades, is fished from the beginning of April to the end of July, upon the coasts of Provence and Sicily, but more abundantly near the African shore. Its medical properties may justly be questioned, though some gravely allege

lege that it will stop at once the most violent hemorrhage, preserve houses from lightning, and *counteract the influence of malevolent genii*.

As the manufactory of quilts has declined, that of soap has flourished. The soaperies consume no inconsiderable quantity of coal. That of Newcastle is preferred, being of a superior quality, and *cheaper* than coal carried landways, though only fifteen miles distant. Silks and velvets, inferior to those of Lyons, but better suited to the Levant and West India markets, are likewise fabricated in Marseilles: but it is chiefly foreign trade which imparts activity and opulence to the place. The exports, of home produce, are the various silken, woollen, cotton, and linen fabrics of France, oil, liqueurs, jewellery, and hard wares—of colonial articles, hides, tortoise-shells, sugar, coffee, and indigo—and of foreign articles, spices, ambergrease, dyeing stuffs,

stuffs, quicksilver, cork, tin, and lead. The imports consist of corn, rice, raisins, Cyprus wine, sponge, wax, drugs, silks of various qualities, stuffs of goats' hair, raw hides, copper, box-wood, olive oil, pot-ash, galls, alum, copperas, Turkey leather, carpets, printed muslins, &c.

The Catalans, no inconsiderable tribe, enjoy the exclusive privilege of dealing in wine within the walls.

I have slightly hinted at the sources of the wealth and splendour of Marseilles, and would gladly have expatiated upon its commercial prosperity. But the half-starving and ragged being, of the same nature and destiny with ourselves, who so often crosses our path in the most flourishing towns of Europe, represses our zeal for the undue accumulation of riches in particular spots or in the hands of any one class of a community. The institution of hospitals
may

may remedy, but certainly does not remove the evil. In Marseilles there is one for poor children, another for foundlings, and the Hôtel-Dieu, which receives yearly 1000 of the indigent. Of these last, one is supposed to die in every seven. The wants of those who have known better days, are relieved, with anxious and delicate industry, in the course of each month, from the funds of a particular society. The design of such an institution reflects the highest honour on the feelings of its founder, and increases the public regret that part of the capital should have been expended upon a useless house and church.

Marseilles is armed or defended by walls and a citadel; but possesses no means of vigorous resistance on the land-side. Its arsenal is provided with 40,000 stand of arms.

Though included in Provence, the Maffilians claim an independent jurisdic-

tion over their city and adjoining territory; with right to elect their own magistrates.

The corporation of fishermen is authorized to choose four judges, or *prudes hommes* (*prudentes homines*), who decide petty causes in the spirit of equity and good sense, without subjecting the parties to delay, suspense, or chicanery. They hold their courts on Sunday, after public service.

The porters, too, constitute a corporation. Their strength of body has become almost proverbial; yet few have recorded that fidelity for which they are not less eminently distinguished. A tradesman or merchant will freely entrust his most important keys to the porter attached to his service.

The abbey of St. Victor is revered for its antiquity; but its fat revenues have been shared among secular canons, who wear a golden cross.—The vigil of
St. La-

St. Lazarus, reputed the first bishop of the place, used to be celebrated by the *bramble de St. Elme*, a sort of public masquerade, in which the most handsome boys and girls, in the fancied attire of gods and goddesses, or representing the allegorical characters of nations, moved through the streets, to the sound of drums and musical instruments.

In this really striking town may be had almost every article of accommodation and most of the luxuries of life. The sea air moderates the heat of summer and the cold of winter, while the port supplies a daily source of varying entertainment, and commerce, by connecting individuals whom remote distance or jarring faith had separated, asserts her fairest triumph in the virtual removal of waters, mountains, and superstition.

The town is so confined by the sea and high lands, as nearly to preclude walking.

walking. The neighbouring soil is naturally poor and rocky ; but climate and industry have not combined in vain to scatter blossoms and verdure on the bosom of aridity. Much nakedness is likewise covered by the *bastides* (small villas), which some have estimated at five or six hundred, and others at twelve thousand. So very vague is conjecture when applied to number. Certainly they are too much crowded for convenience or retirement—and I should sooner look for a *country seat* in Moscow or Smolensko than in the vicinity of Marseilles.

Before quitting the latter, I should notice the establishment of its academy of belles lettres in 1726, under the auspices of the maréchal duc de Villars, then governor of Provence. It was, at the same time, adopted by the French academy, to which it sends, in the way of annual tribute, an essay in prose or verse,

verse, composed by one of its number. Its twenty members associate to their labours as many strangers, who are entitled to a seat, when in Marseilles, and when absent, annually present their respective essays. The director and chancellor are elected annually, and the secretary for life.

As in ancient, so in modern times, Marseilles has proved the cradle of several men of letters, taste and genius. The Chevalier *d'Arvieux* is advantageously known by his travels and his oriental learning. At Algiers, he ransomed 380 of his countrymen from bondage—a noble act of charity—and peremptorily refused a purse of 600 pistoles, the tribute of their gratitude. Father *Feuillée* is the learned author of the *Journal d'Observations astronomiques et botaniques*, in three quarto volumes, printed at the Louvre. *Mascaron* obtained a distinguished name by his funeral orations, a

species of composition in which it is difficult to arrive at excellence. The name of *Plumier* is a sufficient panegyric to all who are conversant in the walks of botany. Depth of erudition and integrity of manners secured solid esteem to *Antoine de Ruffi*, the author of a learned history of Marseilles and of the counts of Provence. *Puget* sketched some admired pictures as soon as he could hold the pencil. In his latter days he applied exclusively to sculpture, in which he surpassed, at least in the opinion of his countrymen, every artist of the last century. *André de Peyssonel*, the king's physician at Guadaloupe, first ascertained that coral is an animal production, though the merit of this discovery has been commonly ascribed to *de Jussieu*. *Du Marsais* was an acute grammarian and a *practical* philosopher. The poverty with which he struggled during the course of a long life, never
ruffled

ruffled his temper, nor made him stoop to an act of baseness. *Monsieur du Marfais*, observed one of his wealthy but niggardly acquaintance, *est un fort bon-nête homme—il y a quarante ans qu'il est mon ami, il est pauvre, et il ne m'a jamais rien demandé.* This unfeeling son of Plutus was probably not aware, that when he pronounced the eulogy of the poor grammarian, he pointed the most exquisite satire against himself. An illiterate gentleman, who likewise wished to compliment Du Marfais, felicitated him on the applause bestowed upon his *History of the Tropes*, remarking that an interesting account of that *people* had long been wanting. Study and affluence seldom go hand in hand. The *historian of the Tropes* was tutor to the son of Law, and had his small property involved in that of the financial quack. Yet, previous to the failure, he had rendered himself serviceable to several persons of

rank and fortune, who totally neglected him in his poverty, and impressed on his honest heart the melancholy lesson of the littleness of the great. As he happened to pass the corner of a street, he stopped to observe the ludicrous ceremony of burning the effigy of a Swiss protestant before an image of the virgin. All pressed forward to the *glowing* scene, and two women were especially obstreperous for the precedency of paying their homage. *Si vous voulez prier, said one to the other, mettez-vous à genoux où vous êtes; est ce que la bonne vierge n'est pas par tout?* Du Marfais, who stood at her elbow, begged leave to remind her that omnipresence was an exclusive attribute of Deity, and could not belong to the Holy Virgin. *Voyez donc,* exclaimed the enraged female, *ce vieux coquin, cet huguenot, ce parpaillot, qui prétend que la bonne vierge n'est pas par tout.* Instantly the mob attacked him

as

as a blasphemer, and, had it not been for the seasonable interference of the guard, would have sacrificed him to their fury.—At the age of eighty, he met the approach of death without fear and without regret.

Spondanus, Bouche, and Noguier, assert a curious fact, namely, that in 1596, shoals of dolphins infested the port and streets of Marseilles, crowded into the ships and galleys, some of which they sunk, devoured the bodies of mariners who fell into the water, and compelled the tradesmen to shut their shops. Recourse was had, but in vain, to various expedients of destruction. These bouncing guests made good their quarters during a complete month. At length a deputation was sent to Cardinal Acquaviva, then legate at Avignon. His eminence dispatched Bordini, bishop of Cavaillon, who, in virtue of his exorcising talents, commanded the invaders

to retire, and they disappeared in a twinkling. *Manifesto segno*, observes the pious Fantoni Castrucci, *della potestà della chiesa Romana, ch'è la vera chiesa di Christo, dato oportunamente, o per conversione, o per confusione degli eretici di quel tempo.* Did Bondini's exorcism consist in a little Italian slyness? or had the dolphins previously indicated a disposition to take leave?

The accidental circumstance of awaiting at this sea-port a fair wind for Italy, reminded me of the following little narrative.

A young man, named *Robert*, sat alone in his boat, in the harbour of Marseilles. A stranger had stepped in and taken his seat near him, but quickly rose again; observing, that, since the master had disappeared he would take another boat. "This, Sir, is mine,"—said Robert,—“would you sail without “the habour?”—“I meant only to
move

“ move about in the bason, and enjoy
“ the coolness of this fine evening.—But
“ I cannot believe you are a failor.”
“ Nor am I—yet on Sundays and holi-
“ days, I act the bargeman, with a view
“ to make up a sum.”—“ What? covet-
“ ous at your age!—your looks had al-
“ most prepossessed me in your favour.”
—“ Alas! Sir, did you know my situ-
“ ation, you would not blame me.”—
“ Well—perhaps I am mistaken—let us
“ take our little cruize of pleasure, and
“ acquaint me with your history.”

The stranger having resumed his seat, the dialogue, after a short pause, proceeded thus.—“ I perceive, young man,
“ you are sad—what grieves you thus?”
“ My father, Sir, groans in fetters, and
“ I cannot ransom him. He earned a
“ livelihood by petty brokerage, but, in
“ an evil hour, embarked for Smyrna,
“ to superintend in person the delivery
“ of a cargo, in which he had a concern.

“ The

“ The vessel was captured by a Barbary
“ corsair, and my father was conducted
“ to Tetuan, where he is now a slave.
“ They refuse to let him go for less than
“ 2000 crowns, a sum which far exceeds
“ our scanty means. However we do
“ our best—my mother and sisters work
“ day and night—I ply hard at my stated
“ occupation of a journeyman jeweller,
“ and, as you perceive, make the most I
“ can of Sundays and holidays. I had
“ resolved to put myself in my father’s
“ stead; but my mother, apprized of my
“ design, and dreading the double pri-
“ vation of a husband and only son,
“ requested the Levant captains to re-
“ fuse me a passage.”—“ Pray, do you
“ ever hear from your father?—Under
“ what name does he pass?—or what is
“ his master’s address!”—“ His master
“ is overseer of the royal gardens at
“ Fez—and my father’s name is Robert
“ at Tetuan, as at Marseilles.”—“ Ro-
“ bert

“bert—overseer of the royal gardens?”
—“Yes, Sir.”—“I am touched with
“your misfortunes—but venture to pre-
“dict their termination.”

Night drew on apace. The unknown, upon landing, thrust into young Robert's hand a purse containing eight double louis d'ors, with ten crowns in silver—and instantly disappeared.

Six weeks had passed since this adventure, and each returning sun bore witness to the unremitting exertions of the good family. As they sat one day at their unfavoury meal of bread and dried almonds, old Robert entered the apartment, in a garb little suited to a fugitive prisoner, tenderly embraced his wife and children, and thanked them with tears of gratitude for the fifty louis they had caused remit to him on his sailing from Tetuan, his free passage, and a comfortable supply of wearing apparel. His astonished relatives eyed one another in
silence

silence. At length, Madame Robert, suspecting her son had secretly concerted the whole plan, recounted the various instances of his zeal. “ Six thousand
“ livres,” continued she, “ is the sum
“ we wanted—and we had already pro-
“ cured somewhat more than the half,
“ owing chiefly to his industry. Some
“ friends, no doubt, have assisted him
“ upon an emergency like the present.”
A gloomy suggestion crossed the father’s mind. Turning suddenly to his son, and eyeing him with the sternness of distraction, “ unfortunāte boy,” exclaimed he, “ what have you done? How can
“ I be indebted to you for my freedom,
“ and not regret it? How could you
“ effect my ransom, without your mother’s knowledge, unless at the expense of virtue? I tremble at the
“ thought of filial affection having betrayed you into guilt. Tell the truth
“ at once—and let us all die, if you
“ have

“ have forfeited your integrity.” “ Calm
“ your apprehensions, my dearest fa-
“ ther,” cried the son, embracing him,—
“ no, I am not unworthy of such a pa-
“ rent, though fortune has denied me the
“ satisfaction of proving the full strength
“ of my attachment—I am not your deli-
“ verer—but I know who is.—Recollect,
“ mother, the unknown gentleman, who
“ gave me the purse. He was particular
“ in his enquiries. Should I pass my life
“ in the pursuit, I must endeavour to
“ meet with him, and invite him to
“ contemplate the fruits of his benefi-
“ cence.” He then related to his father
all that passed in the pleasure-boat, and
removed every distressing suspicion.

Restored to the bosom of his family,
Robert again partook of their joys, prospered in his dealings, and saw his children comfortably established. At last, on a Sunday morning, as his son sauntered on the quay, he recognized his benefactor,

tor, clasped his knees, and entreated him as his guardian angel, as the saviour of a father and a family, to share the happiness of his own creation. The stranger again disappeared in the crowd—but, reader, this stranger was Montesquieu.

CHAP. XII.

FROM MARSEILLES TO PISA.

October 6, 1789. HAVING agreed with the master of a French tartane for our passage to Leghorn, we were towed out of the harbour at five o'clock in the morning. When the sails were set, and a boat had brought off fresh provisions, we scudded under a smart breeze, passing the *chateau d'If*, a fortress planted upon a rocky islet, and used, occasionally, as a state prison. Monsieur le Comte de —, and I, as the wind rose, crawled into the boat, which was lashed to the deck, and afforded us the only *clean* seat which could be procured; for the cabin was full of merchandize and dirt, and peculiarly loathsome to fresh water sailors.

failors. We were both sick enough in the open air. The many kind attentions and enlivening converse of a Greek failor contributed not a little to beguile the irksomeness of our situation. I found he had been unfortunate in his adventures, but seemed happy as a prince (if princes are happier than others), and had gained the affections of all the crew. He spoke French with tolerable ease, and blended his modern Greek with lingua Franca. Though conversant in the geography of the Mediterranean, neither he nor his captain could assign any satisfactory reason why this part of it should be termed the *Gulph of Lyons*. The capital of the Lionnois is obviously too remote from the shore to impart its name to any portion of the sea. William of Nangis uses the expression *mare leonis*, and *the gulph of the lion* has been conjectured to be the proper interpretation, either on account of the high

high swells to which it is incident, or from the armorial lion of the Massilian Greeks. The fish caught for the Marseilles market consist of tunney, turbot, ray, thornback, groundling, mullet, pilchard, roach, mackarel, gilt-head, bream, &c. But I was little in a mood for prosecuting such enquiries, and recollect little more than that we had the coast of Provence visible on the left, that we had a distant peep of Toulon, and that, with the fall of night, we were abreast of Antibes and Nice. Fortunately the moon shone bright; and, as we brushed along the white and dark surges, under fore and fore-top sail, I imaged endless groups of fantastic figures, a novel amusement which supplied the want of sleep and dreams.

7th. By day-break, we were in sight of Corsica, whose high lands were tipped with snow. The lower vallies were shrouded in fogs, while we enjoyed a

brisk breeze and pure sky. We cleared Capo Corso about noon, and soon after descried the shores of Genoa and Tuscany. *Italia—Italia!* Yet did Neptune bespray us most unmercifully, and the vermicelli soup served to the crew was mingled with a saltiness not its own. Drenched and exhausted, we now eagerly eyed our destined port, as it grew upon the sight. Some English sailors were the first to assist in hauling us into smooth water, among the small craft, though they knew the vessel to be French, and expected nothing for their trouble. I believe their generous propensity to *lend a hand* accompanies them through every corner of the world—an excellent propensity, not in sailors only, but in those of every rank and condition. As the health-office is scrupulously shut at sun-set, we could not land till next morning. For the sake of variety the French count shifted his quarters to a
coil

coil of ropes : I still preferred the boat, but neither of us dozed so profoundly as our *vigilant* guard, a ragged fellow, with a rusty bayonet, who was sent on board, not to protect us from nightly depredations, but to prevent us from attempting to get on shore. For this friendly service, he expects a *douceur* from each passenger—yet Leghorn is a *free port* !

8th. This morning we attended *Pagan*, our captain, to the office, where the bills of health were inspected. We were then required to give in our names, that of our country, and that of the inn at which we were to lodge. Once more, Leghorn is a *free port* ! It is secured, on the land side, by a moat and bastions, and the harbour is defended by a double battery. The town is of a quadrangular form, with handsome wide streets, well paved, and clean. The houses are, for the most part, constructed of brick,

with rustic coins of stone. Most of the windows on the ground floor are secured with iron bars against the intrusion of thieves and gallants. The *piazza grande*, or public square, is more conspicuous for its dimensions than for striking edifices, and regularity, rather than splendour, characterizes the general aspect of the town. One of the most stately buildings is the new theatre, which indisposition prevented me from visiting. The *Duomo*, or principal church, designed by Georgio Vafari, has a chapter of canons. There are, besides, seven parish churches and twelve convents. Jews, Greeks, and English are allowed to perform public worship in their respective chapels; and, among the numerous hospitals, one is destined to the Turks. The quarter between the public square and the west end of the town, is termed *la piccola Venezia*, on account of its canals, which, bordered by

excellent quays, and crossed by marble bridges, afford a commodious conveyance for all descriptions of goods, to the very warehouses of the merchants.—Near to the harbour is a marble statue, erected by Cosmo II. in honour of his father Ferdinand I. who erected the double mole, which projects a great way into the sea, affords a depth of 36 feet water, and still retains the name of *Molo Ferdinando*. The four African slaves in bronze, twice as large as the ordinary size, and chained to the corners of the pedestal, are more admired than Ferdinand himself. The *living slaves* are condemned to work the dragging engines fixed to lighters. Convicts, whose services are adjudged for life, wear a yellow cap and jacket—the others have both of a dingy red. It may seem more cruel to exact servitude than death, and galley slaves rivetted to hopeless drudgery in a *free port* is a painful solecism. But

the abolition of capital punishments has diminished the frequency of murder; and the felons, though no longer free, are not overstrained, or treated with wanton severity. The state sanctions no systematic traffic in human flesh, nor dignifies with the appellation of commerce the foulest outrage on humanity. The *darfena*, or inner harbour, is a capacious basin, in which the Duke's galleys are usually laid up in ordinary. Adjoining to it is the *lazaretto*, a commodious insulated building, destined to those who are obliged to perform quarantine. Near the *moletto*, or quarantine road for ships, are two white towers, erected upon rocks. The highest, called *mazocco*, is used as a powder magazine. In the other is a spring of fresh water, which supplies part of the shipping. Good water is, however, scarce at Leghorn—that of the public fountain being hardly drinkable. The rain is greedily collected

collected in large earthen jars, and some of the more opulent inhabitants fetch their water from Pisa. *La Bocca*, a snug basin, is allotted to small craft.—The light-house, when seen from the extremity of the mole, figures like one tower placed upon another, and serves as a beacon to a reef of rocks. It was erected 1543, by Duke Cosmo the first, who, in a great measure, rebuilt the the harbour according to the plan of the celebrated architect, Ammanato, and conferred upon Leghorn its boasted immunities. The rearing of moles in the Mediterranean, is a work of immense labour and expence, as huge masses of stone are heaped under water, to serve as a foundation. In surveying these solid structures, I reflect with pleasure on the *useful* magnificence of the Medicean family, and am tempted to exclaim, *when shall we see their like again.*

Vessels of almost every trading country frequent this port. The crowd of shipping is not so great as at Marseilles, but the proportion of British bottoms is more considerable. The several commercial nations have their respective consuls, and all disputes which arise in the course of multiplied mercantile transactions are adjusted with laudable promptitude and impartiality. Jews are not less favoured than Catholics; and it has become a local proverb, that one had rather offend the Grand Duke than a son of the circumcision. The English exports for Leghorn are chiefly salt fish from Newfoundland, woollen and cotton fabrics, and hard wares, in exchange for which are shipped mixed cargoes of wine, oil, silks, fruits, (especially juniper berries,) anchovies, marble, Parmesan cheese, and rags. Though goods are not liable to be visited, some are prohibited entrance, as Bolognese liqueurs,

liqueurs, and others are subject to heavy duties, if carried beyond the liberties of the town. A slight tax, regulated by the number and size of the bales of goods, is levied as wharfage. The active portion of 50,000 individuals, who compose the population of the place, is chiefly occupied in brokerage and the various departments of foreign trade. Few of the principal merchants of Leghorn are Tuscans, for few Tuscans have large capitals. But as their nobility do not disdain the pursuits of commerce, and the laws of primogeniture have been duly modified, they may expect to share the proportion of wealth due to their enterprize and perseverance.

The only manufacture of any note is that of coral, which is fished off the coasts of Sardinia, Corsica, and Tunis. Micali's magazine displays one of the richest and most various assortments of saleable commodities that is, perhaps, to
be

be seen in any one shop in Europe. When lighted up, its lustres, mirrors, and eight clerks, besides other sons of the counter, bespeak the splendour of an Arabian tale. A stranger is particularly struck with the number and frequentation of the coffee houses, and the quantities of ice so exquisitely prepared, and at such moderate prices.

If the polite scholar will pardon me the sudden transition, I would beg leave to acquaint him that he may likewise be accommodated upon reasonable terms with copies of the Italian classics, printed in a neat type, though not immaculate. Laffels shall recount the state of literature—as good bargains are preferred in this place before good books, so there is no academy of wits, or any other record of learned men in it.

Leghorn, originally an obscure village, dates its prosperity from the period when the Genoese gave it in exchange
for

for *Sarsana*, which had the rank of a bishop's see. *Castrum de Liburno*, its appellation in Low Latin, gave rise to the Italian *Livorno*, which the French, by an easy licence, converted into *Livourne*, and the English, with the coarseness of tars, into *Leghorn*. It stands at $4\frac{3}{4}$ leagues S. of Pisa, 18 S. W. of Florence, and 58 N. W. of Rome.

Like Moliere's good cit, who spoke prose without knowing it, I would not have been conscious of the *sirocco*, which regaled us after landing, had not the gentleman to whom we were recommended assured me that it actually blew.— Though slowly recovering from a late indisposition, I could perceive nothing oppressive or malignant in the open air. But in other regions and in other seasons, it may produce the effects which travellers have ascribed to it.

10th. This morning we took post for the baths of Pisa. The distance to Pisa
itself

itself is reckoned fourteen English miles, and two furlongs. At first we drove over a country mostly flat and rather dull, but as we approached the last mentioned town, we found ourselves in the midst of an extensive and fertile plain, which is skreened from the blasts of the north by high mountains, that form a delightful boundary to the perspective. Towards the end of vintage, and beginning of winter, most of Tuscany is liable to be drenched, though not every year, with copious discharges from the clouds. Snow, however, is seldom seen, as the Appenines skreen the plains from the tramontane blasts, while the sea, to the south, imparts an agreeable temperature to the atmosphere. Cottages, farm-houses, and inclosures, were more frequent than in the country we had just left. We likewise observed considerable groves of French oak and cork-tree, with their underwood mostly of myrtle. The

cork-tree, *quercus suber*, Lin. grew not in Italy in the days of Pliny, but seems to thrive well in tracts little susceptible of culture. When twelve years old, its bark ought to be stripped, to make way for the new one—and the operation is repeated once every eight or ten years, during fair settled weather, usually in the month of July, as rain is very apt to injure the new formed bark. The first and second strippings are of a very inferior quality. The tree continues healthy during a century and a half, if regularly deprived of its outer bark at the end of eight or ten years. I need hardly add, that the cork is flattened and prepared for use, by steeping it in water, and placing it over a fire of charcoal. In Barbary, where this tree abounds, they form it into cylindrical bee-hives; and, in some parts of Spain, they convert it into roofing and lining for their houses. The Grecian ladies
are

are said to have been the first who employed it for the soles of their slippers, on account of its lightness and resistance of moisture. But its most valuable property, and that which is most neglected is its buoyancy. Why should not every mariner be furnished with one of the abbé de la Chapelle's jackets, which he calls *scaphandre*, and which enabled him to preserve an erect posture in the deepest parts of the Seine, and, in that position, to fire a pistol and drink a glass of wine? The beautiful and fragrant orange tree here thrives perfectly well in the open air; but the citron and lemon are cultivated only in gardens.

The rain ceased as we arrived at Pisa. But, without halting there for the present, we drove about four miles northwards to the baths, where we passed a few weeks of delightful weather. Pliny is the only ancient writer who notices the baths of Pisa, or, as they are usually designed,

designed, by the modern Tuscans, *i bagni di San Giuliano*. In the beginning of the thirteenth century, certain regulations were adopted for the convenience and accommodation of strangers, who resorted to the spot to obtain the blessing of the waters or of the saint. *Ugolino da Monte Catini* first celebrated the virtues of the former; and he has been followed by *Savonarola*, *Fallopio*, *Cocchi*, *Bianchi*, &c. Could we implicitly believe these and other advocates of St. Julian's baths, we should assert that the latter are of singular efficacy in cases of apoplexy, epilepsy, bile, head-ach, eye-ach, ear-ach, indigestion, gout, hypochondria, dropsy, consumption, &c. But such indiscriminate commendation smells rather strongly of a quack's advertisement. *Capaccio* of Naples, in his treatise *dei Bagni*, warmly commemorates their virtues in removing symptoms of gout and a disordered liver, while

while *Vidio* of Florence ascribes to the Queen's bath the property of correcting the humours of the uterus, and *Gambiagi* boldly affirms that it has cured sterility. According to the results of several chemical analyses, these waters are impregnated with gypsum and inconsiderable portions of bitumen, vitriol, nitre, and common sea-salt. They are nearly of the same temperature with that of the atmosphere in mid-summer, and give to linen or stones a tinge of yellow, bordering upon green. The present commodious buildings were erected under the inspection of the Count di Richecour, at the request of the Emperor Francis I. 1743. Besides ample lodging for the sick and their attendants, they contain 29 bathing rooms, six pump baths, and two dry bagnios. Each bathing place has its closet and chimney; and drinkers of the water have the convenience of a covered gallery for walking in wet or hot weather. The *Casino*,
or

Our principal hôtel, is a large but plain edifice, with a few public rooms, and several suites of apartments for private lodging. There are likewise detached houses, in which individuals or parties may be accommodated during the watering season. As that was already past (it lasts from May till October), the place seemed to be deserted, yet possessed not a few of those attractions which are independent of society. The scenery around has a warm and diversified aspect, and the fields are never destitute of verdure. Near the baths is a steep and high hill, over-grown with myrtle. An easy serpentine foot-path conducts to its top, from which the beholder gazes on a luxuriant extent of chequered plain, the hilly regions towards Lucca, the picturesque view of Pisa, and a portion of the Mediterranean. In the course of our little pedestrian rambles, we saw few cattle upon the farms, and were

formed that they are mostly housed, for the sake of the manure, as fodder can be procured for them in the midst of winter. Two oxen or two *cozes*, often of a whitish breed, suffice for ploughing the strongest soil. Their place is sometimes supplied by buffalos, two of which are said to be equivalent to four horses in draft. This race of animals was introduced into Italy about the end of the 16th century; and has, probably, degenerated. At least, I saw none of the size of an ordinary bull. Though of less tractable dispositions than the latter, they are easily driven along, by means of a cord, attached to an iron ring, passed through their nostrils. The insertion of this ring is not effected without much trouble and risk; for the animal must be previously thrown upon his back, and his feet tied with strong ropes. The men who unbind him must instantly take to their heels, as he runs
about

about quite furious, and strikes whatever comes in his way, making every effort to detach the badge of servitude, to which he becomes reconciled only by habit. It is not unusual to allow the buffalos to range for their subsistence in the woods, and catch them by means of large dogs, which dexterously lay hold on them by the ear, and conduct them to the yoke. At the age of twelve they are often fattened for the Jews, who eat their flesh. The female gives more milk than a cow, but it tastes of musk, and is not generally relished. In some parts, it is made into cheese. A more docile and interesting animal, which sometimes crossed our path, was the dromedary, of which the Grand Duke keeps a considerable number in the neighbourhood of Pisa. In respect of appearance and manners they answer to the well known accounts of travellers and naturalists. A horse not accustomed to the sight of them,

is startled at their appearance; but the antipathy is not mutual, nor is it by any means so decided as many authors have asserted. The callosities of their limbs may be the effect of those constrained postures to which they are subjected from their birth; but if it be a fact, that they never allow themselves to be overloaded, no length of servitude will account for the unsightly protuberance on the back.

In this district, most of the farms are small, and seldom yield an adequate return to the tenant, when he covenants to give the half of the produce to the landlord, as is too often the case. Inclosures of thorn, sweet briar, myrtle, virgin's-bower, &c. with dropping hedges usually bound the farm, which is frequently bisected longitudinally by a double row of mulberries, while the cottage, for the most part, near the centre, is almost hid among foliage. Much ground

ground is allotted to gardening, as the common people eat little animal food; and, in their horticultural operations, spare neither water nor manure. Yet, surely, in such a favoured climate, they might add to their catalogue of esculent plants.

Could I presume to sketch the character of a people from casual observation and reading, I would allow to the Tuscan a love of arts and finery, dexterity and perseverance, attachment to his patriotic sovereign, with more than an ordinary share of duplicity and grimace. In the higher circles, I could instance acts of meanness which an English gentleman would with difficulty believe. But this stricture applies not exclusively to Tuscany, and seems to form a feature of Italian manners.

Having spent most of the winter at Pisa, a few remarks relative to that venerable city will complete the plan of these miscellaneous diaries.

Antiquarians ascribe the origin of this city to a colony from that of the same name in Greece, and have, consequently, imparted to the Arno the poetical appellation of *Alfeo*. Virgil has certainly sung :

*Tertium ille hominum, Divumque Interpres Asyllas,
Cui pecudum fibræ, cæli cui sidera parent,
Et linguæ volucrum, et præfagi fulminis ignes ;
Mille rapit densos acie, atque horrentibus hastis.
Hos parere jubent ALPHEÆ AB ORIGINE PISÆ,
URBS ETRUSCA SOLO.*

EN. x. 175.

Pisæ inter amnes, says Pliny, *Auferem et Arnum ortæ a Pelope Pisisque, sive a Teutanis Græca gente*. From Livy, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Strabo, &c. we learn that the Pisans cultivated a close connection with their conquerors, and gloried, without a blush, in the humiliating designation of *Colonia obsequens Romana*. Their fawning arts passed not unnoticed by the Emperors; and,

in

in Rome, a Pisan could always find employment, and was eligible to the office of magistrate, as if he had been born in the great city. Availing themselves, however, of the disordered state of Italy, during the downfall of the empire, they again rose to the independance of a republic. Many and severe were their conflicts with the Saracens, whom they usually defeated and spoiled. In the eleventh century, we find them maintaining the rank of a most flourishing and respectable maritime power. Their harbour, the famous *Porto Pisano*, now totally choaked up, and seldom visited, even by the prying eye of curiosity, contained, at one period, 200 armed galleys. Of these, forty were dispatched to the assistance of Amaury, king of Jerusalem, and contributed to the defeat of the Saracens, who had laid siege to Alexandria. The Pisans likewise exerted themselves with success in the expulsion

of Roger, the usurper of the Sicilian crown, furnished powerful succours to Frederic Barbarossa, in the course of his operations against the Milanese, and, when the same prince embarked in the crusades, they sent to his aid Lanfranco, their archbishop, with fifty galleys, in which last they imported the *holy earth* of the *campo santo*. With the French, too, they co-operated in those *sacred* expeditions, which they well knew how to render subservient to the aggrandisement of their trade. Ten thousand turrets, equivalent to the banners of so many noble families, and 150,000 inhabitants attested the splendour and prosperity of the city. That prosperity was first checked by the rival power of the Genoese, with whom the Pisans waged a long and doubtful warfare. The fatal discomfiture off Meloria in 1284, was attributed to the treachery of Count Ugolino, who basely retired with his division

division into port, and devolved the unequal combat on his colleagues in command, Oberto Morosini, and Andreotto Saracino. Forty-nine galleys and twelve thousand men remained in the hands of the Genoese. To the crime of deserting his country's service in the hour of danger, Ugolino added that of usurped dominion, supported by a series of cabals and perfidy, while the Florentines were powerful enough to screen him from the gripe of justice. But no sooner could his enraged fellow citizens seize upon him with impunity, than they confined him and his two nephews in a tower of the prison, which still subsists, and in which they were left to perish in the agonies of hunger. History has recorded their miserable fate, which Dante has invested with classical horror. The misdeeds of Ugolino had, doubtless, merited the last punishment, but his innocent relatives were entitled

to

to the pity and protection of the state. The conquerors now seized upon and demolished the Porto Pisano, and with its navigation and commerce, the glory of the republic rapidly declined, till, in the course of a fruitless, though not inglorious, struggle against the Florentines, the independance of Pisa, and of her territory, expired. Under the auspices of Lorenzo, the magnificent, her citizens were allowed to breathe from their misfortunes. Their low lying plains, which were fast reverting to the state of a barren and noisome marsh, attracted the beneficent attentions of this patriotic and enlightened prince. Not only did he appoint an officer to superintend the cleansing of five and twenty deep canals, but defrayed the expence of the *Fosso di Rippa fratta*, which receives the mountain waters as they descend round the baths, and form an ample communication between the Arno and Serchio.

It was reserved to Louis XII. of France to extinguish the feeble hopes which the Pisans still entertained of regaining their liberty. Many of them forsook their native walls, passed over into Sicily, or migrated to Rome, Genoa, or Naples. Grass still grows on the silent streets, and seventeen thousand inhabitants, mostly poor and degraded, present the remnant of a fair and once flourishing community. Few are the objects which now solicit the attention of the stranger.

The *Duomo*, or cathedral, founded 1063, and finished 1092, stands upon the spot once occupied by Adrian's baths. The famous Bruschetto was entrusted with the design, and appears, at first sight, to have happily blended the beauties of Greek and Gothic architecture; yet a close inspection reveals the *disjecta membra* of more venerable and classic piles pressed into the service of the eleventh century, and treated with
little

little respect to proportion or gracefulness of structure. Like the adjoining buildings, it is of white marble of Carrara. Its three brazen gates, chiefly designed by John of Bologna, display the history of Jesus and the Virgin, with a delicacy of execution that is truly wonderful. The separations of the compartments are distinguished by fantastic figures of birds, fruits, lizards, &c. Was it not Michel Angelo, who reckoned these doors worthy of the entrance into heaven? The want of light within this striking edifice, for its hundred windows are narrow and painted, may be friendly to emotions of reverence and fear, but shades the beauties of some valuable paintings by del Sarto, Lutti, the Zuccheri, &c. and of seventy-two stately pillars, sixty of which *are said* to be of oriental granite, and twelve of various marbles. The pillars amount in all to two hundred and eight. Among the
sepul-

sepulchral monuments of note, is that of the Emperor Henry VII. who was much attached to Pisa, and founded its university. To the outer walls is attached an ancient sarcophagus, representing in bas relief, Meleager's hunting, and containing, according to report, the remains of Countess Beatrice, who died 1113, and with whose daughter, Matilda, the race of Tuscan Counts expired. The expence of erecting the cathedral, was mostly defrayed by the spoils taken from the Saracens at the siege of Palermo. The edifice was originally dedicated to the Virgin Mary; but as she was pleased to reveal to the good St. Raniero, patron of Pisa, and a capital performer of miracles, that he should sleep in her bosom, *i. e.* be buried in her favourite church, his name has gradually supplanted that of our lady.— Yet, to the lover of truth and science, a greater than St Raniero is here. From
the

the vibrations of a lamp suspended in the dome, Galileo, when yet young, took the hint of measuring time by a pendulum, as from the top of the hanging tower, he commenced those experiments which gave a fatal blow to the long consecrated jargon of the schools. The fall of an apple suggested to Newton those laws by which countless worlds are regulated in their motions through the immensity of space and time. And thus are we induced to hope, that, in every country and in every age, circumstances apparently trivial, and which pass unnoticed by the bulk of mankind, will operate instantaneously on the springs of genius, and give birth to speculations the most comprehensive, interesting, and sublime.

Hard by the Duomo stands a detached pillar of white marble, supporting an urn, or vase, bearing a representation of Silenus, playing on the double flute.

Anti-

Antiquarians have supposed that the vessel inclosed the ashes of some departed Pagan, though the Pisans have inscribed upon the capital of the pillar—*Questo è il talento che Cesare Imperatore diede a Pisa, col quale misurava lo censo che a lui era dato.* But were not such contributions estimated by weight and number, and not by measure?

The Baptistery, *San Giovanni del Battesimo*, is a beautiful rotunda, measuring 110 yards in circumference, and surmounted by a noble dome. Its internal decorations are a range of pillars of Sardinian granite, and an octagonal font of variegated marble. Several pillars of oriental granite, or marble, resting upon lions, support the pulpit. None of the paintings are much prized, except that of Zebedee's children, by del Sarto. This magnificent structure was begun under the superintendence of *Gionetto Gionetti*, and *Arrigo Cancellieri*, and was finished

finished in the course of the following year, each family contributing a florin. The number of families, at that time resident in Pisa, amounted to 34,000.

Upon the same consecrated area stands the *Campanile, Torre Pendente*, or famous leaning tower, a beautiful marble cylinder, with its eight stories, distinguished by as many colonades. The height from the ground is 188 feet, and the projection of the top over the base about 14 feet. An excellent stair of 195 steps conducts to the platform upon the top, which is surrounded by an iron balustrade, and commands a most enchanting landscape. The name *Campanile*, obviously points out the design of the building—namely, a receptacle for the bells of the church, which, in early times, used to be suspended in a tower detached from the main building. The Pisans still dispute whether it owes its inclined position to art or accident. The *torre Gar-*

Garisfanda of Bologna received its pendency from the bad taste of the times; and it is not more astonishing that William of Nuremberg, the planner of the campanile, should adopt a miserable conceit in a piece of beautiful architecture, than that Milton, the grave and sublime Milton, should do so in a solemn poem. Yet a common mason would feel little hesitation in giving it as his opinion, that this fair fabric was originally erect, and an eye accustomed to observe may remark a tendency in all the towers of Pisa, especially in that of the observatory, to deviate from the perpendicular. This singular circumstance is ascribed to the insecurity of the soil, which is said to be hollow at a little depth, and incident to slight earthquakes.

The *Campo Santo* begun in 1200, was not completely finished till 1464. It, too, is a Gothic building of white marble, 520 palms long, and 160 broad,

corresponding, as is pretended, to the dimensions of Noah's ark. The area, filled with earth brought from the holy land, and containing the remains of the noble families of Pifa, under a pavement of party-coloured marble, is inclosed by a cloister, along which, and under the windows, are ranged ancient marble sarcophagi and tomb stones. The other walls are curiously painted in fresco by *Giotto*, *Mecharino*, *Buffalmachi*, *Benozzo*, *Sorio*, *Orgagna*, &c. who may be ranked among the revivers of their art. Of these figures, expression of countenance constitutes the principal merit, for the colouring, though in many instances renewed, has sadly faded, and we in vain look for ease or gracefulness of design. The multiplicity and oddity of the subjects favour more of burlesque than of that solemnity which we naturally attach to the abodes of the departed; for besides the miracles of

St.

St. Ranieri, the sufferings of Job, the last judgment, hell torments, &c. &c. &c. Death is here represented as a hag, borne on black wings, and brandishing a scythe before a mixed multitude of princes, popes, and beggars, while, there, the angels are busily employed in drawing the *souls of the blessed out of their mouths*. In another compartment, an angel and a devil are scrambling for a monk, who has the misfortune to be torn to pieces in the conflict. *La Vergognosa* has her name from peeping through her fingers at Noah in his cups! The monuments in the Campo Santo are particularly described by Norris, in his *Cenotaphia Pisana*, a learned work. But let me not suppress the simple inscription to the memory of Count Algarotti:

*Algorotto Ovidii æmulo,
Newtoni discipulo,
Fredericus Magnus.*

Algarottus non omnis.

A. D. 1764.

Frederick had penned *Hic jacet Ovidii æmulus, et Newtoni discipulus*, and charged the chevalier *Guazzezi* with the execution of the monument. This gentleman took the liberty of altering the original as above: but his Prussian Majesty never complained that he had exceeded his instructions.

The conventual church of the knights of St. Stephen is distinguished by some of its paintings, by its high altar of porphyry, incrusted with calcedony, but more by standards, horse tails, and other trophies of the prowess of the Knights against the Infidels. The palace of the order, situated in the same square (*Piazza de Cavallieri*), may be remarked by the busts of the six grand masters, but has little the appearance of a palace. The order of St. Stephen was instituted by

by Cosmo I. 1561; and the knights were not admitted to all the privileges of their station, till they had served three years on board of galleys destined to chastise the Barbary corsairs. Even at this day, such of them as belong to the class *della giustizia*, must prove the same degrees of nobility as Knights of Malta, and swear allegiance to the Grand Master of the order. If unmarried, they are gratuitously lodged and boarded in the palace, and may enjoy the free disposal of their fortune, with the exception of a fourth part, which, on their demise, devolves to the society. The *cavalieri della grazia* and those of commanderies are exempted from vows, the former being honoured with the title on account of eminent talents, and the latter, in virtue of founding a commandery. In other respects, since France accommodated the differences between Tuscany and the Barbary States, a *cavaliero di San Stefano*

phano at Pisa is very like a knight any where else, except that he wears a blue uniform, and appears to be abundantly conscious of his dignity.

The church of San Matteo is visited on account of a few good paintings by the two *Melani*, brothers, and natives of Pisa, and for that representing Christ expelling the venders of wares from the temple, by *Pietro di Cortona*. Over the sacristy, in the church of St. Francis, are represented the Virgin and Child by Cimabue. *La Spina* is a small, but elegant Gothic church, built about 1230, incrusted with marble, and decorated with statues. I have not learned that any of the other religious buildings merit particular notice. The archbishop has a large revenue, and enjoys some special privileges, while the canons of the cathedral are all noble, and entitled to wear the dress of a cardinal.

The

The Arno, a stream more muddy than copious, divides the town into two unequal parts, termed *il di quà*, and *il di là d'Arno*. The quays afford a pleasant and warm walk in winter. That between the marble bridge and the *Ponte a Mare* is the most genteel and gay quarter of this decayed city, while that which extends from the fort to the marble bridge, is said to bear a striking resemblance to the *rue de la Mégisserie* at Paris. An aqueduct of 5000 arches, the work of Cosmo I. and Ferdinand I. conveys a plentiful supply of waters from *Acciano*. The flag stones, with which the streets are paved, are more convenient for *bipeds* than quadrupeds; but every thing considered, the town is no uncomfortable place of residence for invalids, or those who are tired of the world.

The Grand Duke usually passes part of the winter here, in a palace remarkable

able for its plainness, but not, on that account, the less suited to his unassuming deportment, and philosophic patriotism. Leopold has his foibles, but foibles which disappear in the magnitude of his virtues—for he has reduced a superfluous military establishment, abolished the inquisition, the abuse of asylums, and capital punishments, has introduced a wholesome reform into the administration of justice, betrays a laudable anxiety to promote commerce and the arts, and seeks to derive his happiness from that of his subjects. Why do not such princes live for ever? And why should *Macedonia's madman* and the *Swede* attract the notice of remote posterity, when he who has laboured for the peace and prosperity of his people, shall pass away and be forgotten, like a tale that has been told?

The private palaces, which, in France, would be termed *hôtels*, are those of
the

the *Albizzi*, *Lanfranchi* and *Lanfranducci*.

The marble bridge is a plain, but elegant structure, and used to be the scene of the *Giuoco del Ponte*, a mock fight, performed every third year, by those of the opposite banks of the river. But, as this singular exhibition was attended with much idleness, ferocity, and even, in some instances, the loss of lives, it has of late been suppressed.

The university library contains near 40,000 volumes. The professors, forty-two in number, are appointed by the Grand Duke, enjoy a yearly salary, which is fixed according to seniority, the lowest being equivalent to 35*l.* sterling, and the highest to 117*l.* They give short public prelections, in Latin or Italian, and read a gratuitous course of lectures in their own houses. Their superior, the prior of St. Stephens, is entitled *Provveditore generale dello Studio*.

The number of students may be reckoned from 500 to 700. The botanic garden displays an excellent assortment of European plants, arranged according to the Linnean classification, but is rather deficient in exotic species. The inscription over the door—*Hic Argus, sed non Briareus esto*, speaks to the feelings of botanists. Cosmo I. by his particular attentions, caused it to be distinguished as a receptacle of vegetable rarities at a period when botany was little cultivated in Europe. America and the Levant contributed to augment his collection, while skilled herbalists were commissioned to ransack Italy and Sicily, and he enjoyed the elegant felicity of supplying the gardens of princes with the decorations of Flora. *Ghini*, of Imola, the first professor in botany at Pisa, was succeeded by the celebrated *Cæsalpinus*. Among those who have contributed to the reputation of this seminary, are
reckoned

reckoned *Galileo, Castelli, Borelli, Guicciardini, Vesalius, Bellini, Norris, and Mercuriale*. The present teachers live in a state of enviable harmony, and, as Algarotti has justly remarked, while they exercise polite attentions to citizens and strangers, avoid, on the one hand, the consequential airs of the Doctors of Bologna, and, on the other, the harsher pedantry of the professors of Padua.

The public hospital, for airiness and good management, would not disgrace London or Edinburgh. Often is it visited by the Grand Duke, who is not less grand for being styled over the gate of this pious edifice, *Father of the Poor*. Alas! how few sovereigns can truly claim such an honourable title!

Thus far had I proceeded in my remarks, when circumstances of peculiar urgency recalled me to my native country. On reviewing these pages and
notes

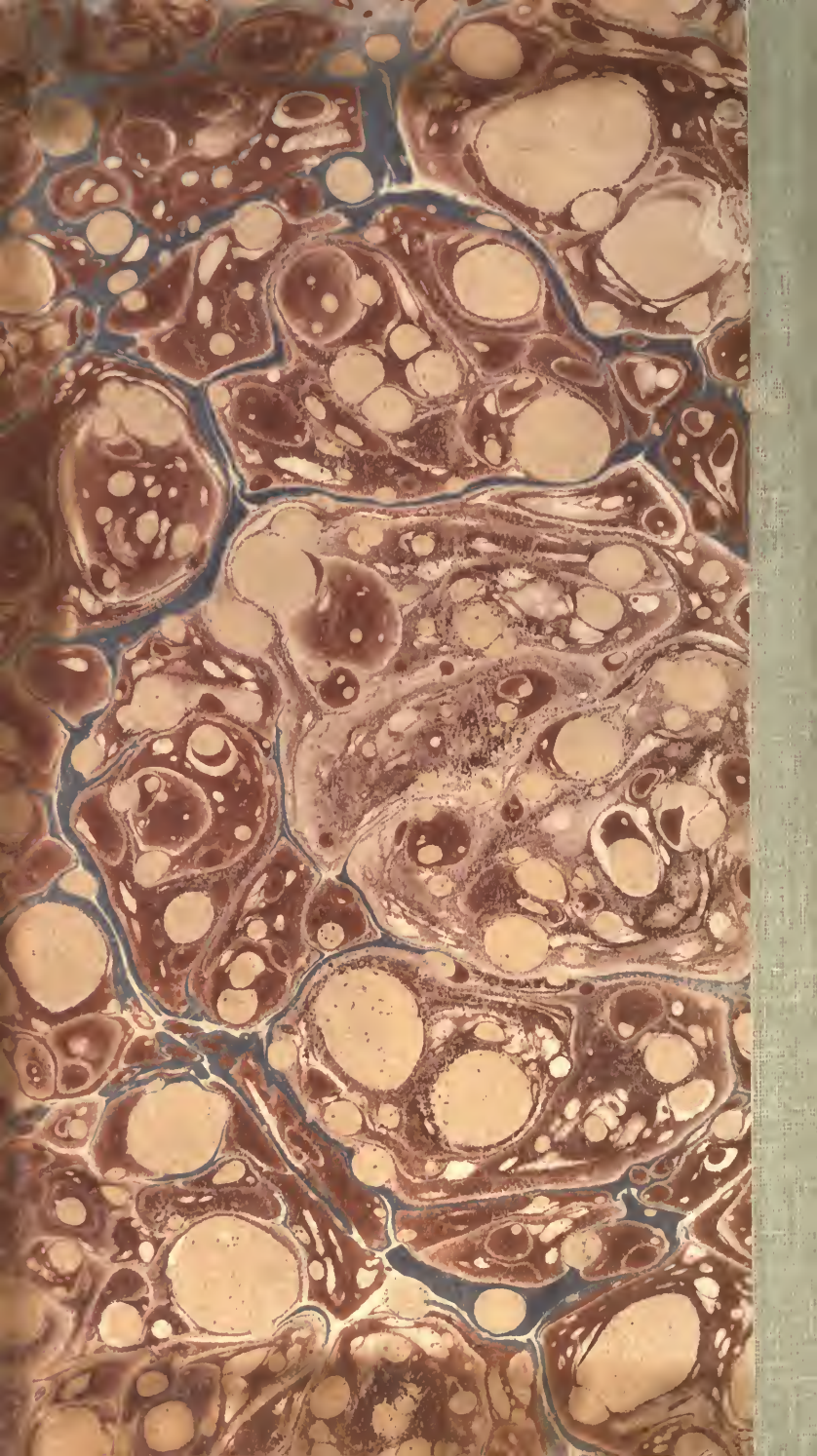
notes of journeys performed in various districts of our favoured island, I perceive many points of curious comparison; but to state them with accuracy, candour, and effect, would require frequent opportunities of foreign travel, and an extended intercourse with people of all ranks at home and abroad.

FINIS.

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